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WHAT'S NEXT

OR SHALL A MAN LIVE AGAIN

CLARA SPALDING ELLIS

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WHAT'S NEXT

OR

Shall a Man Live Again?

The great question answered by two hundred living Americans of prominence in politics; in the army and navy; in science, art, music and literature; in the mercantile world; in the professions; and in the chairs of universities. An expression from secular life only (the views of all clergymen being excluded.)

Compiled by
CLARA SPALDING ELLIS

"There is in the minds of men a presage of a future existence, and it takes deepest root, and is most discoverable, in the greatest and most exalted souls."—Cicero.

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INTRODUCTION

ON a bright June day, when the birds made "insolent music" around the house of sorrow, the beautiful light of a noble life went out. So sudden was the blow that those who were left in the darkness of bereavement were stunned by the shock. Then came the gradual realization of what it meant to go on with everyday duties, deprived of the aid and comfort that had been so freely given by the brave and loving heart now stilled. What had become of that fine *ego* which served faithfully and cheerily in its appointed place on earth, overcoming many trials, adding year by year to strength and breadth of character?

One among the band of stricken mourners "stood where brook and river meet," and she had lost a sister and mother combined. In the gloom of sleepless nights, alone and sobbing with the crushing burden and the awful mystery, she cried aloud: "O sister, do you live? Somewhere, somehow, do you still live? If it be possible, come and tell me! Just once, let me see or hear that you are not dead!"

The gentle spirit did not come, no sound was heard, and naught but the soothing touch of time assuaged the grief of the questioner. Since then, others of the family circle have crossed the Great Divide, and friends near and dear; but there are no more queries. The compiler of this volume does not know how, when or where the blessed conviction took root in her soul that those whom we call dead have but entered upon a higher plane of existence than is possible in this hampered earthly sphere. Certainly it was not the result of any scientific research, nor of sectarian

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teachings, nor does she longer demand the special proof of a return of the departed to mortal scenes. She simply believes there is a life beyond the grave, and finds much consolation in the belief.

And so it has been a labor of love to prepare this book, and send it forth with the hope that it will strengthen the doubting, and comfort the sorrowing who, like the young girl, are crying out in anguish to the unseen spirits of their loved ones.

It would have been easy to gather the expressions of noted ministers and bishops on the subject of immortality—that has been done before. It would have been a pleasant task to search the writings of the masters of literature in past years, and to extract therefrom the precious references to heaven and eternity—that, too, has been done before. More difficult of access, but seemingly more vital, of greater human interest in the rush and whirl of the day, is the testimony of persons outside the pulpit who are now living in this broad land—men and women of renown in widely differing pursuits, absorbed with earthly interests, yet united in the common hope and belief of a better life beyond so-called death.

Like the founder of the Ingersoll lectures at Harvard, I "wished the subject to be turned over in all possible aspects, that results might ponderate harmoniously in the true direction." I have tried to build up, not to tear down. Some years ago, Gen. R. Brinkerhoff wrote of critics: "If they have any faith in anything which is not purely negative, they ought to let us know what it is. Tell us what you do believe and not what you do not. It is an outrage to weaken our moral standards unless they can give us something better. People who simply tear down and who have nothing to substitute are enemies of mankind." So I have not

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admitted controversy, although considerable pressure has been brought to bear upon me to do so, and some very distinguished names would have been added to my symposium had I been willing to use arguments against immortality.

That a volume discussing the question from both its affirmative and negative sides would attract more attention, and thus be more successful, as successes are commonly regarded, I am aware; but the object nearest my heart would not be accomplished. Arguments pro and con, especially when thought out by master minds, are confusing in their eloquence and often leave the reader in a more unsettled condition than before. I do not wish to create a single doubt, to lessen in the slightest degree the measure of anyone's faith. Rather would I fan the spark of hope into the glow of a steadfast trust which shall irradiate the reader's pathway, however rugged, until that joyous hour when we shall see "eye to eye and face to face." The profound thinker, Prof. Goldwin Smith, indicates that there is need of such encouragement, when he says in the *North American Review* for May, 1904: "No small part of educated mankind has renounced or is gradually renouncing the hope of a future life, and acting on the belief that death ends all."

I return my appreciative thanks for the words of approval that have come to me from many high sources, and for the material that has been sent in response to my request. The interest shown in my undertaking has sustained and assisted me in my endeavors. I have acknowledged each contribution by letter. The thoughts in these pages are those of the strictly orthodox and the liberal alike. The advocates of Christian Science, New Thought and Theosophy give their testimony. Statesmen, officers of the army and navy, jurists, bankers, merchants, labor leaders and other busy,

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practical men and women speak their word of conviction. Scientists have not been silent: the mathematician and astronomer, the geologist, naturalist, physicist, psychologist, philosopher, orientalist, etc., have referred me to their learned disquisitions on the momentous subject. Only denial of the possibility of a future existence has been debarred.

The trying days of an unusually severe winter and spring were brightened by the notable letters and poems that came to me daily through the mails. If the readers of this volume are helped and benefited by the uplifting thoughts contained in these contributions and in the extracts I have been permitted to make from valuable books and treatises, I shall feel rewarded for my efforts.

As my final word, I quote this prophecy of Joaquin Miller's, in "Songs of the Soul."

"God is not far; man is not far
From Heaven's porch, where pæans roll.
Man yet shall speak from star to star
In silent language of the soul;
Yon star-strewn skies be but a town,
With angels passing up and down."

Montclair, N. J., Oct., 1905. C. S. E.

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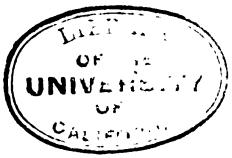

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

THE following publishers have kindly permitted extracts to be made from the books mentioned, to which the compiler was referred by the authors for their views on the subject of immortality.

D. APPLETON & Co. "The Beleagured Forest," by Elia W. Peattie; "Complete Poems," by Henry Abbey.

THE CENTURY Co. "Collected Poems," by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell.

THOS. Y. CROWELL & Co. "Character Building Thought Power," and "In Tune With the Infinite," by Ralph Waldo Trine.

DODD, MEAD & Co. "The Life of the Spirit," by Hamilton Wright Mabie.

GEO. H. ELLIS Co. "Science and Immortality," edited by Samuel J. Barrows.

HARPER & BROS. "A Golden Wedding and Other Tales," by Ruth McEnery Stuart; "A Study of Death," by Henry Mills Alden; "Ben Hur," by Gen. Lew Wallace; "Eben Holden," by Irving Bacheller.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co. "The Conception of Immortality," by Josiah Royce; "Dionysos and Immortality," by Benj. Ide Wheeler; "Human Destiny in the Light of Revelation," by John F. Weir; "Human Immortality," by William James; "The Interpretation of Nature," by N. S. Shaler; "Later Lyrics," by Thos. Bailey Aldrich; "My Own Story," by J. T. Trowbridge; "Poems," by Edna Dean Proctor; "Songs of the Silent World," by E. S. Phelps Ward.

LEE & SHEPARD. "God's Image in Man," and "Studies in the Thought World," by Henry Wood.

LITTLE, BROWN & Co. "After her Death," and "From Dreamland Sent," by Lilian Whiting; "At the Wind's Will," by Louise Chandler Moulton.

McCLURE, PHILLIPS & Co. "Life and Destiny," by

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ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Felix Adler; "Lincoln and Other Poems," and "The Man With the Hoe and Other Poems," by Edwin Markham.

The other volumes quoted were copyrighted by their authors, or are out of print.

Courtesies from the *Atlantic Monthly, Independent, Outlook,* and other publications credited in parts II and III, are hereby acknowledged.

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"The wise grieve not for the departed, nor for those who yet survive,
Ne'er was the time when I was not, nor thou, nor yonder chiefs, and ne'er
Shall be the time when all of us shall be not; as the embodied soul
In this corporeal frame moves swiftly on through boyhood, youth, and age,
So will it pass through other forms hereafter—be not grieved thereat,
The man whom pain and pleasure, heat and cold affect not, he is fit
For immortality; whatever is not cannot be, whatever is
Can never cease to be. Know this—the Being that spread this universe
Is indestructible. Who can destroy the Indestructible?
These bodies that inclose the everlasting soul, inscrutable,
Immortal, have an end; but he who thinks the soul can be destroyed,
And he who deems it a destroyer, are alike mistaken; it
Kills not, and is not killed; it is not born, nor doth it ever die;
It has no past nor future—unproduced, unchanging, infinite; he
Who knows it fixed, unborn, imperishable, indissoluble,
How can that man destroy another, or extinguish aught below?
As men abandon old and threadbare clothes to put on others new,

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So casts the embodied soul its worn-out frame to enter other forms.
No dart can pierce it; flame cannot consume it, water wet it not,
Nor scorching breezes dry it—indestructible, incapable
Of heat or moisture or aridity, eternal, all-pervading,
Steadfast, immovable, perpetual, yet imperceptible,
Incomprehensible, unfading, deathless, unimaginable."
—From the Bhagavad-Gita, as given in "Hindoo Wisdom."

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PART I

LETTERS

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William Hand Browne, M. D., Professor of English Literature, Johns Hopkins University. January 20, 1924.

In such a question as you propound, I think I can get no nearer a positive demonstration than *an inability to conceive the contrary.*

1. I am compelled to recognize in the universe: (1) Myself—a thinking spirit possessed of will, and (2) something which is not—me, which I call Matter. (Whether conceived in the Berkeleian sense or not, makes no difference—I must acknowledge its existence.)

Now I think that to physicists the annihilation of matter is inconceivable. So, *a fortiori,* to me the annihilation of spirit is inconceivable. How Being can become not—Being, is something that I cannot conceive.

2. I must recognize in this universe the work of an intelligent Being, even though his nature and purposes are unfathomable by me. I must recognize some purpose in my life; and if so, that purpose must be an infinitesimal part of His purpose. Now, let me die when I will, I die with my purpose only partially fulfilled—there must remain more to be done that no one but myself could do. Therefore, if my purpose is unaccomplished, part of His purpose must remain unaccomplished, and this I cannot conceive.

So I am driven to the conclusion that after this bodily life is over, I shall still, under other conditions (now unknown to me) continue working out His purpose.

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For the contrary opinion would involve the belief that He annihilates me, solely to create another spirit to take up my unfinished life. This, as the act of a supreme Intelligent Being, I cannot conceive.

Baltimore, Md.

Mr. David M. Parry, President National Association of Manufacturers of the United States. February 19, 1904.

I am of the opinion that the immortality of the spirit will have been proven scientifically inside of a few years. Camille Flammarion, the eminent French astronomer, has endeavored to demonstrate by scientific investigation the fact that there is existence beyond death. In his book called "The Unknown," Flammarion has come very near establishing satisfactory conclusions. The work he has begun will be carried on by others, and to my mind there is little doubt but that final success will be achieved.

We are moving very fast in the realm of scientific and psychological investigation, and it would be a brave man who would to-day take the position that scientifically we may not be able to demonstrate the existence of a spirit essence which has lived and will live for all time. If there is a soul it is composed of material substance, as that which does not have materiality cannot exist. This materiality may be of a form which to-day we cannot detect by known methods. But that does not preclude the hope that some day we shall have a greater knowledge as to the character of the Unseen World.

I cannot say that my ideas of the future state are based entirely upon the familiar conception offered us from Biblical sources, though I have been a lifelong church member and have freely subscribed to the tenets of the Christian religion. I think our concep-

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tions of the future life are to-day very vague and entirely incapable of definition. Rest assured, however, that if there is to be a prolongation of human memory or Ego in the future world, that the same will be the result of natural law over which we do not have and can never have any control.

Indianapolis, Ind.

William Jennings Bryan, A. M., Editor, Lawyer and Politician. March 24, 1904.

If the Father deigns to touch with divine power the cold and pulseless heart of the buried acorn, and make it to burst forth from its prison walls, will He leave neglected in the earth the soul of man, who was made in the image of his Creator? If He stoops to give to the rosebush, whose withered blossoms float upon the breeze, the sweet assurance of another springtime, will He withhold the words of hope from the sons of men when the frosts of winter come? If Matter, mute and inanimate, though changed by the forces of Nature into a multitude of forms, can never die, will the imperial spirit of man suffer annihilation after it has paid a brief visit, like a royal guest, to this tenement of clay?

Rather let us believe that He who, in his apparent prodigality, wastes not the raindrop, the blade of grass, or the evening's sighing zephyr, but makes them all to carry out His eternal plans, has given immortality to the mortal, and gathered to Himself the spirits of our friends. Instead of mourning, let us look up and address our departed in the words of the poet:

"Thy day has come, not gone;
Thy sun has risen, not set;
Thy life is now beyond
The reach of death or change,

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Not ended—but begun.
O, noble soul! O, gentle heart! Hail, and farewell."
Lincoln, Neb.

Hon. George F. Edmunds, Lawyer and Ex-United States Senator from Vermont. January 28, 1904.

It is sufficient to say that every one who has taken an oath to support the Constitution of the United States, or of his own State, thereby declares himself to believe in God and a future existence.
Aiken, S. C.

Lieut. Gen. Adna R. Chaffee, Chief of the United States Army. January 20, 1904.

I am fully convinced that there is a future state, and that the character of that state is dependent in each case upon the life and deeds of the individual while here on earth. That there is a heaven with streets of gold, or a hell flaming with fire and brimstone, no one believes, as such descriptions are conceded, I think, to be merely figurative. But I am satisfied, however, that a reward does exist for the faithful, the just and the charitable, in some way adapted to the needs of the particular soul. Of one thing I am sure, the future should hold no terror for the man who in this life centers his efforts upon the development of a noble, unselfish character for himself, and the uplifting of those whom an all-wise Providence has placed within the circle of his influence.
Washington, D. C.

Brig. Gen. Charles King, President National Society Army of the Philippines. February 12, 1904.

I have implicit faith in the existence of a Supreme Being, (This is Lincoln's birthday, and *his* faith was

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sublime), also some vague notions, and some hope of the life beyond the River.

Milwaukee, Wis.

Mrs. Charlotte B. Wilbour, President of Sorosis. April 22, 1904.

The predictive indications of a greater future are in our souls: Our everlasting insatiety, our hopes that no visible sphere can contain, our aspirations that make a platform for our feet of the highest Cape of Heaven, our loves that yearn out to the blank that hides our loved ones, and the thousand glimpses of a greatness, truth, beauty and holiness that only eternity could begin to realize.

When a living faith opens the door into that other world, and shows us whither went all those vague yearnings and bright hopes and insatiable desires, we have a directing element to give coherence to scattered powers, a field for spiritual vigor, an aim for all that has before run to waste. Our lives will grow larger and more beautiful for this faith in proportion as the faith is vital and genuine. If we believe but the naked truth that we are individually and actually in life's hereafter when death has completed the dissolution of the marriage of soul and body, it must bear with it such inevitable consequences in every mind as to make a visible mark on the life it leads. The hand grows vigorous to fulfill its duty on earth, for a worthy purpose; and, better than this, the soul puts forth to bloom and perfect fruitage buds of prescient life that blighting doubt could never suggest.

New York City.

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John Bascom, D. D., LL.D., Educator. January 21, 1904.

(1). Immortality is necessary to the full development of our rational powers. Ethical activity, the highest activity, can secure no sufficient field, no adequate expression, without immortality. The seed and the bud no more contain a promise of growth than do the germinant powers of the spirit this faith in life. They indeed find development in society, and so society struggles to give them a kind of immortality, an honor not measured by years.

The fact that the physical world has nothing to say in behalf of immortality is of little moment. It is not the soil of that immortality.

(2). This belief is confirmed by the many minds, and diverse ways in diverse minds, in which it has sprung up. It is indigenous to human thought and experience. It is hidden as a vital energy in the very soul of man.

(3). The soundness of this bold stroke of thought is confirmed to us by the breadth of our reasoning in other directions. We push our conceptions far out into space, as in the calculation of an eclipse, and the facts respond to them. May we not, with equal courage, thrust our ethical judgments into the measureless reaches of time?

(4). Our belief in evolution gives confirmation to our hope. Evolution is the ruling idea of the world, its working plan, its spiritual chart. On the physical side this evolution approaches a limit. Man is the paragon of animals. The only truly potent extension which remains to us is spiritual. This secured, and the reaction of the spiritual world on the physical world will be a new creation. Ideas will become forces and the unseen will pour out upon us unthought-of

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wealth. Immortality is the word that the world has long been getting ready to utter.

(5). The effect of this faith on man goes far to confirm it. It greatly extends his thoughts and ennobles his impulses. The belief is congruous to the powers of man, and congruity is a law of the world.

(6). The depressing and debasing effect of unbelief on the individual and on society is an effective counter proof. Mortality carries a deathlike pallor to the cheek and faintness to the heart of man. It is at war with life.

(8). If we are theists we can hardly believe in the goodness of God, or find scope for His love, otherwise than in connection with immortality. It is the one idea which brings all things into the light.

Williamstown, Mass.

Charles R. Lanman, Ph.D., LL.D., Orientalist, Professor of Sanskrit, Harvard University. March 23, 1904.

The *Outlook* published several years ago a series of six articles entitled, "The Message of the World's Religions." These were reprinted in a little book published by Longmans, Green and Co., 1898. In it you will find a little article by me upon Brahmanism which may perhaps interest you in this connection. I send you herewith an address which I delivered as President of the Philological Association. Several years ago President Eliot asked me to give the Ingersoll Lecture on Immortality, but by reason of the stress of other work I was unable to do so. I hope I shall be able to ere long. Although these essays do not speak particularly perhaps about immortality,*

*The pamphlet "Beginnings of Hindu Pantheism," and the article on Brahmanism in "The Message of the World's

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nevertheless I may say, to use the words of your letter, that not only is room kept in my heart for spiritual thoughts and faith, but also that spiritual thoughts and the spiritual life seem to me the greatest and best of all the objects of human existence. I am a very happy man, and that is the source of my greatest happiness.

Cambridge, Mass.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson, A. M., LL.D., Author. February 2, 1904.

It is impossible for me to answer your question in full. I am happy to say that I have always retained a strong instinctive faith in personal immortality, although all the ideas included under the general name of resurrection of the body are to me utterly distasteful and incredible. These ideas are, however, undoubtedly what is called "scriptural," but as I was never brought up to believe in the literal infallibility of the Jewish or Christian Scriptures, that objection is not one which would trouble me. My belief in immortality is based essentially on human affection, and on the wonderful attributes of the human soul; these being so marvellous as to make it absolutely incredible that the soul should perish with the body.

Cambridge, Mass.

William J. Rolfe, A. M., Litt. D., Author and Shakespearean Scholar. February 8, 1904.

That this mortal life is to end with what we call

Religions," have been read by the compiler with much interest, but since they contain no personal views of the author on the subject of immortality, no extracts have been taken from them for this volume.

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death is to me absolutely inconceivable. At my age (I am in my seventy-seventh year) "every third thought," as Prospero says, must be "my grave"; but I believe that the grave is only the transition to another life of conscious existence. What the conditions of that new life will be, we can no more foresee now than the unborn infant can know those of the existence upon which it is to enter at birth; but I believe that it will be a larger, richer life—one of growth and progress—a continuation of the development which has been the law of life while the soul wears "this muddy vesture of decay."

Cambridge, Mass.

John F. Philips, LL.D., United States District Judge, Western District of Missouri. February 13, 1904.

I entertain faith in an existence beyond the grave. This, naturally enough, may have its primary root in the fact of my having been brought up "under the drippings of the sanctuary," by parents who implicitly believed in the resurrection from the dead, and in a heaven and a hell.

Equally natural is it that the matured and cultivated mind, especially that of the lawyer and judge, should be conducted to independent and earnest meditation and investigation touching so stupendous a question. The centrifugal forces of speculation and mere philosophy pull hard, at times, upon the centripetal power of simple faith; so that in the varying moods of the mind I sometimes have to say: I do not know. But all the while there is the whispering of "the still, small voice" of conscience, telling that there is something within the spirit that is immortal. Aside from the instinctive abhorrence of annihilation, there is the implantation of a resistless aspiration for a

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higher and perpetual existence; the constant yearning for reunion with the loved ones gone before; utterly irreconcilable with the idea that at the moment of physical dissolution this spiritual essence shall vanish into "airy nothingness."

Then when we pass from the abstract to the concrete, we know that matter is indestructible, and however changed in form it is transformed again. Why then should the human mind and spirit, which so dominate the animal kingdom and so subject matter to their uses, have no transformation, or resurrection? When all these things sweep across the mind, I can but exclaim: "I believe; Lord, help my unbelief."

Kansas City, Mo.

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*Hon. John H. Mitchell, United States Senator from Oregon. February 20, 1904.**

Yes, I do believe beyond the possibility of a doubt that there is an existence beyond the grave. I not only believe that, but I am firm in the conviction that our loved ones who have gone from this to another world can, under certain conditions, come back and communicate with us in this present life; of this act I have had evidence of the most convincing character. In my earlier years I took it for granted, without knowing anything about it, that there was an existence beyond the grave. But now I do not act merely on faith, but on evidence that to me is entirely satisfactory.

Washington, D. C.

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*Died Dec. 8, 1905.

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Albert S. Cook, M. S., M. A., L. H. D., Ph.D., Professor of English Language and Literature, Yale University. February 22, 1904.

On the subject of a future state I entertain no doubts whatever; and were I to entertain them, should not consider the present life worth living, since it derives its significance and value only from its relation to that which lies beyond the grave. In fact, I fully agree with the writer of the *Spectator* paper No. 186: "The prospect of a future state is the secret comfort and refreshment of my soul; it is that which makes nature look gay about me; it doubles all my pleasures. and supports me under all my afflictions. I can look at disappointments and misfortunes, pain and sickness, death itself, and, what is worse than death, the loss of those who are dearest to me, with indifference, so long as I keep in view the pleasures of eternity, and the state of being in which there will be no fears nor misapprehensions, pains nor sorrows, sickness nor separation."

I may add that I rest my hopes of immortality on the power and promises of Jesus Christ, as revealed in The Gospels.

New Haven, Conn.

Maj.-Gen. Oliver Otis Howard, United States Army. February 3, 1904.

During my life of over seventy years, I do not remember a time when I have doubted the truth of the averment of "existence beyond the grave." The Scriptures of course avow it in one form or another from the beginning of Genesis to the close of Revelation. Outside of all "revelations," the consensus of opinion follows the soul-consciousness of an existence which is continuous. The soul grows and develops during our normal life, and often is so quickened

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when the body is perishing that it has a foretaste of blessed immortality,—sometimes there is a foretaste of misery.

The best of earth cling to immortality. The savage never doubts it; and those who hate and are hated most, fear and tremble at its increasing visions.

The sure condition is covenanted to every faithful soul: "Goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the House of the Lord forever."

Burlington, Vt.

Mrs. Mabel Loomis Todd, Author and Astronomer. April 21, 1904.

On page 103 of one of my books, "Corona and Coronet," you will find the following sentence, relative to the lonely death of Kate Field on an inter-island Hawaiian steamer, when I, a chance acquaintance, was her only companion:

"Miss Field had never acknowledged herself defeated, and who shall call this unfinished work and lonely death defeat—in face of an illimitable future?"

This may be, perhaps, a partial answer to your question.

Observatory House, Amherst, Mass.

Mr. Morris Newburger, Merchant and Bank President. April 7, 1904.

All devout Jews believe in the immortality of the soul; in a higher life; in a life to come where they will meet all their dear departed ones.

I examined the creeds of most of the ruling positive religions, and none of them satisfied me completely. So I turned to nature—God's own handiwork. I beheld myriads of planets, stars, suns, and moons, and found that they moved in perfect order. I saw the

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seasons following one another with regularity, and I concluded that an All-Wise Directing Power must be behind all of it, for if there was not, there would be chaos and destruction, and nothing could exist. The next thought naturally was—in what relation do I stand to that Power? The solution was easier than I imagined. I am put on this earth by that All-Wise Power for a purpose, which is indicated by the mental and physical gifts with which I have been endowed. I must use these gifts to the best of my ability, my reason and conscience tell me, for my self-preservation and for the benefit of others. What then, when all this has been done and I must die? Then, feel sure that the same All-Wise Power, the same God of the Universe, has made such provision for you as in His infinite wisdom is best for you in harmony with the Universe.

These conclusions have completely satisfied me for the last thirty years, and nothing that I have heard, read or seen since has been able to change my views. I therefore send you the following:

The Jews were the first people to proclaim to the world the unity of God; the Sole Creator, Maintainer and Governor of the World, from the beginning unto eternity. They proclaimed that God made man in his own image; that the world is a universe, a unity. Therefore, as nothing can be lost out of the universe, the spirit, the spark of life, or soul, inhabiting our bodies at death, cannot be lost, but still forms part of the universe to be used by God.

In other words, after death we are under the government and control of the same power, the same God as in this life, and knowing that this life is imperfect, and that our noblest and highest aspirations are unobtainable here, we may rightfully look to a just God for better opportunities hereafter. It is for these rea-

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sons that Moses and the Prophets exhorted the people to lead pure and righteous lives to prepare them for the higher life to come.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Charles Warren Stoddard, L. H. D., Ph.D., Author. March 28, 1904.

When your kind favor reached my address I was recovering from an illness that carried me to the brink of the grave. My escape from death was almost miraculous. My life was despaired of, and I received the Last Sacraments of the Church. With the memory of that hallowed hour to soften and sweeten whatever experiences may lie before, whatever sorrows may befall me, I can send you—in testimony of my blind faith—the lines enclosed.

"I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Holy Catholic Church, the Communion of saints, the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body, and life everlasting. Amen."—The Apostle's Creed.

Out of the loam of this corruptible body springs heavenward the invisible blossom of the soul!—From "The Lepers of Molokai," by Chas. W. Stoddard.

Noah K. Davis, A. M., Ph.D., LL.D., Professor of Philosophy, University of Virginia, Author of "Juda's Jewels" and "The Story of the Nazarene." March 4, 1904.

Most heartily do I believe in the immortality of the soul. Clear reason coincides with revelation in support of this glorious doctrine.

Charlottesville, Va.

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William H. Collins, B. S., A. M., Astronomer, Director Haverford College Astronomical Observatory. March 21, 1904.

Do I believe in immortality? Yes.

Haverford, Pa.

Mr. Albert B. Chandler, President Postal Telegraph Cable Co. January 29, 1904.

I believe there is an existence beyond the grave. The structure of my mind is so that I can cherish faith and hope that the brief span of mortal life is not all. The Universe could not have happened by chance. There must have been a Creator, infinite in every perfection. Finite minds cannot comprehend him, and can only faintly apprehend such of his works as are within reach of our narrow mental and physical vision. It does not seem reasonable that the human race should have been endowed with such faculties as belong to it only to die as the grass and the leaves die. The intuitive expectation inborn in all mankind of a life beyond the death of the body points to its realization.

The teaching of Christ is the purest sentiment and the best rule of action known to us. It is applicable to each individual in all the world. It is reasonable for us to believe that He was what he believed himself to be. He brought life and immortality to light, and I gladly accept as conclusive what He has revealed. No creed, no churches, no forms or ceremonies are needful for this, although they may be helpful. They are only the outward expression of the preferences of individuals and are, no doubt, useful to great numbers of people.

New York City.

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Mr. Robert W. Chambers, Author and Artist. January 29, 1904.

Nothing material is destructible; why should the soul be?

New York City.

Mr. John Wanamaker, Merchant, Ex-Postmaster General. April 20, 1904.

The Bible bristles with signs and proofs of the immortality of man. Christ's resurrection confirmed by as many reliable witnesses as support any other fact of that period, is the strongest and most convincing evidence. The transfiguration is very full of light upon immortality.

(a) The two men who left the world miraculously —Moses, whose grave could not be found, and Elijah, who left the world in a chariot of fire, came back to testify to their own immortality, and also to talk about Christ's death, who claimed that by dying and rising again He would bring life and immortality to light for all who would believe.

(b) There was mutual recognition on the Mount of Transfiguration and there is not a doubt of identity hinted.

(c) If Moses and Elias could come back and talk, why cannot each of those who have entered into rest, if the Lord wills, meet friends on mountains of transfiguration and talk?

Philadelphia, Pa.

T. J. J. See, A. M., Ph.D. (Berlin), F. R. A. S., Professor of Mathematics, U. S. N. April 3, 1904.

I have yet to write my article on Immortality, but if I live and carry out some plans I am forming, I hope to prepare such a paper eventually, viewing the

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matter as a man of scientific training views other phenomena.

That the soul is immortal appears to me daily more and more probable, almost certain; let no one be deceived by the materialism and pessimism of this degenerate age. People will recover their senses after awhile, and see that Plato, divine Plato, was right. Man is not mere clay, but a part of the supreme intelligence which endures through all generations. We must therefore be patient, and labor on in faith till we join the blessed of other ages and countries. What Homer and Plato and the Greeks believed regarding the divine character of the soul, I also believe; and thus understand the sublime faith of Socrates.

Mare Island Observatory, Cal.

Mr. G. W. Dickie, Manager Union Iron Works, Ex-President Technical Society of Pacific Coast, San Francisco, Cal. January 26, 1904.

Many will admit they believe in immortality, but how they came by such a belief is not so easy to put into words, for this faith does not come to us like other branches of human knowledge and experience. High as man stands above the things and creatures around him, there is a higher and more exalted position within his spiritual vision. And the ways are infinite in which he occupies his thoughts in regard to the fears, the hopes and the expectations of a future life.

I have come to believe that the truth relative to a future life cannot be brought to his knowledge by any cultivation of his mental powers, however exalted they may be; that such knowledge, if it comes to him at all, will come through other teaching than his own, and will have to be received through simple faith in the testimony given. I find that I cannot apply those

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mental operations which I find good in solving problems relating to this life, to those higher problems relating to a life that for me has not yet come. When that life comes, the ability to comprehend it will come, like the faculties we now possess. I have never seen anything incompatible between those things of man which can be known and demonstrated by the mental powers with which he is now endowed, and those higher things concerning his eternal future, that he cannot find out by any exercise or culture of these faculties.

Man's hope of immortality became a clear and steady conception through the teachings of Christ. "If it were not so," He said, "I would have told you." It cannot be questioned that there is, and always has been, a deep and wide testimony in man's nature to a future life. It may be pronounced either true or false, but it must be admitted to exist. It appears in all countries and in all ages, and the seeming exceptions to it no more contradict the fact than the absence of reason in some individuals, or its low development in some races, would lead us to deny that man is rational. There is an indication of this in the manner in which earthly things are often pursued. When we see a man grasping at wealth and fame, or at power and pleasure, casting them all into the void of the soul and still unsatisfied, we begin to feel that he is made for the infinite and the divine. The world cannot fill his soul, because it is greater than the world. There is an indication of it also in the mind of man as he intermeddles with all knowledge, pursues the broken rays of truth, when he strives to resolve the facts he discovers into laws, first general, then universal, and so upward to our supreme center.

In his thirst for truth solely because it is truth, in his faith in it, in his search after it as single and sovereign, there is a token of man's origin and destiny. It

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comes to light, too, in the way a man pursues an object beyond the range of self-interest and the term of his own earthly life. This is not only seen in a few men of lofty enthusiasm, who embrace a world or a nation in their thoughts; but every day, and in every walk of life, we meet men who have aims more or less exalted, for which they are ready to give time and labor and endless anxiety, without any prospect of reward or fame, without even any hope that they will see the result.

In this stretch of man's soul beyond self, is there not a look beyond earthly limits? Do we not find it also in the conceptions men have of an ideal of perfection, in the delight with which they dwell upon it, in their struggles to realize it, and in the deep lamentations that come from the heart over the imperfect and impure? This yearning after the pure and beautiful can only be realized in immortality. In some form, it is in all the religions which man has made for himself—for he cannot remain permanently without a religion and that religion must in some way have a future. Individuals may reason themselves out of their sense of an immortality, and particular nations and ages, through the influence of a prevailing materialism, may have sunk very low in the appreciation of it; but it is still there, worked into the very fibre of the human heart, ready to spring up when the right appeal is made to it.

In the midst of all the materialism and the base pursuit of wealth so prevalent in our day, the missions of Christian churches at home and abroad, the sacrifices and self-denying labors for the spread of a gospel of which eternal life is the premise, prove how strong among many millions is the conviction of the value of a soul in its immortal nature, and that vast numbers of

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men hold this as a great essential of their religion, and are looking to God with the hope of an immortality.

I have only taken a glance at this great question and with a dim eye, but I feel the hope within me stronger than any power of expression, and if this hope were false, surely there would be some way of knowing it.

"If it were not so, He would have told us."

Mrs. Varina Jefferson Davis. January 28, 1904.

I sincerely believe in the Holy Bible, and in Jesus Christ, the Son of God and Redeemer of the world's sinners, for whom he suffered all things and died on the cross. I believe in the Trinity—the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, "whose kingdom shall have no end."

New York City.

Cleveland Abbe, A. M., Ph.D., LL.D., S. B., Meteorologist United States Weather Bureau; Professor of Meteorology, Columbia University; Lecturer on Meteorology, Johns Hopkins University. March 8, 1904.

I was brought up in the confident belief that we are immortal, and that after death we shall retain our individuality and our personal consciousness. The arguments in favor of this belief are very well put in Butler's Analogy, but perhaps to myself the strongest appeal comes from within. You may certainly quote me as one who, through all the troubles and trials of life, has not yet lost his belief in the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, and the hope of the resurrection. Life would hardly be worth living if this world were all there is to it.

Washington, D. C.

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Ulysses S. Grant, Jr., Lawyer. February 7, 1904.

I believe there is an existence beyond the grave.

San Diego, Cal.

Mr. Henry Carey Baird, Publisher and Political Economist. January 18, 1904.

I have much pleasure in appending the confession of faith of Gov. Lewis Morris, of New Jersey, which I have accepted most heartily, and which is my own belief. This I consider fundamental, and I am in perfect charity with all men and with all women who build up a fuller faith on this great foundation. I thank you for giving me an opportunity of calling your attention to this splendid exposition of the faith of one of the greatest men of the Colonial Period.

CONFESSION OF FAITH OF LEWIS MORRIS

Governor of the Province of New Jersey 1738-46

"I am now, and I doubt not I shall die, in the firm belief that there is one God, the Creator of all things, who governs the world, as he sees most suitable to answer the purposes of his divine providence. What the state of the dead is I know not, but believe it to be such as is most suitable for them, and that their condition and state of existence after death will be such as will fully show the wisdom, justice, and goodness of their great Creator to them."

Will of Lewis Morris. Proved January 12, 1746.

Papers of Lewis Morris. Appendix, page 326. New York, 1852.

Philadelphia, Pa.

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Rear-Admiral Winfield Scott Schley, U. S. N. January 31, 1904.

I am proud to say that I have the profoundest belief in the existence of a better life, a higher life beyond the grave.

The fact that man in every condition of life from the savage to the civilized state, wherever met, seeks something outside and beyond himself to adore or appeal to, is the evidence of the godlike in man, and it finally triumphs as he emerges into more intellectual light.

I do not, and I cannot, understand how anyone can thrust this belief in God and God's goodness out of his mind, surrounded as he is by so much in himself and outside himself which proves that the theory of accident is not sufficient to account for the mysteries his best and highest cultivation cannot penetrate or explain.

Washington, D. C.

Mr. Charles Major ("Edwin Caskoden"), Lawyer and Author. March 18, 1904.

In reply to your letter I would say:—I believe in the immortality of the soul. Beyond a doubt it is indestructible and must have an eternity of life before it. An onesided eternity is an axiomatic impossibility, therefore I go one step further than the usual belief—If the soul has as infinite future, it must have had an infinite past.

This view of the case will not necessarily conflict with any religious belief. It is simply a statement of the question from a scientific standpoint. If there is a human soul it certainly never had a beginning, and can never cease to exist. It is not a thing for a day.

Shelbyville, Ind.

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Mr. John C. Hœvemeyer, Merchant and Sugar Refiner. May 13, 1904.

Yes; I believe there is a life beyond the grave. I feel assured that while everything that is visible and material is transient and subject to decay, there is a world in which our existence will never terminate, and where we shall be free from the limitations which pertain to our earthly condition.

The chief ground of this conviction is the teaching of the Bible, which I accept as a divine revelation, and especially the portion which records the acts and words of Jesus Christ. He came down from Heaven or the other world and made revelations concerning it, which included a declaration of the will of God and our relations to Him, and gave positive assurance of a future life in glorified bodies in which we should be able to enjoy the divine presence, which He called eternal life.

There seems abundant confirmation of this belief in the consciousness or spiritual vision of Christians, in the universal aspiration and hopes of mankind, in reason, in the constitution of man and in the divine regulation of the universe, which clearly shows a purpose of developing mankind, for which we could not understand a motive unless we are immortal.

The influence of a belief in immortality in restraining men from evil and in developing high purposes and noble and benevolent action is a powerful argument, and is so recognized by the world. I select a few of the many confirmatory passages in Scripture:

Psalm 16:11: "In thy presence is fulness of joy, at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore."

John 11:25: "Jesus said unto her, I am the Resurrection and the Life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

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John 14:3: "I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also."

John 17:2 and 3: "As thou hast given him power over all flesh, that he should give eternal life to as many as thou hast given him. And this is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent."

Romans 8:18: "For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us."

1st Cor. 15:53: "For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality."

2 Cor. 5:1: "For we know if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

Yonkers, N. Y.

Mr. E. W. Halford, Paymaster U. S. A. February 2, 1904.

I believe in the life beyond this natural life, because I believe in the revealed word of God, and especially in His last and best word—Jesus Christ—who came "to bring life and immortality to light."

Washington, D. C.

James H. Baker, A. M., LL.D., President University of Colorado. January 20, 1904.

Your question touches upon points of the profoundest philosophy, but I will write this much:

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The faith of the poets is not mere sentiment. This is a rational world; reason appears in nature and in the mind of man. Purpose appears in history. We must believe not only that there is a great purpose in creation, but that God is just and has the power of fulfillment, and that what is incomplete in this life will be completed in eternity. The conceptions of God and immortality belong to rational and sane minds, and are a scientific necessity to explain nature and human nature.

Boulder, Colo.

Thomas Nelson Page, Litt. D., Author. February 26, 1904.

It has always appeared to me that the Supreme Being would not have made Love the divinest attribute of human nature to cut it off suddenly at death. The Roman Centurion seems to me to have expressed the feeling of many men.

Washington, D. C.

T. Berry Smith, A. M., Professor of Chemistry and Physics, Central College. February 27, 1904.

I believe because of the Scriptures, because of nature with its evidences of design and wisdom and beneficence and love, because of the beautiful lives of my parents and friends, because of the peace that believing brings me, because of the need of some sphere of life to complement this one so full of disappointment, of incompleteness and of longings never satisfied.

FAITH

There's many a soul goes over the billowy sea,
And knows no more of him that guides the ship—

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The pilot at the wheel—than do we all
Of Him who steers the bark of life across
The stormy gulf of Time; yet there is One
With watchful eye—somewhere—at the helm.

(Reprinted from "In Many Moods.")

MY DEATHLESS SELF

I'm dying aye, and yet not all I die—
I recollect the things of long ago.
In ceaseless current through my body flow
The earthy motes that halt so restlessly
Upon the shores of my mortality,
And then rush back with Nature's undertow
To Nature's deep whose limits none can know:
'Tis thus I'm dying aye, yet do not die,
That which dies not, the deathless self of me,
Unchanging is. 'Tis this that hopes and loves
Amid all change; 'tis this by faith can see
The future through; 'tis this the bygone proves
And laughs at thoughts of brief mortality;
My deathless self incarnate lives and moves.

Fayette, Mo.

Mr. Dudley Buck, Organist and Composer. January 20, 1904.

There is little basis for argument; for, as Shakespeare states it, it eternally remains "the undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns." However, as you ask my personal opinion, I say emphatically: *"Credo!"*

To my mind all analogy (even to the animal and vegetable kingdoms) speaks and insists upon a life after temporary death so-called. All savage, as well

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as civilized peoples, have this instinct. It must come from some outside source, the "All-Father." With this belief continuous through so many centuries, and active and continuous to-day, I cannot believe this world to be any more than a "kindergarten." Therefore it would seem incredible that the intelligence so fostered and acquired should be extinguished; it must logically graduate to higher schools.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

William P. Frye, LL.D., United States Senator from Maine. January 22, 1904.

I have an abiding faith in the immortality of the soul.

Washington, D. C.

From John Watson Foster, LL.D., Diplomat, Ex-Secretary of State. January 22, 1904.

I believe in the immortality of the soul, among other reasons, because I accept Jesus Christ as a Divine Teacher, and recognize his resurrection as a historical fact.

Washington, D. C.

Thomas D. Lockwood, Electrical Expert and Engineer, Authority on Telephony and Telegraphy. March 27, 1904.

I find it not an easy task to formulate views—my views—on immortality, but I am not unwilling to set down a few thoughts on the subject.

Immortality to me is no theory, but a living fact—an absolute condition. Something which has nothing to do with science. A reality: more so, indeed, in many ways than this present life, which as the years pass, I find myself becoming more perfectly assured is largely educational and preparational.

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With Cicero, I am willing to say: "If I err in believing that the soul is immortal, I willingly err; nor while I live would I wish to have this delightful error extorted from me; and if after death I shall feel nothing, as some minute philosophers think, I am not afraid lest dead philosophers should laugh at me for the error." But I am persuaded that our convictions of immortality should be indefinitely more sure than those of Cicero, and with the great apostle I consider that, "if in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable."

I hold these views neither in the light of, or in spite of the operations and revelations of science; but because of the inward convictions of my own life, and because these are in conformity with the teachings of the Master, who said with authority I fully accept: "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

Melrose, Mass.

Mrs. Clara S. Foltz, Lawyer, the first woman admitted to the bar on the Pacific Coast, known as "The Portia of the Pacific." February 15, 1904.

To my mind, it is more than probable that we shall continue to live "beyond the grave." It is a desire of all to continue to live, and the desire itself is in the nature of proof that we are immortal.

San Francisco, Cal.

Prof. Lewis Swift, Ph.D., F. R. A. S. February 5, 1904.

Yours asking if I believe there is an existence beyond the grave., etc., is received. It is a question

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of mighty import, and I emphatically answer yes, and add that I wish all astronomers would say the same.

I believe God was the creator of the universe, that His son was born, lived, died, rose from the tomb, and ascended to heaven as recorded in the Bible. I believe the Bible to be of divine origin. I believe that as there are two classes of people here—the good and the bad—there will be two conditions beyond the grave, one for the righteous, and one for the wicked. If not, what will be the difference between the then and the now?

I believe we shall know each other there, and that the saints will during an eternity that will never end, visit the worlds that gem night's concave vault that the telescope descries in countless millions, suns every one like ours, warming, lighting, guiding and fertilizing planets where beings like ourselves are dwelling, whom during the countless ages that are to come, we shall meet, and praise the Creator for His goodness and His wonderful works.

Marathon, N. Y.

Brig. Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, United States Army. February 3, 1904.*

Replying to your question, I write to say that I believe in the immortality of the soul. My reasons for doing so will be found in the fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians.

Richmond, Va.

Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster, Editor, Staff Contributor and Author. February 6, 1904.

In reply to your letter asking me as to my belief in an existence beyond the grave, I answer you that I

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*Died April 29, 1905.

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accept as conclusive the teachings of the Bible, and the promises of immortality held out by our Saviour Jesus Christ. When He arose from the grave, He pledged life and immortality to all who sleep in death. I have no more doubt of a future life than I have of to-morrow's rising sun. Furthermore, I do not believe that there is even an interval of unconsciousness in the passing of the soul to another room in God's Universe. With the dropping of the body, the soul loses the handicaps and limitations of time, and enters at once into the joy and peace of the life in the Father's House.

Please do not let me leave with you the impression that I believe in death as the purification and atonement of and for all the evils and sins of this life. For full salvation there is only one way, and that the way of our Saviour who gave up his life on the cross to be a ransom for many. That all souls shall live evermore I fully believe. That they shall live evermore in perfect happiness I also believe must depend on their acceptance of Jesus Christ as a Saviour while they remain on earth.

Glen Ridge, N. J.

W. E. B. Du Bois, A. M., Ph.D., Professor of Economics and History, Atlanta University. January 30, 1904.

I have a thousand years of work laid out before me. And each year as it flies leaves the vision of another thousand. I should like to live to finish all this; it seems reasonable that I should; I hope I may.

Atlanta, Ga.

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Hon. Lucius H. Foote, Diplomat, Secretary Academy of Sciences of San Francisco. February 5, 1904.

If there is no hereafter, life is incomplete. I believe in immortality because I wish to, and no man has the right to question my belief because no man can prove that it is not so. It is the consolation and the hope of mankind, and the one elevating and restraining influence which regulates the world; without it—anarchy and brutality.

I give you the closing lines of a poem written by myself sometime since:

I questioned my soul as I stood by the dead;
My soul, in its anguish, made answer and said,—
No power can destroy, and no fiat create;
For death is transition, and life is a state,
The fruit of conditions coercive as fate.
Each atom of form, and each atom of force,
Exist as a part of their infinite source;
And whether in motion, or whether at rest,
Must live, by a law that is never transgressed.
This then is the marvellous secret of death,
To live without life, and to breathe without death.

San Francisco, Cal.

Miss Helen M. Winslow, Editor and Publisher The Clubwoman. February 6, 1904.

Of course I believe in a future life, but I haven't a moment's time to write out any reasons therefor.

Shirley, Mass.

John Gilmer Speed, A. M., C. E., Author and Editor. February 12, 1904.

I have received your request, and feel some embarrassment in answering it. My thoughts have gener-

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ally been directed as to how to live the present life without reference to what is beyond, as I have always felt that that would take care of itself. To be sure, I have always believed in a future life; but why I have believed in it is beyond me to say. It is certainly not on account of what is sometimes called "revealed religion"; it is rather an instinct that is a part of my nature. I have never had any messages that told me any more than the primal man knew; and he believed as firmly as possible in a future beyond this life. Now I suspect a whole bench of bishops can really know no more than this.

Marcus Aurelius said: "He who dreads death dreads either the extinction of sense or a different sort of sensation. But if all sense is extinguished, there can be no sense of evil; while if sensation is transformed, you become another sort of creature and do not cease to live."

Mendham, N. J.

Hon. George W. Bartch, Associate Justice Supreme Court, Utah. February 10, 1904.

Replying to your inquiry as to my belief in an existence beyond the grave, I wish to say that I firmly believe we will have an existence after death. To me, all Nature indicates this, as well as the Holy Scriptures. To live at all is the greatest mystery of all. To exist a single day is, it seems to me, more of a mystery than to exist throughout an eternity. I doubt not that our God who gave us life can preserve it in the hereafter.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

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Mr. Francis B. Reeves, Merchant, President Girard National Bank, President Philadelphia Belt Line R. R. Co. March 24, 1904.*

There is a natural world and there is a spiritual world; first the natural, afterward the spiritual. That nothing is lost in the natural world has come to be regarded as an axiom of science: how can it be otherwise than true in the spiritual realm?

We who believe that we are heirs to immortality, that death does not end all, need not worry in the least because there are some who are wont to express their doubts concerning it, simply because they have not yet seen the proof of it. Perhaps there always will be some who will ask, "How are the dead raised up and with what body do they come?" and others who will speculate upon an intermediate state, and upon the question of recognition of loved ones in heaven, forgetting the necessary limitations of our terrestrial existence, and that such knowledge would be too wonderful for our mundane understanding and acceptance. Why demand the impossible? How can the finite comprehend the infinite?

God has implanted within man, in his best estate, the glorious hope of a new heaven and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness, thereby distinguishing him above the brutes that perish. Whether they who wilfully refuse to cherish such hope, who pervert God's grace and despise His name, shall have place in

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*Mr. Reeves was commissioned by the Philadelphia Relief Committee to visit Russia, in 1892, to deliver the steamship Conemaugh's cargo of flour for the relief of sufferers from famine, and, in recognition of his services, Emperor Alexander III. presented him with a valuable table service of gold and silver.

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the heavenly kingdom, need not be discussed. It is not for us to settle such questions. I feel that God will be very merciful to honest doubters, and that He will deal justly with reprobates.

We who have this blessed hope as an anchor to our souls firmly believe in God and trust Him. Moreover, we rest in His Word, in which nothing is more clearly taught than that man's existence is interminable. We rejoice, too, in the confident assurance that God would never have given us this most precious of all hopes only to blast it; this most ennobling of all aspirations and these deep longings of heart born of a pure, undying love, only to deceive us. It cannot be that God would make such ample and gracious and loving provision for our temporal comfort and enjoyment for a few brief years in the flesh, and none whatever for our souls' most sacred yearnings. It cannot be that a mother must give up her child at the grave, never to be reunited with it. If there be no union of hearts, fostered and made sacred here, that is to be perpetuated there, then we may properly ask that question so often foolishly propounded, "Is life worth living?"

The hope of life everlasting is not confined to the professedly Christian world, yet it is in greatest measure the Christian's privilege to enjoy it. I speak as a Christian to Christians when I quote these pregnant words of the great apostle to the Gentiles,—"If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable."

"In this life only"—how these words bring to our remembrance the evils of this present world, its failures and disappointments, life's inequalities, and the incompleteness of our most valued worldly plans and purposes; and, more than all else, the sufferings we

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undergo when death takes from us our sweetest and best loved ones!

No, our faith in Christ and in the wisdom, justice, mercy and love of God enables us to say with St. Paul. "We know that if the earthly house of our tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building from God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Faith takes a firm hold of this "we know," and will not let it go. This is a gift that no man nor devil can take away from us. The man who believes only what he can see here below is spiritually blind. There is One only who can open his eyes. "Happy are they who have not seen and yet have believed." Blessed are they who, through spiritual discernment, born of God, have a firmer hold upon the spiritual world than the natural, to whom life beyond the grave is no less real than are their carnal pleasures, appetites, passions and employments; for to them this undying hope is immeasurably more satisfying than are all the world's evanescent joys, while it brings to them when sorrows assail them, the sweetest relief and comfort.

"Still seems it strange that thou shouldst live forever?
Is it less strange that thou shouldst live at all?
This is a miracle: and that no more."

Can it be?
Matter immortal? And shall Spirit die?
Above the nobler, shall less noble rise?
Shall man alone, for whom all else revives,
No resurrection know? Shall man alone,
Imperial Man! be sown in barren ground,
Less privileged than grain on which he feeds?

Germantown, Pa.

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Thomas Ball, A. M., Sculptor. January 19, 1904.

I have a firm belief in a life beyond the grave; because I believe in a Supreme Being who rules and directs the universe. My reasons for the latter belief may be found in everything pertaining to this beautiful world, from the humblest flower of the field to the starry firmament.

Scientists and philosophers may find reasons sufficient for their own unbelief, but not for mine.

Montclair, N. J.

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*Mr. Hezekiah Butterworth, Author and Editor. January 20, 1904.**

I am taking an interest in your book. It is a thing needed; nothing could be more timely and interesting. Where are we now? Whither are we drifting? The metaphysical and psycomath clubs here tend to Kant's conclusion, "The spirit is the only reality."

I believe in spiritual laws of the soul. To obey the divine laws of one's own soul is to secure the largest results possible to life. When the change of death destroys the objective life, it leaves us to the subjective life, and we follow spiritual gravitation.

My views are those of Emmanuel Kant in his "Critique of Practical Reason," and of Fichte in his "Way to the Blessed Life."

Boston, Mass.

Mr. Henry Dexter, Founder of the American News Company. January 21, 1904.

I pin my faith to the words of the Saviour found in John XIV. 2, 3. "In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.

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*Died Sept. 5, 1905.

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"And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself that where I am, there ye may be also."

New York City.

Nathan Haskell Dole, A. M., Author and Literary Adviser, President Omar Khayyam Society of America, and of Bibliophile Society. February 12, 1904.

I look forward to death with far higher anticipation than to any earthly journey. To get rid of the limitations of the flesh, to be a spiritual body not dependent on food or on drink or an exasperatingly tedious means of locomotion, is realization of freedom after slavery. The attitude of the Christian world toward death is a perpetual arraignment of the faith which is held up as divine. If Christianity offers anything better than paganism promised, we should rejoice at the death of those who were called, realizing that they are escaping manifold sorrow and pain. All the mourning emblems, the trappings of woe, now attendant on death, especially at the passing on of the aged and the incurably diseased, show that men are still barbarians.

And yet immortality is only a hope. Science upholds it, in as far as science declares that no force is lost. The cutting off of a human being or even of an animal in the full tide of its powers, simply means (in terms of our mechanical knowledge) that the energy is transmuted. Does consciousness accompany this transformation? When the corporeal cells which contain our life decay is it conceivable that memory preserves the past? In the case of most men, this perpetuity of remembrance would be no joy. Is it not more in accordance with what we know that death should be rather a new birth? The spiritual body born into new conditions will be the child, as it were,

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of the dead; just as a baby born after its father's death and immediately left an orphan looks like its father and mother, acts like its father and mother, and yet can have no recollection of either. Coming into new relations with those that had passed on before, it would form connections on parallel lines, and be as happy as if it renewed old friendships and loves. Such thoughts are to me a comfort in a materialistic and skeptical age. At all events, I have no fear of the beneficent outcome of either life or death.

Boston, Mass.

Henry Churchill King, B. D., A. M., D. D., President Oberlin College. February 8, 1904.

I have a firm conviction in existence beyond the grave; for without this conviction I should hardly be able to believe that the world was a truly rational world, in the broad sense of that term. This general consideration includes for me many particular arguments into which I need not go.

Oberlin, O.

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*Hon. Henry B. Metcalf, Manufacturer, President Corporation of Tufts College. February 11, 1904.**

Do I believe in life beyond the grave?

Emphatically, yes!

I have never yet heard an argument to the contrary that commanded respect.

Pawtucket, R. I.

Mrs. Lodusky J. Taylor, Ex-President National Woman's Relief Corps. February 16, 1904.

I have not time to write a lengthy article on the subject, but I want to say that I believe most sincerely

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*Died 1904.

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in Jesus Christ as the Saviour of the world, and He, having died and risen from the dead, has prepared the way for us. He has also promised to prepare a home for us, and I believe that the teachings of God's holy word bear out every thought of a life hereafter.

Le Sueur, Minn.

Hon. Miguel Otero, Governor of New Mexico. February 25, 1904.

I personally believe implicitly in the immortality of the soul. The very fact of such belief prohibits the giving of reasons; for implicit belief and faith are above and beyond all reason. This faith and belief is as old as humanity itself, and has no connection with so-called religious creeds, denominations or sects. It is the divine heritage alike of the primeval savage in his cave or lair and of the latest product of advanced civilization in the most cultured homes. It is the holy spirit of God, given us as the perfume is to the flower, its brilliance to the diamond, and the intangible soul and conscience to the body. None of these can be weighed in the nicest balance constructed by human skill, or measured by the minutest standards devised by the greatest scientists, any more than can that mighty force which rules the world,—has changed its course in history, has made and unmade dynasties, and is the foundation not only of the home but of the nation, and all that makes humanity the better,—that unseen, indefinable, intangible gift of the Almighty which we call Love.

No reasons can be given for these, and no finite mind can explain or account for any of them. It may be that by a persistent course of "reason," men may dwarf their capacity for the immortality that is theirs by divine right, and become as the beasts that per-

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ish; but this can only be accomplished by wilful perversion of their gifts.

Santa Fe, N. M.

Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, President National American Woman Suffrage Association. March 2, 1904.

I believe in an after life. The instinct within us compels us to believe that our existence cannot terminate here, and the injustices of this world require the justice of another world to equalize human experiences.

New York City.

Robert Treat Paine, A. M., Philanthropist, President Associated Charities of Boston, the American Peace Society, and other Associations. February 5, 1904.

I believe in life beyond the grave as firmly as I believe that I live. The greatest thing in the world is love. God who has created the world must be greater than any part or the whole of His creation, therefore God must be a God of love more perfectly than any force of love which human imagination can conceive.

Now the human soul has grown by the evolution of ages to believe in and to rely on a future life, and it is not conceivable that evolution can, under the guidance of an infinite Creator and Ruler, teach a lie, therefore absolute faith in a future life must be entirely beyond all question.

Boston, Mass.

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Hon. James H. Peabody, Governor of Colorado. February 9, 1904.

I take pleasure in saying that my great comfort in my daily work and employment is a firm belief in the Apostles' Creed and the Lord's Prayer. That there is an existence beyond the grave is to my mind above and beyond speculation; for, believing in the promises contained in the Word of God, I can readily believe the promise and find comfort therein, that "We shall meet them and know them face to face;" so that when we are separated from our dear ones by the sudden approach of death, I know that such separation is not final.

This belief should soften our sorrow into most tender recollections, and if we so believe we can derive much comfort from the lingering sweetness of a present great bereavement. "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done," contains a statement of our belief as well as a supplication to Almighty God.

This, briefly, is my belief, and my reason for such belief.

Denver, Colo.

R. H. Dana, LL.D., Lawyer and Political Reformer. January 28, 1904.

I believe in a future life. While this belief is not susceptible of positive proof, neither is the opposite belief.

Though not susceptible of positive proof, my belief is in accord with the probabilities in the case as pretty well established by the latest and highest metaphysical philosophy. To be sure, some eminent scientists, going out of their own specialty and dabbling in the deeper questions without any adequate training in or even conception of the results already attained in metaphysics, have led many people to a

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disbelief in the future life. The mistake has been in treating an authority in one line as an authority in a wholly different line; in trusting the navigation of a steamship with its freight and lives to a man because he is an expert in botany.

Cambridge, Mass.

E. M. Gallaudet, B. S., LL.D., Ph.D., President Gallaudet College for the Deaf. February 1, 1904.

I was brought up by Christian parents to believe in an individual immortality. I have cherished that belief, and hold it now at a point in life when I have reason to expect to face the future beyond the grave within a very few years.

One great reason for my belief in a future life is that all the facts of consciousness point to a continuance of the life of the soul beyond the death of the body, rather than to its destruction at death; and I feel that the burden of proof against this idea lies with those who object to it, so, as we have no proof that death ends all, I am disposed to believe that the individual life will continue beyond the grave.

Washington, D. C.

Edward S. Ellis, A. M., Author. April 15, 1904.

I have never for one moment felt the most shadowy doubt of the immortality of our existence. And yet that is no argument in favor of an endless life beyond the grave. As yet, this faith or truth has not been scientifically demonstrated, but I believe that among the marvelous achievements of the present century will be such scientific proof, which will be given to man in the fulness of God's own time. Such belief on my part constitutes no argument, for I may err.

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It seems to me, however, that sound reason is on the side of a belief in our immortality. Myriads of men and women have died when on the threshold of a career of usefulness and triumph. What is more reasonable than that their work is to be carried on in conditions that are perfectly adapted to such development?

The most learned person I ever knew was the late Gen. P. S. Michie, Senior Professor of Mathematics at the West Point Military Academy. He once said to me: "I claim to be a scientific man and, as such, I no more doubt my future existence and that I shall go forward with the work I am doing so imperfectly in this world, than I doubt that you are sitting in that chair." Gladstone said that in the course of his long life, he had come in close contact with sixty of the greatest minds in the world, and fifty-four of them were profound believers in immortality. I am not yet prepared to proclaim that this array, not including the multitude whom no man can number, were or are fools.

May it not be claimed as scientifically true that when the inert elements that are as dead as a stone or fossil feel that first fluttering throb of the mysterious, incomprehensible something which we call life, that life must already have been in existence in order to enter into the body? Is it not equally true that when the body dies, its life goes *somewhere?* It therefore existed before the formation of its earthly tabernacle, exists afterward, and exists forever.

Montclair, N. J.

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Mr. William Hamilton Hayne, Author. February 10, 1904.

It seems to me that the belief in immortality arises from the deepest instincts of the soul, and is illuminated by faith, and supported by reason. As Bayard Taylor once wrote my father, with regard to the future life: "It is proven by its own needs."

I inclose a quatrain, which was published in *The Sunday School Times,* of Philadelphia, and will give you my view of this subject from one of its many standpoints.

FLOWER AND THORN.

Twin miracle of joy and gloom,—
Pain-circled yet divine decree:
Death is the thorn o'er which doth bloom
The flower of immortality.
Augusta, Ga.

Hon. J. G. McCullough, Governor of Vermont and President Chicago and Erie R. R. February 9, 1904.

The best evidence that there is a life beyond the grave is that such a belief has obtained among most of the races of men during many ages of the past.

North Bennington, Vt.

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*Laurence Hutton, A. M., Author and Lecturer. February 9, 1904.**

In reply to your question, I send you a quotation from my "Literary Landmarks of Oxford," pp. 195-6:

"And there are men still living who would like

*Died June 10, 1904.

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to have known Charles Lamb in the flesh. There is one man still living in Princeton, New Jersey, who when he has kissed his Father and his Mother—in the spirit—when he has patted his dogs, and has talked with his friends, is going to hang around the Golden Staircase until he can catch the eyes of Charles Lamb and of Mary Lamb, the sister of Charles."

Princeton, N. J.

Mrs. Margaret Bottome, Author, President International Order of the King's Daughters and Sons. January 20, 1904.

"If you believe there is an existence beyond the grave, will you be good enough to send me an expression on the subject."

The above has just reached me—I am smiling as I write—to me the existence of the life beyond the grave seems more than a belief—I *have* eternal life. My immortal life has commenced, and death will be only an incident in my life.

"Love is everything and death is naught," Browning wrote; and I have no doubt but "The other room" will be very lovely.

Yours in this faith.

New York City.

Henry E. Pellew, M. A., Philanthropist, President Society for Improving Condition of Poor, Sanitary Reform, St. George's, etc. February 12, 1904.

Being a firm believer in the truths of the Gospel, and able conscientiously to accept the deductions from it as guides to our spiritual and temporal conduct in this state of existence, I have never doubted that my life would not end with the grave.

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At the same time the sense of personal responsibility and the conception of what immortality must be — ζωή αἰώνιος —existence through all eons—so overwhelm my weak finite powers of imagination that I dare not discuss such a future or what it may mean. Others may do so and picture a condition of hereafter which pleases their fancy and their ideas of heaven. To me it is all a great mystery. In my code of ethics, the body with its directing will power perishes at death, while the spiritual essence, then freed from its mortal cover, enters on an eternal existence. As a Christian, I believe in Christ's Godhead and Manhood, and that only through his incarnation are salvation and freedom from the effect of sin obtainable.

Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Caroline M. Severance, Writer and Philanthropist, "The Mother of Women's Clubs." April 18, 1904.

The doubts which would intrude and clamor for solution, in earlier years, touching the question of life beyond the grave, have, with the earnest thought of later years, been met by the facts not only of the universal intimations and unquenchable hope and desire of the human soul, on which Wordsworth and Emerson so largely based their belief in a future life, —but the other fact of the moral order of life as we know it on this earth: that without its continuity and continued development, the universe would seem to our intelligence a chaos, a fatuitous concurrence of atoms, albeit atoms of superb endowment, and capacity to conquer and ennoble one life, and grasp another by the splendid reach of such faculties. A more astounding miracle and problem than its alternative. Confirmed, also, by the other fact: that

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Science in proving for us the conservation of energy and the indestructibility of matter has proven beyond denial the immortality of the spirit,—the power which creates, reorganizes, and controls matter, even through the hands of "finite man,"—perhaps falsely so-called.

These considerations form the basis of my belief in a life beyond the grave, to which our own "sacred book," and those of all previous and living nations, bear testimony. And my *hope* is that that life may not be a reabsorption by its infinite and original source, as many thinkers believe; but a life of conscious personality, to develop and enjoy through endless ages, passing from glory to glory, and from star to star of the boundless firmament above and about us. That "the best is yet to be," I am sure—not only there, but on this beautiful, bountiful planet of ours, wrought out by the noble manhood and womanhood of our time and of all coming time—the redemption of all peoples from the blight of injustice and oppression, into the glorious liberty of the children of God, the Father of all. Let us all be diligent in helping to speed that day!

Los Angeles, Cal.

Mr. Ernest Howard Crosby, Author and Social Reformer. January 22, 1904.

I believe that when we give ourselves up to the feeling of universal love for all things we become conscious of an immortal centre of life within us which transcends time and space. But I would not attempt to define further this immortality.

The ordinary Christian argument based upon the testimony of witnesses to the appearance of Christ after his crucifixion seems to be condemned by Christ himself in the parable of the rich man and Lazarus,

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for Abraham there says: "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead." (Luke XVI. 31). What Christ meant by "Moses and the prophets" He makes sufficiently clear in another place: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these commandments hang all the law and the prophets." (Matt. XXII.37-40).

New York City.

Mrs. Sara J. Lippincott, ("Grace Greenwood,") Author. February 14, 1904.

I have seen a good deal of spiritualism and believe firmly in it—at times: yet my prayer is, "Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief." My feeling of late, in the midst of sorrow, is expressed in the enclosed poem, which I hope will answer your purpose.*

New Rochelle, N. Y.

Rear-Admiral John Lowe, U. S. N., retired. March 26, 1904.

I find it quite impossible to say all that I would like to say, within the compass of a short letter such as this, so that I must content myself with these few words:

Human intellect is not sufficient of itself to discover any abstract truth. To discover the truth of the present, we need experiment; to discover the truths of the past, we need history; to discover the

*See page 259, Part III. "Grace Greenwood" died April 20, 1904.

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truths of the future, we need absolutely—REVELATION.

I have small patience with those who judge of the past, or predict upon the future, with knowledge gained solely in the present. Idolatry, Witchcraft, Transmigration of Souls, Spiritualism, Evolution, and the like, are the best that such men can produce.

The Bible, the Prayer Book, the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments, the Apostles' Creed, and the Church Catechism are good enough for me, who only claim to be an ordinary man of average intelligence. These authorities are sufficient for me, to give me faith, hope and charity. Let those who have extraordinary intellect discard the Word of God, and put their trust in their superabundant intellectuality, —I will not.

Washington, D. C.

Rear-Admiral N. von H. Farquhar, U. S. N., retired. February 19, 1904.

I believe in the immortality of the soul.

Washington, D. C.

Hon. Henry C. McWhorter, Judge Supreme Court of Appeals, West Virginia. March 21, 1904.

Do I believe in an existence beyond the grave? I have no more doubt of that fact than I have of my existence now and here.

First: The intense yearning and longing of my whole being for something higher and nobler and better than can be attained in this life, tells me unmistakably that something awaits me beyond this present life.

Second: I believe in an infinite intelligence—a personal God, Maker and Preserver of all things,

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who has a purpose in the creation of all intelligent beings, and if this life "ends all' that purpose must be thwarted. While this life is one of progression it does not here reach perfection, and perfection in His economy must be attained, or the Divine government is a failure. What His purpose is in placing us here we may not understand, but infinite wisdom so ordained it.

Third: He has revealed the fact in his written word, that we shall be clothed with immortality when done with this mortal life, and through His Son Jesus, the Christ, life and immortality are brought to light, and because He lives I shall live also.

Charleston, West Va.

Mrs. Alice Hegan Rice, Author. February 12, 1904.

I do believe, absolutely, in an existence beyond the grave. It is not a matter of reason with me, but of faith. I believe in an all-wise and merciful God, a God who takes up the poor broken threads of this life and weaves them into His great design in the world to come.

Louisville, Ky.

Miss Frances Campbell Sparhawk, Author, Organizer Indian Industries League. March 14, 1904.

I believe with all my heart in the future life. Nature is full of hints and tokens of changes of form without loss of identity. Electricity, the soul of the earth, clothes itself in many shapes at will. Under many guises is revealed to us that might which is the motive power of matter and which through all forms is the same force. To imagine this life without im-

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mortality is to imagine the earth with no sky over it to vivify it and bring the resurrection of the year from the sleep of winter. Yet of all reasons the deepest and of all faith the strongest is that by which we of right say to God, "Our Father" and to the risen Christ, "Our Brother."

Newton Centre, Mass.

Hon. A. J. McLaurin, United States Senator from Mississippi. February 15, 1904.

I cheerfully answer your question: I believe there is an existence beyond the grave. It is as true that there is an eternal life as that there is a God. I have quit arguing that there is a God and a continuation of life beyond this world. The Bible teaches both, and I have no argument for any one who denies the Bible.

Brandon, Miss.

Hon. Fenimore Chatterton, Governor of Wyoming. March 7, 1904.

I regret that I have not time to write at greater length, but in response to your query I desire to say that I most emphatically and unequivocally believe in the immortality of the soul.

Cheyenne, Wyo.

Newton H. Winchell, Editor American Geologist, Ex-President Geological Society of America. May 1, 1904.

The existence of almost a universal hope and faith in a future life, irrespective of Biblical teaching, is one of the strongest evidences of such future life. It may be that the spiritual bodies which we shall have at the resurrection will be widely different from those which we now possess, and so etherealized that, so far as we can define them in our limited senses, they

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will consist essentially of *consciousness*, a subtile interaction of forces which are entirely elusive to our present corporeal existence.

The following was undoubtedly written by my brother, Alexander Winchell, who died in 1891: "The unseen world is destined to become like a newly-discovered continent. We shall visit it; we shall hold communion with it; we shall wonder how so many thousand years could have passed without our being introduced to it. We shall learn of other modes of existence—intermediate, perhaps, between body and spirit—having the forms and limitations in space peculiar to matter, with the penetrability and invisibility of spirit. And who can say that we may not yet obtain such knowledge of the modes of existence of other bodies as to discover the means of rendering them visible to our bodily eyes, as we now hold conversation with a friend upon the shores of the Pacific, or in the heart of Europe, or fly with the superhuman velocity of the wind from the Atlantic to the Mississippi valley? Then may we not at last gaze upon the *spiritual bodies* in which our departed friends reside, and discover the means of listening to their spirit voices, and join hands consciously with the heavenly host?"

Minneapolis, Minn.

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*Nathan Smith Davis, M. D., A. M., LL.D., Physician, "Father of the American Medical Association." January 22, 1904.**

I am happy to say I believe that for man there is an endless life beyond the grave, as taught by Jesus Christ and his disciples. And that there is an ever

*Died 1904.

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living and all wise Creator of the world, as set forth by Moses and the prophets.

(Note. On the fifth of October, 1901, a testimonial banquet was given in honor of the venerable Dr. Davis, under the auspices of the Chicago Medical Society, and three hundred and fifty physicians were present. In his speech accepting a beautiful Grecian loving cup, which was inscribed to him as "Pioneer in local and national medical organization, and in graded medical instruction," the doctor used these words:

"Never pull down, but build up. You will soon establish harmony; you will soon have cordiality; you will have your own heart free, and your conscience will be right before your God. You will have enemies neither here nor hereafter. I know no enemies here to-night; I have no enemies; I am satisfied with life. I am sometimes lonesome because I so rarely meet one of my early comrades—lonesome because they are gone. But I am going to join them before long. I do not expect to tarry a great while. But I have no care about that. I live so that I am ready each day to go.")

Chicago, Ill.

Mr. Palmer Cox, Artist and Author. January 23, 1904.

Yes, I believe in an existence beyond the grave. That belief was implanted in me at my mother's knee, nourished at my father's family prayers, and strengthened by confirmation and Holy Communion. Time, I am happy to say, only serves to deepen my belief.

Brownieland (Eastquogue, N. Y.)

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Robert Grant Aitken, A. M., Astronomer at Lick Observatory, Editor Publications of the Astronomical Society of the Pacific. March 11, 1904.

I have no hesitation in declaring myself a firm believer in immortality, though I hardly feel that I am entitled to give evidence from the standpoint of an astronomer, as my faith antedates by many years my connection with an observatory. My belief in a future life is therefore not due to my astronomical studies or observations, for these concern themselves with life only in that broad sense in which motion and change due to the action of physical forces may be considered as life.

The important point is that my studies have not weakened my faith but, rather, have strengthened it by strengthening my belief in the existence of an Infinite Creative Mind. I cannot believe that the human mind that "thinks the thoughts of God after Him" can be other than immortal. As you see, my confidence rests not upon knowledge, but upon faith. Science has not given and, I think, will never give any answer to the question, "Is man immortal?" But one who believes that the answer to this question is "Yes," will find his faith grow stronger and not weaker by the study of the heavens,—for to him they declare the glory of God.

Mt. Hamilton, Cal.

Andrew J. Montague, B. L., Governor of Virginia. February 27, 1904.

Replying to your letter, I beg to say that I am a believer in the immortality of the soul.

If my poor name will be of any service as identifying myself with this belief, I shall be thankful.

Richmond, Va.

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Hon. Charles B. Aycock, Governor of North Carolina. March 1, 1904.

I am in receipt of your letter, and in reply beg to say that I do believe in immortality.

Raleigh, N. C.

Mr. Anthony Comstock, Secretary and Special Agent New York Society for Suppression of Vice. January 23, 1904.

Your inquiry is received in my sick room, where I have been confined since Dec. 21, 1903. Since that date I have been not only upon the border-land, but down into what seemed to be "the valley of the shadow of death."

Is there a person living in this fair land of ours that doubts existence beyond the grave? That is the surprising thing.

Why do I believe? "For God so loved the world that He sent His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him might not perish, but have everlasting life." "He that believeth that Jesus Christ is the Son of God *hath everlasting life.*" Jesus Christ said: "In my Father's House are many mansions. If it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you . . . that where I am, there ye may be also."

I would as soon doubt my existence here as to doubt a glorified life beyond the grave. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive, the things which God hath in store for them that love Him." There are hundreds of other precious assurances to those who believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. "The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God."

I have an unwavering faith, joy and confidence in

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the promises of God, and they do not admit of any doubt in my mind.

Summit, N. J.

Hon. Francis M. Cockrell, United States Senator from Missouri, Chairman Committee on Engrossed Bills. January 26, 1904.

I firmly believe in the immortality of the soul, and in a future existence beyond the grave of eternal happiness or unending misery, and in our Holy Bible and Christianity as the best guides for our own lives—temporal and eternal.

Washington, D. C.

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*Mrs. Abby Morton Diaz, Author and Lecturer. January 30, 1904.**

A mutual consideration of any problem should be based on some common ground of agreement; and all will agree that humanity, being a part of the universe, comes under the laws of the universe.

Now as, owing to the general disorder, these laws cannot be clearly discerned in our human world, we must look for them in the world of Nature, where all proceeds directly from the Infinite, Eternal Life-Source, common to Nature and to Man.

First is the Law of Life: Everywhere is Life—no vacuum—no inertness. Even what appears solid is the result of forces continually at work.

Next is the Law of Expression; or Life expressed in varied forms of growth, and—what bears directly on our purpose—Individual Expression. This law holds throughout. Even in a drop of water, each individual part must be itself and the whole of itself, and nothing else. The oak ideas do not enter into

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*Died April 1, 1904.

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the growth of the pine, nor those of the lily into that of the rose. The same distinction holds in the human world. People differ and with marked differences. This personal individuality being the outcome of the Infinite Eternal Life must be itself eternal.

The real personality of our friends and acquaintances is in the mind and heart characteristics. These are all that go to make up the person, for when these are withdrawn, what is left becomes "it." All that composed the body,—lime, water, chemicals—are just what they are as we know them all around us. The make-up of the real person cannot be thus disintegrated. Nor, as Light cannot know Darkness, neither can Life ever know Death.

Thus the Law of Life, of Life Expressed, and of Life Individually Expressed, must hold even if the fleshly is cast aside.

See also I. Corinthians XV, 44. "It is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body. There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body.

Belmont, Mass.

Charles Mills Gayley, B. A., Litt. D., LL.D., Professor of English, University of California. January 29, 1904.

I cherish a hope, but not a belief. My reason demands a God who in His turn demands creatures to subserve the purposes of His self-realization, who in their turn can realize Him only if they possess free-will and incur responsibility. These characteristics which we do possess imply the possession of unlimited existence as well. But limitation, also, is a necessity of the creature as distinguished from the Creator. It is essential to an eternal Purpose that there should always be a knowledge beyond that which the crea-

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ture has yet attained. Otherwise, he would cease to strive, and the Creator to be realized through him.

So I recognize the relativity of my reason. My belief of to-day is but a symbol of my hope of yesterday, an index of my knowledge of to-morrow. I *hope* for an immortality of the individual, because I recognize an Omniscience within which human reason and belief are ever widening. But to *believe* would be to crystalize the whole process. That truth, goodness and beauty are ideally immortal I know, because otherwise I could not reason at all.

Berkeley, Cal.

James E. Creighton, A. B., Ph.D., Professor of Logic and Metaphysics, Cornell University, Editor Philosophical Review. April 15, 1904.

I have at present a book on metaphysics in hand in which I hope to say something regarding the problem of immortality. As yet, however, I have published nothing on the subject. Perhaps I may say that my own convictions are positive, though I have never felt myself fully ready to state the grounds on which they rest.

Ithaca, N. Y.

Felix L. Oswald, A. M., M. D., Physician, Author and Naturalist. February 25, 1904.

Bright gleams are sometimes vouchsafed to the children of poverty whose bits of fun have been trampled out week after week, till disappointment at last acts as a collapse of all that could make life worth living; but who, like Swift's Honyhnhnms, cling to the hope of a "Return to first Mother,"—their kind Mother Nature, of whose beaming face they have caught glimpses in sunlit woods. Though "They

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are bullied to forget, Yet her bright smile haunts them still."

"I wish I could fly; I'd go where my mother is," I heard a poor orphan boy say, when a virago had slapped his face, and he stood out on a balcony to watch the birds flying south. And I am greatly mistaken if a plurality of the 14,000 children who are murdered every year in New York City and Philadelphia by the suppression of popular pastimes on the day when ninety-nine of a hundred wage-earners find their only chance for leisure—if a great plurality of those refugees do not depart this life with a vague hope of a transfer to the haunts of bluebirds and butterflies, in some region where their mirth cannot be interrupted by the howl of bigots."

(Note. Dr. Oswald, who kindly took great interest in this compilation, did not approve, however, of its being confined to contributions "postulating the certainty of a personal resurrection." "It might be made," he said, "the success of the twentieth century, without the slightest danger of modern readers misconstruing your purpose of preparing a thrilling effect in the contrast of non-theological visions").

Springfield, Mass.

From St. Clair McKelway, A. M., LL.D., L. H. D., D. C. L., Editor Brooklyn Daily Eagle. March 9, 1904.

I believe in the resurrection of the dead and in the life everlasting. I do not believe in them by a process of argument, but because I find them in the Bible, which my heart and mind tell me I should believe and which, for that reason, I do believe.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Richard Watson Jones, A. M., LL.D., Professor of Chemistry, University of Mississippi. February 26, 1904.

I accept fully the Apostle's Creed. I believe in "the resurrection of the body and everlasting life." I have been a student and teacher of science for twenty-eight years; but nothing in science has ever shaken my belief in the immortality of man. Our aspirations, our highest ideals, our hopes, all point to a future life. "For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him."

University P. O., Miss.

Mrs. Alice Morse Earle, Author. February 7, 1904.

You ask whether I believe that "there is an existence beyond the grave." I do not "believe" it—I *know* it!

Aside from any religious regard of your subject (which I do not care to express in public) I *know* there is an existence after death, because there was one before birth—and the latter state I *remember*. Existence after death is as positive a fact to me as existence at present—more so perhaps; for in great distress of mind I have for a short time felt uncertain as to whether I were now living.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Hon. James H. Berry, United States Senator from Arkansas. January 25, 1904.

Yes, I believe in existence beyond the grave, and in the Presbyterian religion as my mother taught me.

Washington, D. C.

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Mr. Philip C. Garrett, Retired Manufacturer, President Board of Public Charities of Pennsylvania, also of State Lunacy Commission. February 3, 1904.

I surely believe in a life hereafter; in other words, in a Soul, and in its deathless character. "The things which are seen are temporal, the things which are not seen are eternal." My conviction of this truth would rest sufficiently on the theory of the immortality of God himself, a theory which is inseparable from my idea of his character as the omnipresent, omnipotent and omniscient Being, the source of all life. We are his offspring; "God is a Spirit;" and as emanations from the everlasting and inexhaustible fountain, we participate in his immortality.

This is not materialism. It is not pantheism, for there is but the "One God over all, blessed forever." I do not deny the indestructibility of matter either, but that is quite a different question from that of the immortality of the Soul or Spirit. When we read that "God created man in His own image," we do not understand it to be the material form: *that* followed the laws of chemistry into the grass above the grave, and the cattle that graze upon it, and the trees whose "fibers net the dreamless head. Their roots are wrapped around the bones." But we may well believe the resemblance in which man was made was to the undying Spirit of whose essence he too was a part, "Bright effluence of bright essence increate." To me it seems that the beauty and solemnity of an invisible and simple theory of the universe like this is unsurpassable, and that the immortality of the Soul is a logical part of it.

Such, broadly stated, without elaboration, is my conception of the cosmos, and of the infinite over-ruling Lord.

Philadelphia, Pa.

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Mrs. Evelyn Greenleaf Sutherland, Author and Playwright. March 11, 1904.

My faith in immortality is as fixed as my faith in the rising of to-morrow's sun. Why, in a world in which nothing is lost, should that be lost which is holiest—love and faith, and the bonds that unite human hearts, and the hope of a life or larger opportunities, in which we grow to what we, blindly, in this our world of the "low skies and the short days," know past contradicting to be the true stature of humanity? The hope of immortality is in every human soul. The tradition of immortality is in every religion revealed to mankind. The savage tells the missionary of a life beyond death. It is the only function of the missionary to raise in the savage mind worthy aspirations to merit such life. The fact that such an ideal as that of a loftier life could survive in every nation and through every age is proof enough, if proof were needed, that the fulfilment of that hope waits near at hand. To implant such a hope, and then to baffle and to mock it—that surely were what Madame de Stael calls "unimaginable irony on the part of God."

Boston, Mass.

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*Hon. Joseph C. Hendrix, President American Bankers' Association. March 9, 1904.**

Through every generation a stream of religion flows. Its source is in human hope, its channel human faith, and its destination—eternal life beyond the grave. The soul of man has the instinct of immortality, which grips the future as the love of life grips the present.

New York City.

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*Died November 9, 1904.

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Adam H. Fetterolf, A. M., Ph.D., LL.D., President Girard College. February 18, 1904.

While I am a firm believer in the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, or the life hereafter, I do not feel that I could say anything new on the subject.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Hon. Eugene V. Debs, Lecturer and Organizer. February 6, 1904.

The question you ask is a large and serious one, and it is doubtful if in the hurry of the moment I can make myself intelligible to you and your readers. I am so busy with the affairs of this life, so much concerned with the wrongs that exist here, with the suffering that prevails now, and so profoundly impressed with the sense of duty I owe myself and my fellowman here and now, that I have little time to think of what lies beyond the grave; and but for the earnestness so apparent in your letter, I should feel obliged to decline the attempt to answer a question which at best must still remain unanswered.

The most philosophic minds have thus far failed to demonstrate the immortality of human life, and yet the normal human being, the wide world over, be he learned or ignorant, wise or foolish, good or evil, longs for, yearns for, hungers and hopes for, if he does not actually believe in life everlasting, and this seems to me to present the strongest proof that immortality is a fact in nature.

There are many truths which are not demonstrable to the physical senses, and yet they are so obvious and self-evident that it were folly to attempt to deny or contradict them.

Coming more directly to your question as to whether I, my personal, identical, conscious self, shall continue to live after my body goes back to dust, I

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confess I do not know, nor do I know of any means of knowing; but as I, in that narrow capacity am infinitesimally insignificant, it is a question which does not greatly concern me.

I believe firmly, however, in the immortal life of humanity as a whole, and as my little life merges into and becomes an elementary part of that infinitely larger life, I may and in fact do feel secure in the faith and belief in immortality.

Men are small, but *man* is tall as God Himself.

The universal life is eternal and will enrich and glorify the world with its divinity after all the planets wheel dead in space.

Chicago, Ill.

Mr. Eben E. Rexford, Author. February 18, 1904.

I do believe in an existence beyond the grave. But just *why* I do is not an easy question to answer. It seems to me that one of the strongest arguments in favor of such an existence is the intuitive belief which is common to most of us, in a measure, concerning it. Training and environment will not account wholly for such a belief. *The belief is in us,* and it is there because there is a reason for it. God made the eye because there are things for it to see. He made our faith in a future life because there *is* a future life. This may not be logical reasoning, but it is quite as good reasoning as that of most persons who argue against a future existence.

Shiocton, Wis.

Col. Alexander P. Ketchum, M. A., Lawyer. February 14, 1904.

From my earliest youth I have been a believer in the Bible, and have derived great comfort from its

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promises, among the most cheering of which, to me, is that of a life to come.

Advancing years have strengthened my faith in this assurance. I feel that it *must* be true. It harmonizes with my conception of an all-wise, forgiving and benevolent Creator, and with the natural longings and aspirations of the human heart. It gives an importance to the present life, which it would otherwise not seem to possess.

"What are we here for?" would be a question harder to answer than it is, had we not the hope of immortality, with its larger sphere and possible happiness. The problem of human existence we cannot solve; but, to my mind, its solution becomes much easier upon the theory of a life beyond the grave than upon that of annihilation at death.

New York City.

Miss Matae B. Cleveland, Ex-President National Association of Business Women. March 14, 1904.

I will only state my most earnest belief in immortality, without which the significance of life would be lost to me.

Chicago, Ill.

Warren K. Moorehead, A. M., Archaeologist, Curator Department of Archaeology, Phillips Academy. February 15, 1904.

I fear that my views on immortality would be of little interest to the general public. They may be dismissed with the statement that I believe in the Scriptures from "cover to cover." If every one took this view there would be no arguments apropos of religious matters.

Andover, Mass.

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Mr. Jacob A. Riis, Author and Reformer. February 6, 1904.

The man who doesn't believe that there is an "existence beyond the grave" must be a sorry fool who never thinks beyond his need of filling his belly. The "grave" is the beginning, not the end of life. Pity the one who doesn't know it.

Richmond Hill, N. Y.

Mr. William J. Kirkpatrick, Composer, Editor of song books. February 4, 1904.

Replying to your question, Do I believe there is an existence beyond the grave, I will say emphatically, yes! I know of no good reason to doubt it.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Melville D. Landon, A.M., ("Eli Perkins") Humorist and Lecturer, President New York News Association. April 17, 1904.

Not only are our souls immortal, but everything, material or spiritual, is immortal.

We say the material man dies. He dies and is transformed into earth. This earth is transformed into vegetation, cereals and fruits. Other men are born and eat the fruit and cereals. Nothing actually dies. It evolutes. This is immaterial immortality.

The warm ocean saturates the dry land and air with moisture. Striking the cold dry land, this moisture is condensed into rain. The land sucks up the water, the trees drink it, the sun sucks it out of the trees, and when the wet air cools the water drips out in rain and runs back to the sea again. It is immortal, like the soul.

The soul is invisible imagination, love, compassion, sympathy, joy and sorrow.

The thought of soul immediately kills the sting of

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so-called Death. The thought that, if we are good and just and happy here in this world, we will be better, juster and happier in Heaven makes the good hail the departure for Heaven with joy.

"Do unto others" is the key to a happy immortality. It makes the pure and just long for translation—translation to that place where the soul evolutes into perfection and joy, where we will keep every law of nature.

Do not take away from me the thought that if I am good in this world, I shall be happy in the next!

New York City.

Hon. Albert B. White, Governor of West Virginia. February 9, 1904.

I certainly believe in an existence beyond the grave.

Parkersburg, West Va.

Capt. Charles B. Parsons, Ship Broker. February 15, 1904.

My whole life has been so firmly and completely interwoven with a belief in the immortality of the soul, and in my contact with men, those who do not entertain such views have been such rare exceptions, that the admission of the question of a future existence seems almost a surprise. My early home education laid the foundation for my faith in the resurrection, which faith has been strengthened by my experience of four years of active army life during the Civil War; by twenty-five years of sea-faring life, as a master of sea-going vessels in both the domestic and foreign trade; and by fifteen years of active life as a business man in a large city.

During these years there has been much to strengthen and confirm my religious belief, while there has been nothing tending to question or weaken

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the faith which enables me to say, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," etc., Job XIX, 25.

New York City.

Mr. John Mitchell, National President United Mine Workers of America. February 18, 1904.

While I am not a communicant of any particular church, I have an abiding faith in the immortality of the soul, and I believe in and make an effort to live up to the Golden Rule.

Indianapolis, Ind.

Mrs. Susan Cotton Morris, mother of Henry Crittenden Morris. March 22, 1904.

From infancy, I may say for over sixty years, the firm belief in the immortality of the soul has been my guardian angel, giving not only peace to my mind, but comfort to those around me. In proof of this I send you some of my thoughts, and if you care to use any of the verses I shall be glad to have you do so. Those entitled "Belief in Immortality," were composed at the deathbed of my dear friend, Countess Wilbeau, née Milbeau, twin sister of Mme. Badeau. These words came in a flash across my mind. A copy was put in the coffin of the countess at Ostende, Belgium.

BELIEF IN IMMORTALITY.

I am one of the angels, my child,
Who chanted at thy birth,
Luring thee with sympathy most mild
From the sorrows of earth.

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Cast then thy burdens upon me,
Lean on my outstretched arm,
There is glory e'en now around thee,
There comes no earthly harm.

In heaven's brightest star
Behold thy saintly place;
With pure love from afar
Beams thy Saviour's face.

Lull'd now are thy sorrows,
Quieted are thy pains,
For thee dawn new to-morrows
Where peace eternal reigns.

Chicago, Ill.

Col. Henry F. Bowers, Founder and Ex-President of the American Protective Association. March 9, 1904.

I take pleasure in referring you to Genesis II.7, wherein it is declared, "And the Lord God formed man of dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul." Also, Ecclesiastes, XII.7: "Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it." This comprehends the whole question—the Genesis and the End of man. The life and spirit is one and the same.

We have the promise also under certain conditions if we fear not: "Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life." Revelations, II.10. Again, we find in the One Hundred and Thirty-third Psalm, third verse, the following: "As the dew of Hermon and as the dew that descended upon the mountain of Zion, for these the Lord commanded the blessing, even life for evermore."

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There are many more assurances of a life after death, of a spiritual form, but not of a resurrection of the body. Therefore we need not confound the subject by assuming that there are not two distinct bodies dwelling in union until death intervenes. Then the body goes to the dust, and the spiritual form to God who gave it. This is the life after death. The analysis of this, our compound existence, shows clearly that the body, or that which is created of the dust of the ground, returns to the earth. This much we see and know. Then, knowing this to be true, why is it not equally true that the spirit, (which is the life breathed into the nostrils at creation) returns to God who gave it? We know when the body is laid to rest that the life, the light, the spirit has gone forth to an ever-existing life after forsaking the body. Yes, I believe this. I can see no reason to harbor a single doubt.

Clinton, Iowa.

J. M. Peebles, M. D., A. M., Editor, Physician.
February 20, 1904.

I was formerly quite an agnostic upon the subject of immortality, but the study of mesmerism, hypnotism, trances and vision—in a word, the higher spiritism gave me a knowledge of the life hereafter.

Reason leads to it. The conservation of forces proves that nothing is lost. There is no such thing as annihilation; that is, the transformation of substance or something into nothing. It is very evident that if nothing cannot become something or substance, the converse is true that substance cannot become nothing. We are all conscious, substantial beings, and if we are ever less than this the universe has suffered a loss, and the conservation of forces is absolutely false, and science is a failure. I may add to this that I

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have held conscious converse with the dwellers in the spirit world for fifty years. This is to me positive knowledge, and if human beings exist beyond the grave, as I know they do, immortality follows as a natural sequence.

Battle Creek, Mich.

Miss Kate Sanborn, Author and Lecturer. February 14, 1904.

I believe, not in the resurrection of the body we now know, but in a spiritual body and life everlasting, a life of work that is worship; progression, and a constant unfolding of the great Creator's plans. From universe to universe "there is no end."

New York City.

Will Carleton, A. M., Litt.D., Author and Lecturer, Editor of Everywhere. January 23, 1904.

In response to yours of late date. The longer I live, the more proof I find of future existence.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mr. Frank Edwin Elwell, Sculptor, Curator Department of Ancient and Modern Statuary, Metropolitan Museum of Art. January 22, 1904.

If there is a conscious present, there certainly must be a past, and if a past there is a future, or hereafter. It does not need argument or even thought to prove that the steady march of life is incessant and largely unaccounted for by cellular cerebration from the brain.

We are representations of some form of use in the make up of the universe. The greater the real use, the finer the real result.

Rewards and punishments are not necessary in the comprehension of the great plan of things. We

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advance or retard our growth in just proportion to our true or false attitude toward the use performed in the work of the universe. No one may know what a real use is except by that human feel that registers every right thought and action; finally excluding the base and the false by the same process. The belief in a purely spiritual hereafter is an excellent policeman for a large mass of undeveloped humanity. But character and right conduct, one toward another, is of far greater use in the life of humanity as we find it on this planet.

New York City.

Hon. Charles N. Herreid, Governor of South Dakota. March 7, 1904.

Yes, I believe in immortality. Permit me to quote the following from Tennyson's "In Memoriam:"

"Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove;
Thine are these orbs of light and shade;
Thou madest Life; . . .
Thou madest Death; . . .

"Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:
Thou madest man, he knows not why,
He thinks he was not made to die;
And Thou hast made him: Thou art just."

Pierre, S. D.

Prof. John G. Lemmon, Botanical Explorer and Collector. March 19, 1904.

Dr. C. C. Parry, the distinguished botanist, wrote a beautiful letter to me, upon the occasion of the death of my dear little mother, from which I quote:

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"It is, to my mind, one of the best evidences of a future life and of renewed association, that we are never ready to give up our associates, even when they have passed the allotted period of life. We cling to them because the association *is not complete—rather only just begun.* So we do right to remember and hope."

Oakland, Cal.

Mrs. Sara A. P. Lemmon, Botanist and Artist. March 19, 1904.

My leading thought of the future life is based on the quality of immortality that must come through character-building,—that which is evolved by the needed spirit-food which includes everything that calls for resistance or will power against the lower nature by the higher spiritual nature. This process develops character-strength, which appeals to me as the high quality of immortality.

Oakland, Cal.

Mrs. Donald McLean, Regent New York City Chapter, D. A. R. February 19, 1904.

In response to your letter I would reply simply: I do believe in immortality.

New York City.

John B. Peaslee, A. M., Ph.D., Educator and Author, (the originator of "Arbor Day" and "Author Day" in the public schools). February 15, 1904.

The doubts that came over me in my college days all vanished in my maturer years, and I am now absolutely convinced that there is an existence beyond the grave.

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THE CHRISTIAN'S FAITH.

For all the world I would not lose
My faith in Christ the Lord;
For all the world I would not part
With Jesus and His word.
For all the world, I would not live
Rebellious to His will;
Though all mankind should Him forsake,
I'll bide with Jesus still.

For when my parting hour shall come,
The Lord will take me home,
To dwell among the sainted host,
Around the heavenly throne.
And when this world is wrecked in years,
My spirit made divine
"Shall flourish in immortal youth,"
Beyond the bounds of time.

Cincinnati, O.

Hon. Joseph K. Toole, Governor of Montana. February 13, 1904.

Replying to your letter asking for an expression from me on the subject of immortality, I will say without entering ito details or reasons for my belief, that I have long cherished the idea of an existence beyond the grave. Nothing in the physical or scientific world coming under my observation has ever shaken my confidence in this firm belief.

Helena, Mont.

Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, Composer. March 19, 1904.

It is impossible for me to give to the public my most intimate thoughts and feelings upon so vast a subject as this; but I am willing to express my firm

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belief in the continuation of life beyond the grave. My reasons must remain known only to myself.

Boston, Mass.

Miss Henrietta Crosman, Actress. January 22, 1904.

I most surely do believe in a life beyond the grave.

New York City.

Major W. M. Beach, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A. Isthmian Canal Commission. February 5, 1904.

In answer to your inquiry I would say that I have a firm belief in continued existence or, as it is generally termed, life beyond the grave.

Culebra, Republic of Panama.

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*William Rainey Harper, Ph.D., LL.D., President of the University of Chicago.**

"I am going before my work is finished. I do not know where I am going, but I hope my work will go on. I expect to continue work in the future state, for this is only a small part of the glorious whole."

Chicago, Ill.

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*Died Jan. 10, 1906.

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PART II
EXTRACTS

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Hamilton Wright Mabie, A. M., L. H. D., LL.B., LL.D., Associate Editor of the Outlook, in "The Life of the Spirit."

THE INCIDENT OF DEATH

WE live in a vast order which not only enfolds us but touches us every moment through a thousand forces and appearances; but so familiar is the aspect of things which surround us that only at rare moments do we become conscious of this larger movement in which all lesser movements are included. We have only to look at the sky to read the sublime evidence that we are citizens not only of this little world, but of the immeasurable universe as well; we have only to watch the rise and fall of the tides to discover afresh the unity which binds star with star across the vast distances of space. The earth lives moment by moment because it is folded in the light and heat and movement of the universe. Every flower that blooms, however delicate and fragile, unfolds at the bidding of another world than that in which its roots are planted; every cloud that floats across the loveliness of the summer day is soft and luminous because the light of another world touches its innermost haze. We are affected hour by hour by these remote influences; we are confronted day by day by the splendor of the universe; and yet we are often unconscious of these larger relations!

And it is well that we should be; for our work for the day is here; and there are times when the

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doing of that work is the absorbing duty to which everything else must give place. When the harvest is ripe and the time of reaping short, a man does well to think only of the field, and to leave the landscape for more favorable days. There are days for the field, and days for the landscape; days when one must surrender himself entirely to the work in hand; and days when one must search the universe and bring his life into harmony with its laws.

There are near duties and remote relations; for life is made up of the visible material and the invisible force; of words and deeds and emotions which concern passing circumstances and the temporary condition, and of other words, deeds, and emotions which are evoked by convictions regarding the unseen, the invisible, and the eternal. There is no deep life for any man unless he lays hold, in thought, imagination, and faith, of the unseen spiritual universe; there is no real life for any man unless he grasps with clear discernment and steady will the conditions which surround him. The problem which a man must solve is to bring the power of faith in the unseen order to which his spirit is allied to bear in dealing with the material world to which his body is akin. So familiar is this visible world of work and duty and human ties that, though a man believe in the invisible spiritual order, it is often difficult for him to rest in it and live by it; as difficult as it is for him to feel the reality of the universe when his hands and thought are absorbed in the field where the harvest waits for his reaping.

Sometimes these wider connections of his life are suddenly brought to his consciousness by an unusual event in the spiritual world. An observer has made record of the extraordinary impression made upon him while watching an eclipse from the summit of

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the Rigi. Looking down on that noble landscape at midday, he saw it darkened by the vast shadow of the moon passing over the sun's disc and moving across field and lake and mountain as if it were obliterating the earth. Here was a visible result of interplanetary action; a sudden and convincing demonstration of the kinship of star with star. Across the quiet landscape of the earth a shadow from the universe seemed to be silently flung.

In like manner, in great and unusual experiences, the vastness of man's life is sometimes impressively brought home, and on the instant eternal-relations blot out time-relations; the prospective of time is exchanged for the perspective of eternity, and a man sees events in their real relations and order. This is especially true of that mysterious experience which we call death. As the days come and go in the customary course of work and duty and love, death seems like an awful discord. When it comes to those who stand near us, it seems like an inexplicable interruption of the order of life; a swift and irrational interference with work and development; and awful and, sometimes, a brutal severing of ties tender and sensitive and sacred. Looking at it from the standpoint of the years in which we live, death is inexplicable; we cannot make ready for it nor explain it, nor reconcile ourselves to it. It is only as we rise out of the visible into the invisible order that we can make room for it and give it place. We often accept it with submissive faith; we rarely recognize it as a passing incident in an unbroken and endless life.

There are moments, however, when the depth and greatness of the experience through which we are passing suddenly sets our little earth in the shining order of the immeasurable universe—and then death has no terrors; it becomes, indeed, so unimportant

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in comparison with the ends we are seeking that we do not give it so much as a thought. In that exaltation of emotion, that clarity of vision, it takes its place with all the other normal and inevitable happenings of life. The perspective of eternity is suddenly substituted for that time, and a man becomes conscious of the power and unity of an endless life.

Schiller said that death must be a blessing because it is universal; we may put it out of mind and ignore its presence, but no man escapes it. And when we remember how many men resent it as an interference with their plans, or dread it as the opening of a door into a room from which no voice comes back, it is surprising that men meet this supreme experience so calmly. For the vast majority of men and women meet death not indeed with welcoming glances, but with quiet courage. Dr. Johnson lived in terror of death, but when the final hour came he fell asleep like a tired child. In that last hour the vision broadens to take in the sweep of life and to recognize death, neither as the end nor even as the interruption of the natural order, but as a normal incident. This dilation of the imagination, this swift substitution of eternal for time relations, is almost invariably accomplished in moments of peril. Whenever a crisis comes which makes us aware that many things are worth more than life to us, we suddenly see persons, events, and possessions in true perspective. There is no hesitation or uncertainty in that moment of clear vision; we die for those we love with the deep joy which a spiritual opportunity always brings with it. On the field of battle, on the deck of the cruiser, men do not take death into account. In the supreme moment, when love of country, of honor, of heroism, absorbs the whole energy of a man's spirit, death is of no more account than an obstacle on the highway or

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the sting of a bee in the fields. It is an incident in a great experience, not the end of a career. There is a tonic quality in the indifference of men to death in great moments. For while civilization is to be measured by its care for human life, the greatness of a man, an age, or a race is to be measured by indifference to death.

The sense of incompleteness clings to the tragic as closely as to the fortunate happenings of life. Nothing is ever complete in one's experience; in every joy there is something which cannot be seized, and every great sorrow has its prophetic afterthoughts. We are never able to rest in desolation as a finality; the seeds of a new order are sown in every overthrow of the old. The hurricane is no sooner past than nature begins to rebuild; the walls are hardly down before the ivy silently steals up the broken lines and covers the wreck with a beauty which is like a mantle of charity. No destruction is final; everything contains the potency of a further life; the mortal is everywhere penetrated with immortality. To Demosthenes the fall of Athens was a final catastrophe; in reality it was the beginning of that leadership which has no limits of time and which runs to the ends of the earth. Even in those appalling tragedies which leave the stage like a night without a star the imagination is unable to rest in what it sees; it inevitably searches for the light which it feels is approaching below or beyond the horizon. The culminating catastrophe of "King Lear," the most colossal of all modern tragedies, somehow clears the air; we feel that at last the storm has spent its force, that the singing of the birds will be heard again, and out of the wreck of the shattered world a new world will arise. More than this: we feel that the end is not yet, but that on

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some other stage Lear and Cordelia are to come to their own.

This prophetic quality in life has its source in the structure of things. In the career of Christ it issues out of his very nature. He is inexplicable if one attempts to explain him in terms of mortality and finiteness. He was in the world, but he was not of it. His contracts were with a larger environment; He acted with reference to ends which were beyond the limits of time; He taught a truth which would have been the most colossal of falsehoods if there had been no indestructible spiritual order; He lived as seeing that which is invisible. The moment we come into his presence we are aware of forces, ends, aims, and a spirit which were not born in this world and do not belong to it. Prophecy issued also out of all the great events of Christ's life. The song of the angels, the voice at the baptism, the agony in the garden, the sublime anguish of Calvary, would have been inexplicable without the light which was reflected back upon them by the angels at the open tomb on the morning of the resurrection. Such a nature and such a life were not formed and fashioned within the narrow limits of time and space; they brought infinity and immortality within the confines of the world. Alone among men, Christ has visibly put on immortality; but that sublime truth does not rest on the resurrection; it rests in the very structure of man's nature and life. Neither is comprehensible without it; neither is ever complete in itself; both affirm its reality and predict its fuller disclosure. The risen Christ does not stand solitary in a vast circle of unopened graves; He is the visible witness to the sublime truth that the grave has no victory and death no sting; for life and immortality are one and the same.

New York City.

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Mrs. Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, Author, in "Jane Field."

"There's a good many queer things in this world," rejoined Amanda with a sigh. "I guess there is," said Mrs. Babcock. "Now you can just look round this room, an' see all the things that belonged to your folks that's dead an' gone, and it seems almost as if they was immortal instead of them. An' it's goin' to be jest the same way with us; the clothes that's hangin' up in our closets are goin' to outlast us. Well, there's one thing about it—this world aint *our* abidin' place."

Metuchen, N. J.

W. W. Keen, M. D., LL.D., Surgeon, Ex-President American Surgical Association, Honorary Fellow Royal College Surgeons of England and of Deutsche Gesellschaft Chirurgie, in the Outlook.

THE CHEERFULNESS OF DEATH

Most people, even most Christian people, shrink from Death. In sermons and hymns, and in literature, it is generally represented as repulsive. It is spoken of as "Death's Cold Stream," "The Last Enemy," the "Dark Valley of the Shadow of Death," and the "terrors of death" are pictured in vivid terms. For the Christian at least, this is all wrong. Death should be in reality his best friend; welcomed rather than feared.

So far as the physical aspect of death is concerned, the universal teaching of physicians is that the process of dying is rarely painful or even unwelcome to the patient, though full of sorrow to his family. A happy unconsciousness in nearly all cases shields the

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dying man from pain. The weakness, the fever, the parched lips, the labored breathing, are all unfelt. Most people die quietly and often almost imperceptibly.

"We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died,"

is often true. Even when convulsive movements occur, they are entirely independent of consciousness; merely physical in origin and character, and absolutely unattended by any suffering.

If, then, death is not an unpleasant process physically, why should it be feared from the spiritual side? See what it does for the Christian.

It frees him from accident, sickness, and suffering, to which his body has been liable all his life, and from which he has often suffered, sometimes intensely and for long periods of time.

It frees him from all sorrow. No one who has reached even adolescence escapes sorrow. To many, sorrows are multiplied many fold and bear down even the stoutest heart. The "weary" and the "heavy laden" make up the mass of mankind.

It opens the gates of heaven to him. While we know nothing accurately of the details of the heavenly life, we do know that there we shall live in eternal bliss; there we shall be in the presence of God himself; there we shall see and know intimately our Lord Jesus Christ; there we shall feel the influence of the Holy Spirit; there we shall meet the saints of all ages; there we shall be reunited to the dear ones who have happily preceded us; there shall come in due time the dear ones we have left on earth; there our minds will expand beyond our present comprehension; there all the unsolved problems of earth will

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be as clear as day; there we shall learn why perplexity, disappointment and trouble were needful for the orderly and sufficient development of our own character, and of God's large plans not only for us, but for the race; there, in a word, all that is evil shall vanish away and all that is good shall be ours forever.

If death, then, is not a painful, unpleasant process, and if it does for us so much, it should be, not the last *enemy*, but our best *friend;* nor dreaded as the messenger of evil, but welcomed as a companion who will lead us into paths of pleasantness and reveal to us the joys for which we have been longing all our lives. We should not speak of the terrors of death, but should feel in our very hearts the cheerfulness of death.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Henry Mills Alden, L. H. D., Editor Harper's Magazine, in "A Study of Death."

THE MYSTICAL VISION

. . . Our usual regard of death is one which brings into the foreground its accidental aspects, not pertinent to its essential reality. Even our grief for dear ones taken from us dwells upon our loss, upon the difference to us which death has made, and so our attention is diverted from the transcendent office. On the hither side Death has no true interpreter and none return from its true domain to be the witness of its invisible glory, none save the risen Lord. But though the loved ones gone cannot return to us, we shall go to them; and this faith which follows that which has vanished, the Christian hope of resurrection, lifts us to a point of vision from

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which it is possible for us to see death for what it really is as invisibly an ascending ministrant, whatever frailty and decrepitude may attend the visible descent.

The pagan idea of immortality insisted upon deathlessness. The Christian faith in resurrection gives death back to life as essential to its transformation. Death is swallowed up of Life—included therein. As "Children of the Resurrection," we have no part in what is commonly called death—that visible declension and dissolution from which our life is withdrawn, together with our true death, leaving the grave no victory.

We have only to allow ourselves the liberty which science takes, to arrive at this view as a philosophical conviction. We have, indeed, in juvenescence a visible illustration of an ascent of life upon the hidden wings of death. If men were distinguished from all other organisms by the possession of perpetual youth, we who are accustomed to associate death only with decline might pronounce him deathless, limiting the province of mortality to those organisms whose descent maintains his levitation. Gravitation, which is the physical symbol of death, was before Newton not suspected as a cosmic principle. Things were seen to fall upon the earth, but the earth was not seen to fall toward the sun; there was, indeed, no appreciable evidence of such a tendency. Yet, wholly apart from such visible signs thereof, Newton's mystical imagination leaped to the truth (afterward reasonably confirmed) that all bodies are falling bodies; and in his expression of this truth he made gravitation something more than is indicated in the outward aspects of falling and weight—he called it an attraction, so that his thought became the mystical apprehension of an unseen but universal cosmic bond.

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Thus though man had never shown any visible signs of decline, some Newton would have arisen in the physiological field and asserted his mortality, seeing that in youth death is swallowed up of life, as gravitation is in the ascent of every organism and in the sustained distance from the sun of every planet.

Every organism has an action and reaction quite distinct from those of inorganic substances, and which vanish from our view before there is left behind merely "the dust that riseth up and is lightly laid again." In the complex human life there is much more that vanishes—the passing of a spiritual as well as a physiological mystery, far withdrawn from outward observation before the sceptical physicist or pessimist seizes upon the mere residuum or precipitate as the object of his fruitless investigation—fruitless, at least, as having any pertinence to human destiny. The body which Death leaves behind is surrendered to that inorganic chemistry which was formerly in alliance with the more subtle actions and reactions of a distinctively human life, and to the physical bond of gravitation which was once the condition of its consistency but which now brings it to the dust. Are we any more mystical than Newton and Laplace in our conviction that Death as a part of the higher life is its unseen bond—the way of return to its source?

In the cycle of every living organism there is a descending as well as an ascending movement—age as well as youth, so that the forces to which the outward structure is finally abandoned seem to have upon it a lien anticipating their full possession. This is simply saying that the life and death proper to the organism are gradually withdrawing before they together wholly vanish, leaving the field to lower life and death. But there is no claim of the lower upon

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the higher, save through the surrender made by the higher as a part of its proper destiny. The signal of retreat is not given from without but from the inmost chamber of the citadel, where reside the will and intelligence which determined the distinctive architecture of the marvellous superstructure, and which hold also the secret of its ruin. That secret is itself genetic; invisibly it looks toward *palingenesis* —toward the higher transformation of the vanishing life, and visibly toward the outward succession of a new generation.

So Death is Janus-faced; toward an unseen resurrection, a reascendent ministration, and toward the visible resurgence of new life upon the earth, to which it ministers by descent and which, in the case of the highest organisms, it sustains by prodigal expenditure, during a period of helpless infancy and dependent adolescence.

Nor is Death to be denied aught of the grace and beauty of this descent and costly sacrifice, aught of the sweetness of expiration—the incense of its consuming flame, since these truly belong to the weakness and decrepitude, to the rust and ashes, to the mere outward accidents that disguise the might and kindliness of Death. . . .

ANOTHER WORLD

What do we or can we know about the thither side of Death?

There is no sequel to the story of Lazarus, who was raised from the dead, disclosing the secrets of that estate which had been a reality to him for four days, as we count time upon the earth.

The Lord himself, the revealer, in a singular sense, of spiritual truth, and especially the illumi-

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nator of Death, gave, so far as we know, no intimation to his disciples of the life beyond the grave. Nor is it recorded that they asked for any. Death was unmasqued in the Resurrection and was shown as one with creation, but the full light of this wonderful illumination was thrown upon life here, showing not one definite lineament, not even a shadowy trace of the life beyond. There never has been any but an imaginative disclosure of that life to men living upon the earth. . . . "Another world," considered as a definite existence, is the only field for absolute agnosticism, wholly cut off from human knowledge through sense, intellect, or spiritual apprehension; it is not veiled but absolutely hidden, and of it there is no possible revelation, save through entrance upon its actualities, when it ceases to be "another." We know the divine, the eternal; indeed, these alone are really known since life itself is essentially these; but what we call another world is not simply invisible, not simply a future or a next world in the sense that we think of to-morrow or next year; it is another by an inconceivable diversity—a distinct harmonic synthesis, for us unrelated, and untranslatable in any terms known to us. The world to come we know, since it is that which *this* world becomes. Another world is a new becoming, having its own "world to come;" it is the only incommunicable. No divine revelation has ever attempted to broach the inviolable secret. Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive.

There is one utterance by the Lord, recorded in the Gospel, concerning the state of the Children of the Resurrection: "They shall not marry, nor be given in marriage; neither shall they die any more." It is remarkable that, in this declaration, sex and

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death are joined together, as science shows them to be in the specialization of organic life. The Lord referred to sex and death as we know them, in their specialization. While the essential principle of espousal and that of death are eternal, proper to any life here or hereafter, it is possible to conceive of a state of existence wherein the manifestation of these involves none of the external features associated with our knowledge of them in their earthly manifestation. As there are lower organisms which we know to be sexless and deathless, in the sense we have of sex and death in an advanced specialization, so there may be higher organisms, belonging to that "other world," to which these special terms are inapplicable. We say there may be: Christ says there are; and although this assertion is the only one made by him directly bearing upon the conditions of a future life, it is very far-reaching in its suggestions.

Even in this earthly human life all desire is spiritually lifted into its heaven, not as being destroyed, but as dying to one environment and being raised into another, where its manifestation takes higher forms and its ministrations seem like those of the angels. It is as if out of the earthly matrix of Passion had been born its heavenly embodiment, not associated with corruption and so seeming something deathless, though it lives through the quickness of what Death essentially is in an eternal life. It is possible that the Lord's saying had its real meaning as applicable to the heavenly exaltation of any life, present or future. Certainly the characteristic of Christian life is its realization here of an eternal life, through a constant death and resurrection; and this exaltation belongs to our antipathies as well as to our sympathies—to hate and anger as well as to love; these also

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having their heaven and angelic scope, in a field of reconcilement.

We can see, then, why Christian thought is fixed upon a World to Come rather than upon what is called Another World. This present life has part in the eternal as truly as any life ever can have. We pass from glory to glory, and that crisis which we call death is only a transition from one harmony to another. In certain forms of the Polish national dances, the guests move from room to room in the palace, the music and the movement ever changing in the processional march, according to the progressive phases of the theme enacted. From beginning to end it is the same theme, and the guests are the same. So it may be in the progression of our human life from one mansion to another of the Father's House; there is a mystic change, not of personalities but of special individual guises, involving complete divestiture, the theme enacted remaining the same.

It is because of the complete divestiture that entire newness is possible. Our attention is so fixed upon structure and upon changes as themselves structural that we seem at a loss when the entire structure disappears from our view. But how does a structure begin? Is not birth as much a mystery as death? Form is of the essence; and, in a sense not to be expressed in language, the personality has eternal form.

The formed memory and the formed character may be destroyed; but the life withdrawn from these, their essential ground, has its spiritual embodiment after its distinct type, still remembering and recognizant. The "deeds done in the body" are not, but the doer *is*, and according to those deeds: in essential form accordant, whatever the new environment. The child seems an entirely new creature, but, whatever

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science may determine as to his inheritance of characteristics acquired in preceding generations, he is surely and wholly an heir in that he can himself acquire anything—an heir, not simply because of and in relation to an outward heritage, but because of what he is. There is in this continuity an inscrutable mystery; that which determines the accord in the series is invisible. It is the mystery of Genesis itself. The continuity phenomenally is through discontinuity; death is essential in birth as in growth. Now, let the break—that interval in the harmony which we call death—be, to all appearance, absolute; then the resurgence, beyond our vision, is in the very field of creation; passing out of the known series, out of the succession of what we know as in Time, it is the property of life as eternal, the heritage of the eternal kinship, *under a new limitation.*

What is the continuity from the limitation known to us to that new and wholly unimaginable limitation? The mystery is transferred from the visible to an invisible death, which is one with the invisible birth. But the new birth—what is its matrix?

Suppose we were permitted to resume a position at a point in time before the appearance of organic life upon the earth. Would any then existing form of inorganic life help us to an imagination of physiological embodiment? Science confesses its inability to answer the question, What was the matrix of cell-life?

An equally insoluble mystery is presented, if we inquire what is the matrix of any form, or how the continuity of either a generic or an individual type of organic life is maintained in all permutations of environment. It is a mystery belonging to creation, incommunicable, itself the ground of communication. No considerations derived from what we know of the

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construction of matter or of material structures, and none derived from mental categories, explain the transformations of the visible world; how much less can they be expected to even suggest the forms and limitations of an order of existence not yet creatively communicated!

Because we, in our present existence, have no conscious knowledge of pre-existent states, it does not follow that the future life will be wholly denied such knowledge. Our conscious intelligence here is a distinctive characteristic of the ultimate order in the known series; and in man this intelligence involves peculiar powers of reflection, co-ordination, and interpretation, so that the psychical as well as the physical man surmounts the entire series resumed in him. In a new order it may be a characteristic of the creative communication that conscious intelligence shall be a clearer resumption, involving at least the conscious recognition of friends and kindred. Our cognition here of anything is unconsciously re-cognition, a seeing as through a glass darkly, a mere adumbration of a recognition hereafter which shall be a seeing face to face. Illusions there may be—the face itself is a veil—but there may be a more transparent mediation in the communication, undisturbed by the obscurations and refractions such as limit our present mental vision. We speak of what *may* be; every presumption of a revelation which is itself a transcendent creative communication gives assurance instead of mere hypothesis.

To our reason this subject is beset with difficulties, because we become entangled in dilemmas suggested by present relations, such as imprisoned the minds of the Sadducees in the problem they presented to Christ. Because the new assumption or embodiment is not of flesh and blood, as we know them, it is not neces-

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sary to suppose that it is immaterial. To it a new sensibility and a new thought would involve space and time as forms to which our corresponding terms for these would be merely analogues. Given us a new sensibility, there would be given us a new universe. We say the dead have passed away from us, but it is perfectly reasonable to conceive of them as nearer to us than ever, in a closer intimacy than any known to us.

During the century now closing man has made an important advance through dealing with subtle cosmic forces which had hitherto been known only as dealing with him, and, even thus, scarcely appreciated. Electrical phenomena had been observed in sparks occasioned by friction and in the lightning, and the magnetic current had been utilized in the compass; but the terms electricity and magnetism had but a glint of the meaning now attached to them. We do not yet know what these invisible currents are, but we have made ourselves at home with them, and comprehend what formerly was not suspected—their intimacies with all cosmic operation and with our animate economies. For the obvious terrestrial forces, manifest in weight and pressure and elasticity, we are now rapidly substituting these finer tensions, thus driving the horses of the suns without risking the fate of Icarus. It is as if our solar heritage had been restored to us. Through this widened familiarity in a field which until so recent a period was wholly hidden from us, we have reached a new and etherealized conception of matter, and have come to feel the pulse of a living universe. Science is redeeming matter, making its veils transparent.

In this new view it is not difficult for us to conceive of spiritual intimacies more subtle and pervasive than any which science has disclosed in the mate-

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rial world, though these cannot be apparent to us in a definitely conscious appreciation. If on the same wire, through electrical vibrations in musical accord, several distinct messages may be simultaneously conveyed, why may not all that we call matter be at the same time the medium for the expression of distinct orders of intelligence?

All reasoning proceeds through analogy, but we must be on our guard against the fallacy involved in the process. The truth in physics or chemistry can become a biological truth only by such transformation as is involved in the inorganic world becoming the organic. Any conception of our present conditions carried forward into our imagination of those pertinent to a future life must undergo an inconceivable and, to us here, impossible transformation.

What we know as good and evil, life and death, is but the analogue to these as we shall know them in another harmony. It is sufficient for us that in the Christ-life Death and Evil are unmasqued for us and reconciled with the Eternal Life. Our faith is in the Resurrection through the power of this eternal life; in what form we know not, but we know in what similitude—in the likeness of the Son of God.

Metuchen, N. J.

Rufus M. Jones, A. M., Litt. D., Editorial in The American Friend.

THE CROWN OF LIFE

The mystery of death is immemorial. It has puzzled and baffled men since there were men. Not a syllable ever comes back to tell us of the new scenes and the changed activities upon which a departed loved one has entered. Not a breathed whisper is

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granted which might make us know the joy of being a heavenly inhabitant.

The age-long secret is kept from us, and in vain our eyes try to follow beyond these shores of time and place and sense. The imagination cannot picture a scene except with the material which it has received through the eye and ear and touch; therefore we are unable to construct the scenery and circumstance of a newly-parted soul, for we have no sense relations with that realm. We walk here, truly, "not by sight."

But yet we are not left in hopeless confusion. A great spiritual prophet tells us that those who overcome receive "the crown of life." This takes us into the very heart of mystery, and if we are only spiritual enough to *see*, it solves our problem.

We know a little what it means to "overcome." There are all kinds of struggles going on in this world for all kinds of victories and prizes, but the supreme struggle is that of a redeemed inward self, a pure heart, a life victorious over sin, and a nature in which selfishness is completely replaced by love. We do not need now to tell how this supreme battle is won, for that would be to tell the whole gospel story. But it is enough to know that men—any man—in the very midst of temptation and sin may *overcome*. What shall come to him as a result—what does he "get" when he has overcome? What could he receive in a spiritual world but a crowned and complete life? Anything else would be commercial, not spiritual. What does the scholar get for his years of patient study and persistent toil? Not merely degrees after his name; not simply prizes and temporal rewards; not primarily a professorship somewhere. He has the reward of *knowing;* he finds his chief reward in his enlarged capacity for truth. For

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him who overcomes hard intellectual problems there is a crown of education, which means increased capacity. The reward for doing anything faithfully and well is the ability to do it better and to do harder things. The reward for bravery is greater courage to face the difficult things that ought to be done. The reward of any virtue is *more virtue* of a higher order.

Now we come back to our mystery of the life beyond, and we ask our immemorial question. How fares it with our beloved dead? Whatever else heaven may be, it is the crown of life. The spirit that has fought selfishness, as Paul fought beasts at Ephesus, for the love of Christ; the soul that has learned to give itself to others out of pure love, as Christ gave Himself; the heart that loves God's will, no matter through how hard a path it may sometimes lead, can have but one goal in God's spiritual universe. There can be but one result if God is God.

It must be a divine law that such a life enters into larger life. Every spiritual victory through the earthly life increases the capacity of the soul for more life; every expression of love adds to the power of loving; every pulse of sympathy makes the heart larger and so life's crown comes. We cannot follow the course of a dear soul who drops the visible to enter the invisible; we cannot picture or imagine the new activities or forecast the daily life of the heavenly saint; but we do know that that life completes this and crowns it, as the wise thought and trained intellect of the white-haired scholar crowns the honest effort of the young student who solves the problem before him; as the noble spirit, the four-square character and the perfect deed crown the first right choices which shaped the boy's life.

Philadelphia, Pa.

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*Gen. Lew Wallace, Lawyer and Author, in "Ben Hur."**

"I cannot tell you when the idea of a Soul in every man had its origin. Most likely the first parents brought it with them out of the garden in which they had their first dwelling. We all do know, however, that it has never perished entirely out of mind. By some people it was lost, but not by all; in some ages it dulled and faded; in others it was overwhelmed with doubt; but, in great goodness, God kept sending us at intervals mighty intellects to argue it back to faith and hope.

"Why should there be a Soul in every man? Look, O son of Hur, for one moment look at the necessity of such a device. To lie down and die, and be no more—no more forever—time never was when man wished for such an end; nor has the man ever been who did not in his heart promise himself something better. The monuments of the nations are all protests against nothingness after death; so are statues and inscriptions; so is history. The greatest of our Egyptian kings had his effigy cut out of a hill of solid rock. Day after day he went with a host in chariots to see the work; at last it was finished, never effigy so grand, so enduring; it looked like him—the features were his, faithful even in expression. Now may we not think of him saying in that moment of pride, 'Let Death come; there is an after-life for me!' He had his wish. The statue is there yet.

"But what is the after-life he thus secured? Only a recollection by men—a glory unsubstantial as moonshine on the brow of the great bust; a story in stone —nothing more. Meantime what has become of the king? There is an embalmed body up in the royal

*Died Feb. 15, 1905.

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tombs which once was his—an effigy not so fair to look at as the other out in the Desert. But where, O son of Hur, where is the king himself? Is he fallen into nothingness? Two thousand years have gone since he was a man alive—as you and I are. Was his last breath the end of him?

"To say yes would be to accuse God; let us rather accept his better plan of attaining life after death for us—actual life, I mean—the organization of my soul, and every arrangement for the life after death. I know He loves me.

"I might ask you now whether this human life, so troubled and brief, is preferable to the perfect and everlasting life designed for the Soul? But take the question, and think of it for yourself, formulating thus: Supposing both to be equally happy, is one hour more desirable than one year? from that, then advance to the final inquiry, what are threescore and ten years on earth to all eternity with God? By-and-by, son of Hur, thinking in such manner, you will be filled with the meaning of the fact I present you next, to me the most amazing of all events, and in its effects the most sorrowful; it is that the very idea of life as a Soul is a light almost gone out of the world. Here and there, to be sure, a philosopher may be found who will talk to you of a soul, likening it to a principle; but philosophers take nothing upon faith, they will not go the length of admitting a soul to be a being, and on that account its purpose is compressed darkness to them.

"Everything animate has a mind measurable by its wants. Is there to you no meaning in the singularity that power in full degree to speculate upon the future was given to man alone? By the sign as I see it, God meant to make us know ourselves created for another and a better life, such being in fact the

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greatest need of our nature. But, alas, into what a habit the nations have fallen! They live for the day, as if the present were the all in all, and go about saying, 'There is no to-morrow after death; or if there be, since we know nothing about it be it a care unto itself.' So when Death calls them, 'Come,' they may not enter into enjoyment of the glorious after-life because of their unfitness. That is to say, the ultimate happiness of man was everlasting life in the society of God. Alas, O son of Hur, that I should say it! but as well yon sleeping camel constant in such society as the holiest priests this day serving the highest altars in the most renowned temples. So much are men given to this as something more than a place in mortal memory; life with going and coming, with sensation, with knowledge, with power and all appreciation; life eternal in term though it may be with changes of condition.

"Ask you what God's plan is? The gift of a Soul to each of us at birth, with this simple law—there shall be no immortality except through the Soul. In that law see the necessity of which I spoke.

"Let us turn from the necessity now. A word as to the pleasure there is in the thought of a Soul in each of us. In the first place, it robs death of its terrors by making dying a change for the better, and burial but the planting of a seed from which there will spring a new life. In the next place, behold me as I am—weak, weary, old, shrunken in body, and graceless; look at my wrinkled face, think of my failing senses, listen to my shrilled voice. Ah! what happiness to me in the promise that when the tomb opens, as soon it will, to receive the worn-out husk I call myself, the now viewless doors of the universe, which is but the palace of God, will swing wide ajar to receive me, a liberated immortal soul!

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"I would I could tell the ecstasy there must be in that life to come! Do not say I know nothing about it. This much I know, and it is enough for me—the being a Soul implies conditions of divine superiority. In such a being there is no dust, nor any gross thing; it must be finer than air, more impalpable than light, purer than essence—it is life in absolute purity.

"What now, O son of Hur, knowing so much, shall I dispute with myself or you about the unnecessaries —about the form of my Soul? Or where it is to abide? Or whether it eats and drinks? Or is winged, or wears this or that? No. It is more becoming to trust in God. The beautiful in this world is all form, his hand declaring the perfection of taste; he is the author of all form; he clothes the lily, he colors the rose, he distils the dewdrop, he makes the music of nature; in a word, he organized us for this life, and imposed its conditions; and they are such guaranty to me that, trustful as a little child, I leave to him the lower earthly life! So nearly have they forgotten that other which is to come!

"See now, I pray you, that which is to be saved to us.

"For my part, speaking with the holiness of truth, I would not give one hour of life as a Soul for a thousand years of life as a man."

Indianapolis, Ind.

J. H. Kellogg, M. D., Superintendent Battle Creek Sanitarium, President International Medical Missionary and Benevolent Association and International Health Association, in "The Living Temple."

THE SOUL OF MAN

All nations which have attained any degree of

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enlightenment have had some belief in relation to the human soul. This belief has always been connected with the doctrine of a future life. A chief function of the soul is the identification of the individual in the future state of existence. The soul is thus intimately associated with the personality, the individuality, the identifying principle.

The greatest of all teachers clearly recognized the soul as that upon which the future life of the individual depends. "And I say unto you my friends, Be not afraid of them that kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do." "Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul; but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell." Luke XII:4; Matt. X:28.

Most popular beliefs respecting the soul are based upon conjecture, or a confusion of Biblical teachings, or both. It is the studied effort of the author in this work to find a solid scientific basis for harmony between the teachings of nature and the teachings of inspiration. . . . The fact that the essential purpose of the soul is to identify the individual in the future world, to connect the experience of this life with that of the future, really leaves us scarcely more to do than to find what is this identifying element. There have been those who sought to maintain that the material substance of the body is the means of identification in the world to come. So able a commentator as Adam Clarke held this view. Nevertheless, the well-known facts of science forbid us to entertain this notion. The constant changing of the matter of the body destroys its value as an identifying element. The fact that the same matter may have successively occupied, even at the moment of death, many different human bod-

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ies, also raises an insurmountable objection to the material substance of the body as the identifying principle, or the soul of man, the essence of human individuality.

Man is not during life identified by the sameness of matter or substance, for his material make-up is subject to perpetual change, as we have seen. It is incredible to suppose that a thing which during life is immaterial for the maintenance of personality or individuality, should after death become absolutely essential. The identifying principle cannot change. Continuity or continuousness of existence is its essential element. It cannot identify the body unless it has been with it all the time. The identifying principle in man, as we have seen, is form, organization. The sum total of individual characteristics constitutes the identifying element. The plan of the temple is its soul; not the external form, nor merely the internal arrangement, but the entire temple scheme, including the minutest details of bodily form and structure. Every brain cell, every nerve fiber, every string of the living harp, every tone which it produces, a complete description of the human instrument and every particle of its work in human acts and words and thoughts,—all these are recorded: where?—In the universal mind, in the memory of Him who said, "Before I formed thee I knew thee." Jer. I:5. Said David, "In thy book all my members were written, which in continuance were fashioned, when as yet there was none of them." Ps. CXXXIX: 16. The same power that formed David in accordance with a plan which existed before he did, carrying forward this same plan represented in David's character, his personality, remembered in the mind of God even from before his birth, can reform him in the future world, and so secure to him a future life.

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David recognized the existence of such a record before his birth, and the Bible in many places recognizes the existence of such a record of all human lives.

God's presence in the temple gives him the minutest information possible respecting every detail of its history; not an outward act nor an innermost thought can escape His notice. Although a man may die, although his very thoughts may perish, his personality, his character, survives. Without a human brain there can be, of course, no human thinking, no human willing, no human joy or sorrow. With the death of the body the man ceases to be; the spirit of life, the vital power which animates the dust of which his body is composed, and makes him a living soul, returns to God who gave it. The human will surrenders its authority and control. God no longer serves. Man goes to his "long home," the dust; the divine spirit which dwelt in the temple, the creative power which formed him, which cared for him during life, which shared all his sorrows, his griefs, his struggles, bore his burdens, which "knoweth his frame" in its minutest detail, survives the wreck of the body. And thus while man's body smolders in the dust, his individuality, his "life," his soul (not his human consciousness), is safely lodged in the great heart of God, awaiting that critical moment to which the ages have looked forward when a purified universe will permit of the rehabilitation of the souls of those who have loved righteousness and truth, and are hence suited to an endless life "in tune with the Infinite." Such will enter upon a state of endless spiritual human existence through the building for each of a body suited to its character, and capable of reaching the high ideals and responding to the highest purposes to which the soul in its previous state

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of existence may have aspired, but which, through weakness of the flesh, it could but imperfectly attain.

The soul is that subtle and mysterious element which determines what shall be the individual form and characteristics of every human being, even from the earliest moment of its existence. No matter how diverse circumstances and conditions may be from those natural to the individual, if life is maintained, the characteristic features are developed and preserved. The negro infant develops into a negro man, whether born in the tropical jungles of Africa or among the snowfields of the arctic regions. We see the same principle in operation in lower living forms as well as in man in the wonderful phenomena of heredity. Wheat develops wheat, not rye, rice, or barley, and each variety of wheat produces its own kind. In every seed there is a perfect representation of the whole plant which may spring from the seed. In the tiny acorn, though invisible to human eyes, there is a perfect representation of the giant oak which a hundred years later may tower majestically above the spot on which the acorn falls. The oak is not in the acorn, but is represented there, not as a conscious entity, but something greater. To explain its essence would be to explain life itself; to understand its mode of procedure would be to comprehend the infinite.

We perhaps cannot find a better expression for the thought than that of the eminent Dr. Hoffding, Professor of Philosophy and Psychology in the University of Copenhagen, who in his lectures represents to his students the *matter* of the body as the instrument, with *life* (God) the player, while the *soul* is its music. It is not necessary that we should comprehend clearly the properties of the soul or its functions. It is only necessary for us to know that there

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is a soul, and that the soul is capable of preserving our individuality and identity amid all the vicissitudes of life, and that even in death, it still remains as a guarantee and a means of an individual life beyond the grave.

That there will be such a future life is proved—we do not hesitate to use the word proved—by evidence which we possess within ourselves, in addition to the abundant assurance of Holy Writ. Every human instinct, mental, moral, and physical, looking toward human welfare, is heaven-implanted, is a divine voice speaking to man. For example, the full significance of hunger is not simply that food is needed, but that there *is* food to satisfy the need. If there were not food, there would be no hunger. A kind Creator would not give to man, as a race of beings, an appetite which could never be satisfied.

The love of life is the most imperious of all human instincts. We labor, toil, endure hardships and sufferings, in order that we may live. The animal has no instinct leading it forward to a future state of existence. It lives in the present only, and provides only to meet its present needs, or those of the immediate future. Man, of all living creatures, grasps a conception of life beyond the grave; especially when he sees his present life drawing toward its close, how eagerly he grasps the hope of a life beyond. This instinct is the divine voice which answers for the race the old question, "If a man die, shall he live again?" and assures him of a life beyond the grave. This conception, this belief, is necessary for the development of that which is best and noblest in man in this life, and is essential as a stimulus to him to make the needed preparation for the next.

Battle Creek, Mich.

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Ira Remsen, M. D., Ph.D., LL.D., President of Johns Hopkins University and Professor of Chemistry, Editor American Chemical Journal, in "Science and Immortality," a Symposium Edited by Samuel J. Barrows.

I find it extremely difficult to answer the questions propounded by you, the chief difficulty arising from the fact that "personal consciousness" is an expression which cannot be defined. We do not know what it is. It is undoubtedly in some wonderful way connected with the workings of the brain. Whether it is something which is capable of existence independently of the existence of the brain is, it appears to me, the first point to be decided. I do not know of "any facts in the possession of modern science" which enable us to answer this question. If it could be shown that "personal consciousness" is necessarily connected with the workings of the brain, a strong argument would thus be furnished against its immortality. It seems to me possible that researches in the realm of psychophysics, including observations in those whose brains do not work normally, may eventually throw some light upon the subject of "personal consciousness." You will see, therefore, that I do not "consider the question out of the pale of science altogether."

As regards the question whether there is "anything in such discoveries to support or strengthen a belief in immortality," I can only say that the whole tendency of modern science is to show that immortality, not necessarily of "personal consciousness," but immortality in a broad sense, appears to be a necessary consequence of the workings of the laws of nature.

Investigations in every subject are leading us to a clearer recognition of the truth; and I have strong faith that the more clearly we recognize it, the better we shall be. Our views on many subjects are under-

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going change,—in most cases, I am convinced, for the better. Should our views regarding the immortality of "personal consciousness" undergo a radical change, higher views of man's relation to the universe would take their place, and still stronger reasons for living honest, righteous lives would be recognized. I make these last statements to indicate my ideas in regard to the tendency of modern science in its bearing upon the subject you have brought under discussion.

Baltimore, Md.

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*James Mark Baldwin, A. M., Ph.D., Sc.D. (Oxford), LL.D. (Glasgow), Professor of Psychology, Johns Hopkins University; Editor Psychological Review; in the New York Independent.**

THEISM AND IMMORTALITY

In the first place, the way of approaching the question of a future life is still, as formerly, but more emphatically, the way of the theistic problem. The existence of God in a future life—that is the very meaning of a future life. If the philosopher finds himself unable to realize a fair degree of assurance that the world has in it a great Intelligence, whose thought the world is, whose existence is of old, who is ever living while the universe is, and just because the universe cannot be without it—then such a one finds that there is no meaning in the question of a future life; for in criticizing God out of the universe, he has laid himself low, and all other intellectual and moral beings, too. The lesser must go with the

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*Included in "Fragments in Philosophy and Science," Chas. Scribner's Sons, Publishers.

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greater; God gone, who are we? This is, as I have intimated, an old way of getting at the question of immortality, the way through the theistic problem; but philosophy has seemed to confirm it in two ways: by naturalizing God, if I may so speak, and then by supernaturalizing nature, especially human nature, man. These points may be explained a little; and I may best do it by drawing on psychology.

The old theistic "proofs" were argumentative, logical. They proceeded on certain psychological assumptions, it is true, such as the "idea of God," "the idea of the perfect," the "notion of design," etc. But these psychological assumptions were uncriticized. The stress fell on the arguments. As arguments they must conform to rigid logical rules and formulas—formulas which took the ideas and notions out of the living whole of our thought for the most part, and made them abstractions to be reasoned about. Now I do not mean to say that such argumentation has no value; it was the method of philosophy when Descartes announced his "first and second ontological" arguments, and when Anselm developed his famous argument from the "perfection" of the notion of God. But it is now evident from the course of thought on the question, that the validity of such proofs rests on the straightness and correctness of the argument; on the "distribution" of this term and the "quantification," or the "universality," or the "conceivableness," of that. Kant saw that the risk in this was too large. God is too great a concession to make to logical formulas. It will never satisfy mankind to make God a "notion" in the first place—a logical universal—and then try by formulas to get a corresponding "reality" into human life. Such proofs—even granted that they "proved"—so long as they stood alone, really "denat-

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uralized" God out of his own universe. They led right on to Deism. And it was Kant's endeavor, after showing this, to "naturalize" God again through what he called the "moral argument." And with what I am thus calling in a figure the "naturalization" of God, in man and nature, Kant found belief in immortality also.

Now I am going to put this "moral argument" in my own way and on strictly psychological grounds. What we really want to know in this matter of theism is whether God is a reality. And instead of starting to find out what the idea of God includes, psychology rather begins at the other end; it seeks to find out what we mean by reality. What is real? How is anything real?

The answer is—assuming much analysis and criticism—that the real is that which we actually find, what we cannot help finding, what we have to reckon with, what our nature presupposes and inevitably demands. Things and events are divided off, in our mental lives and with the growth of our experience, into certain great groups representing kinds, or spheres, of reality. The development of these spheres is a matter of practical necessity with us; we have to distinguish the external world from the world of memory, the world of science from the world of art. In these things we have no choice, provided—we be not crazy! Now what we mean by "reality" is just a group of experiences normally organized in a certain way; and we believe in realities when we recognize this tendency of our experiences to fall into certain characteristic forms of organization. We do the organizing, and so assert the reality as being there to be organized. These realities we need, and we use them practically as termini, fulcra, points of resistance, for our active conduct and living.

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A reality, then, is a form of organized experience which our mental nature has to have in order to be the mental nature it is, and to grow as such. We naturally demand these realities, because we are getting them in answer to this demand. And that we need them and get them, that is their proof. That the external world is real means simply that it is an inevitable way that the mind has of organizing what it finds in that certain sphere of its experience which we call sense-perception. Truth is the sort of reality which we reach by an equally inexorable demand of our nature that we recognize what is logical. *And our ethical and religious life in organizing its experience reaches the reality which we call God.* I had occasion to say what follows sometime ago in a book written for scientific purposes only:

"There is moral and esthetic reality no less than logical reality, and there is the same reason for believing in the one that there is in the other, for both rest upon the fact that our mental nature demands certain kinds of satisfaction, and we find it possible to get them. Sensational reality will not satisfy our logical demands, for nature is often refractory and illogical. Neither will logic satisfy our moral and esthetic demands for the logically true is often immoral and hideous. It is well, therefore, to write large the truth that logical consistency is not the whole of reality, and the revolt of the heart against fact is often as legitimate a measure of the true in this shifting universe, as is the cold denial given by rational conviction to the vagaries of casual feeling."

This is what I mean by the word "naturalization;" this finding of the sort of reality we need in the experience which stimulates the need. God is the reality which our moral and spiritual nature needs and finds, and to make his reality depend entirely on the ability

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of the logical process to cope with his reality—that seems to me to "denaturalize" him out of the very sphere in which alone his reality has any significance. What we need in God is a personal presence, not a logical postulate. To the Deist, God is not a presence, he is afar off; he is not a citizen of the world, our mental world; he is the director of a machine, who is somewhat afraid of his machine and only touches it when he has to. And there are a good many theological Deists in these days.

Of course the strength of this position is the psychological view that the final needs of our nature —those that arise in the organization of experience in this form or that—are all "equal before law." Each is its own justification. So much comes from psychology. But logic also has now practically accepted as much. The doctrine of "judgment" in the later Logics (Brentano, Erdmann, Sigwart) rests upon the same truth. Judgment is mental assent, acceptance, assurance, ratification of reality. Without this, logic is a shell of tautologies. So, even in logic, proof is no longer a thing merely of "moods and figures;" it is a matter of belief. No logic as such can prove reality, but it is equally true that no logic can eradicate belief in it, nor in any item of it, from external reality up to God.

This general point of view is now current in the most diverse philosophies, since they are becoming more agreed on their common psychological foundations. Call it the "immanence" of God with the idealists—all right; that does away entirely with the "denaturalization" process. Call it "law" with the naturalists—all right, Mr. Balfour's recent grotesque scare-crow picture of the "naturalist" to the contrary notwithstanding, for who would be "naturalized" in a kingdom without law, or where the law laid waste

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the very mental nature on the basis of which he reached his belief in the kingdom? Mental law is natural law. It is just the postulate of immortality that there is continuity of mental life and law from this to the other side of the river. Call it "environment" with the evolutionist—all right; for it is just the point of the "moral argument," that God is through and through the environment in such a way that by our mental organization of our experiences of the environment we reach the thought of God.

Once naturalize God in human thought in this way, and it becomes possible to naturalize man in the kingdom of the Eternal.

That is what I meant by saying above that the newer way of looking at theism "supernaturalizes" man. Here we come to the future life by way of theism. It lifts man right up to eternal possibilities—gives him value for immortality—by making his very mental life, his organization of experience, his needs and struggles, themselves the very evidence and vehicle of the proof of God. Disprove God, as I have said, and man goes too; but prove God through man, reach belief in the greater through the less—then the less is taken up into the greater.

Picture to yourself the planetary system whirling on through space with no life on the worlds—no man, no conduct, no thought, no ideals, nothing but globes whirling on forever. Now in your own mind you cannot help passing judgment on this thought. You say to yourself: "Miserable business, unworthy of being made; if God be outside of it he must be ashamed of it; he cannot be inside of it; for it does nothing but whirl to all eternity." So you conclude that there could be no God anywhere in such a case. The possible experience—the perception of mere

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globes, simply whirling—could not be organized to mean a spiritual reality.

But now put man back again in the system—with his life, his ideals, his beliefs, his struggles—and the whirling becomes at once the most insignificant thing that is there ,and all because you have reinstated the form of natural existence which we call moral and its experiences which find spiritual organization. God, you say, must be in that; and if that should utterly die out—that which gives spiritual meaning to the whole—this would destroy his presence also.

But all this is not an argument; it is rather an appeal to one's sense of the realities in the world, and to one's judgment of the values which attach to them.

Baltimore, Md.

Mrs. Elia W. Peattie, Journalist and Author, in "The Beleaguered Forest."

CONFIDENCE IN GOD

A new happiness came to sustain me. It was a confidence in the providence of God. . . . At first, when I was alone up there in the woods, I set myself to the savage task of reasoning God out from the fact of visible creation. The process was childish, as I knew very well. But there was no one there to criticize me; I was not under obligations to tabulate my ideas, or ramify them, or set this class of deductions on one side as belonging to the philosophy of one man, and another as coinciding with yet another man's notions. . . . I wanted God! I wanted Love which could abide! . . . My postulate was for Love. I stood by that and cared nothing for reason.

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I did not worry about the laws I could not understand. That it was possible to discover the laws of the stars but not of the cyclone was no distress to me, and I was not prone to make my Mephistopheles out of such poor material as the apparent irresponsibility of some of Nature's forces. I think that at first I must have felt only Nature-worship. Perhaps I had a little season, in my great loneliness and disappointment, of trying to think with the Emperor Marcus Aurelius. But to be virtuous was not enough; to be just would not suffice; to be of courage and honor did not warm me. I was no man. I was a woman, and I required Love.

So, one sunset, walking alone, it came to me. It was not the trees that sent the message, though they were witnesses to it. It was not the glory of the heavens, for that was evanescent, while my love abided with me. It was not the solitude, though that had made me conscious of my need for it. It was not my sorrow, though that had made me aware of the solitariness of the human life; it was not my husband's decline, though that impressed upon me the fragility of the mortal mind and its encasement. I cannot explain the thing. I could hardly believe it when it came. It was just as impalpable, yet as convincing as the love which springs up in the heart of a woman for a man or for a child. I, who had never felt such a love, yet knew how it must be. And I felt that the sense of love which came to me there, and which was compacted of trust and reverence and a knowledge past knowledge, was more to me than the love for any man or child could ever be.

What did I know of "curvature, measure and proportion?" What consistent theory of the universe could I evolve? What were optimism or pessimism to me? Who was I to search for polytheism lurking

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under the cloak of Christianity? I let it go with feminine incertitude. I did not have to reason. I was not compelled to be a philosopher. But no one could keep me from rejoicing because a white light had shone round me, and because ever afterward I saw things with eyes which held creation sacred; which made me pitiful when I might have been angered; and taught me to say, "Holy, holy, holy!" there in the solitude before an Invisible Presence.

It was not necessary for me to be wise.

"Trees," I said, "you know about it as well as I. You know you are a mystery. You know that all the science in the world can not make your like. If it produces your constituents synthetically, it can not produce you. It can not make your leaves which murmur in the wind; it can not give the perfume to your greenness. You keep your secret inviolate—or rather it is kept from you. You have the joy of being, which is enough for any tree—or woman. And if we never find out any more than we know now, your leaves will not be less green nor my hair less golden for that. Sing, trees! I also sing."

Nobody was there to scoff. I sat beneath my King of the forest and piped my little flute. We praised God after our own fashion. The stars which seemed meshed in the tops of the trees also praised Him. The wind of the evening was loud in celebration of His mystery. The spring of cold water at my door said that He was eternal. The cry of the birds assured me that He was delicate, ingenuous, a lover of beauty. Goodness was not the only message. I did not have to take the trouble to think Him invariably beneficent. There was no theologian there to reprove me if I chose to think that His power included destruction and cruelty and the relentless wars of Nature. I did not think out the equity of the strife of one thing

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against another which I saw there in the forest. I did not worry as to the justice or the injustice of my pathetic lot. It was enough for me that the white light was about me, and that peace was in my heart. So I, with my flute, worshiped the unseen. We made a loud noise unto the Lord—the wind, the pines, the birds, the spring of cold water, and I, a woman.

Chicago, Ills.

Alfred H. Lloyd, A. M., Ph.D., Junior Professor of Philosophy, University of Michigan, in the Philosophical Review.

EVOLUTION AND IMMORTALITY

Evolution, if consistent, must view life not as a local and temporal endowment, but as an affair of a universe spatially and temporally indivisible. So viewed, life includes and unifies all parts of man's nature, and frees immortality from dependence on wholly separate unworldly souls. Individuality, too, is transfigured, depending not on separate existences but on relationship. So evolution implies relationism and monism, while creationism, opposed to evolution, implies pluralism and dualism. For creationism immortality is absolutely another and after life; for evolution "now is the accepted time," *this* life is the immortal life. Christianity is open to monistic, evolutional interpretation.

But more clearly to understand evolution and immortality, to find the real meaning of the yonder and the hereafter and the other, one needs to examine space and time and matter. For modern thought, then, the spatial and temporal, instead of being opposed to the real, is intimate with the real. Space

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is not composite or divisible, for its parts are in and of each other, and similarly of time and the parts of time; not statically, of course, but dynamically the parts of space—or of time—are coextensive. The calculus, to which we owe the dynamic view, by its use of the infinitesimal testifies to this active coextension of parts. Accordingly, the local is not the isolated but the related, and is, therefore, in a genuine sense omnipresent, and in like manner the momentary is also eternal, and upon the omnipresence of the local and the eternity of the temporal rests the already asserted intimacy of the spatial and temporal with the real. Furthermore, space and time are intimate with each other, for the coexistences of space make the temporal eternal, while the sequences of time make the local omnipresent. Witness the current doctrines of recapitulation and environment, of memory and foresight, and of motion and force. For physical science to-day force is the necessity of motion, and motion is in and of space, not of something in space. But these two inseparable intimacies make reality organic and so at once material and spiritual. In the conception of organism, due not less to physics than to psychology, not less to mathematics than to biology, matter—the divisible—and spirit—the indivisible—are made one; as inseparably one as the divine and the human in its most directly human example, the brotherhood of man. In reality, moreover, as organic, we see that which changes but never dies, which changes but at the same time conserves every part of itself. The composite and divisible may decompose, and decomposition is death, but the organic is spatially and temporally indivisible. The organic, then, is a constant triumph over death, even over the death of individuals, and also over their birth. Individuality, *real* individuality, even as

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Christianity seems to declare, is not begotten nor does it die. The conditions of space and time only "transmute" it.

To practical life the meaning of the foregoing is that all those manifold relations, which give life its worth and make us that live real, are, like the whole to which they one and all belong, organically indivisible. We often speak of the unity of nature or the unity of life, but we may speak also of the unity of motherhood or the unity of friendship; and in such unities lie our own immortality and that of our fellows. Is it a conscious immortality? It cannot but be conscious for consciousness, affair as it must be of an indivisible universe, is coextensive with life. To argue that the absence of memory in infants or the lack of communication with the dead is evidence at least of consciousness being subject to birth and death, is simply to show a misunderstanding of memory and of communication in general. Memory is never literally of the past. The other world, the spiritual world, really does communicate with the life that is, but in and through it, not from without it.

Finally, the evolutional view of immortality has important consequences for the interpretation of history, as well as for the more personal interests and relations of mankind. For evolution the immortality of one's kin and one's friends, as well as one's self, is in the very life and consciousness that continues among men; and, as regards the interpretation of history, this can mean simply that the life of the past and the life of the present must really be treated as one, not two. The persons of the past are not fixtures independent of the current of history, rather, they have lived and moved with it, and are still alive and conscious in the activity of to-day, as if our own

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past selves. We live with them and they in us. Moreover, apparently in this sense Christianity is now thinking of the living Christ, and in general, evolution does interpret the different doctrines of Christianity, the conception, the resurrection, the divinity, the sacrifice, the immediacy of the kingdom of heaven, and the brotherhood of man.

Nothing that is worth having or worth getting, nothing that is real and abiding, nothing that is worthy of immortality, is not already real in us, real in our life, real in our experience. For evolution the maintenance of what is, nothing more, nothing less, is our immortality.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

Ralph Waldo Trine, A. M., Author, in "The Life Books."

(From "Character Building Thought Power").

He is building for eternity because when the transition we call death takes place, life, character, self-mastery, divine self-realization,—the only things that the soul when stripped of everything else takes with it,—he has in abundance. In life, or when the time of the transition to another form of life comes, he is never afraid, never fearful, because he knows and realizes that behind him, within him, beyond him, is the Infinite wisdom and love; and in this he is eternally centred, and from it he can never be separated.

(From "In Tune With the Infinite").

The fact of life in whatever form means the continuance of life, even though the form be changed. Life is the one eternal principle of the universe and so always continues, even though the form of the agency through which it manifests be changed. "In my

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Father's house are many mansions." And surely, because the individual has dropped, has gone out of the physical body, there is no evidence at all that the life does not go right on the same as before, not commencing,—for there is no cessation,—but commencing in the other form, exactly where it has left off here; for all life is a continuous evolution, step by step; there one neither skips nor jumps.

There are in the other form, then, mentalities and hence lives of all grades and influences, the same as there are in the physical form. If, then, the great law that like attracts like is ever operating, we are continually attracting to us from this side of life influences and conditions most akin to those of our own thoughts and lives. A grewsome thought that we should be so influenced, says one. By no means, all life is one; we are all bound together in the one common and universal life, and especially not when we take into consideration the fact that we have it entirely in our own hands to determine the order of thought we entertain, and consequently the order of influences we attract, and are not mere willowy creatures of circumstance, unless indeed we choose to be.

In our mental lives we can either keep hold of the rudder and so determine exactly what course we take, what points we touch, or we can fail to do this, and failing, we drift, and are blown hither and thither by every passing breeze. And so, on the contrary, welcome should be the thought, for thus we may draw to us the influence and the aid of the greatest, the noblest, and the best who have lived on the earth, whatever the time, wherever the place.

We cannot rationally believe other than that those who have labored in love and with uplifting power here are still laboring in the same way, and in all probability with more earnest zeal, and with still

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greater power. While riding with a friend a few days ago, we were speaking of the great interest people are everywhere taking in the more vital things of life, the eagerness with which they are reaching out for a knowledge of the interior forces, their ever-increasing desire to know themselves and to know their true relations with the Infinite. And in speaking of the great spiritual awakening that is so rapidly coming all over the world, the beginnings of which we are so clearly seeing during the closing years of this, and whose ever-increasing proportions we are to witness during the early years of the coming century, I said, "How beautiful if Emerson, the illumined one so far in advance of his time, who labored so faithfully and so fearlessly to bring about these very conditions, how beautiful if he were with us to-day to witness it all! how he would rejoice!"

"How do we know," was the reply, "that he is not witnessing it all? and more, that he is not having a hand in it all,—a hand even greater, perhaps, than when we *saw* him here?" . . .

The things that cause sorrow, and pain, and bereavement will not be able to take the hold of us they now take, for true wisdom will enable us to see the proper place and know the right relations of all things. The loss of friends by the transition we call death will not cause sorrow to the soul that has come into this higher realization, for he knows that there is no such thing as death, for each one is not only a partaker, but an eternal partaker, of this Infinite Life. He knows that the mere falling away of the physical body by no means affects the real soul life. With a tranquil spirit born of a higher faith he can realize for himself, and to those less strong he can say—

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"Loving friends! be wise and dry
Straightway every weeping eye;
What you left upon the bier
Is not worth a single tear;
'Tis a simple sea-shell, one
Out of which the pearl has gone.
The shell was nothing, leave it there;
The pearl—the soul—was all, is here."

And so far as the element of separation is concerned, he realizes that to spirit there are no bounds, and that spiritual communion, whether between two persons in the body, or two persons, one in the body and one out of the body, is within the reach of all. In the degree that the higher spiritual life is realized can there be this higher spiritual communion.

The things that we open ourselves to always come to us. People in the olden times expected to see angels and they saw them; but there is no more reason why they should have seen them than that we should see them now; no more reason why they should come and dwell with them than that they should come and dwell with us, for the great laws governing all things are the same to-day as they were then. If angels come not to minister unto us it is because we do not invite them, it is because we keep the door closed through which they otherwise might enter. . . .

The sum and substance of the thought presented in these pages is that the great central fact in human life is the coming into a conscious, vital realization of our oneness with the Infinite Life, and the opening of ourselves fully to this divine inflow. I and the Father are one, said the Master. In this we see how he recognized his oneness with the Father's life. Again he said, the words that I speak unto you I

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speak not of myself: but the Father that dwelleth in me, He doeth the works. In this we see how clearly he recognized the fact that he of himself could do nothing, only as he worked in conjunction with the Father. Again, My Father works and I work. In other words, my Father sends the power. I open myself to it, and work in conjunction with it. Again he said, Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you. And he left us not in the dark as to exactly what he meant by this, for again he said, Say not Lo here nor lo there, know ye not that the kingdom of heaven is within you? According to his teacher, the kingdom of God and the kingdom of heaven are one and the same. If, then, his teaching is that the kingdom of heaven is within us, do we not clearly see that, putting it in other words, his injunction is nothing more nor less than, Come ye into a conscious realization of your oneness with the Father's life. As you realize this oneness you find the kingdom, and when you find this, all things else shall follow.

Croton Landing, N. Y.

Miss Lilian Whiting, Author, in "After Her Death."

FROM INMOST DREAMLAND

. . . That science must prove immortality is the message of to-day. For there is a distinct and recognizable approach of the two worlds to each other,—the seen and the unseen. Each is flashing its signals, and the failure or the delay in a more universal recognition of these on our part is simply in not realizing that this communion must be attained through our own higher spiritual life, and not demanded or expected as mere phenomena. We

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have demanded that the unseen shall manifest themselves to us,—visibly, audibly, to our material senses. But while there is undoubtedly much of this phenomena, it is, at best, only begging the question. The only true, permanent and satisfactory way to live in companionship and in communion with those who have passed through the experience of death is to live in the spirit,—to live, now and here, every day and every hour, the spiritual life. And what is this life? It is love, joy, peace. It is infinite and unfailing good will; it is abounding love; it is meekness, and patience, and belief; it is energy in all endeavor; it is in the constant desire and effort to so live that, in the words of Phillips Brooks, "if every man lived as you do, this earth would be heaven." The problem of communion with those who have passed into the unseen lies with us rather than with them; it lies in our own purification and exaltation of life; for this alone offers the atmosphere—the aura—into which the higher spirits can enter.

The law of evolution is not limited to action on the physical world alone. It does not cease to operate with the attainment of physical perfection. For man is primarily a spiritual being, and only incidentally and transiently an inhabitant of the physical world. That is a mere phase, rudimental and experimental in its nature. His physical body is an instrument, by means of which, for a time, he is enabled to relate himself to the physical world. Here he does not so much live as begin to *learn how* to live.

The tragedy of life would be in its lost opportunities, were it not that a lost opportunity, when fully recognized too late for its pursuance here, is there held to await him who shall be worthy of it on the plane of life just beyond. The friendships that seem to have missed their possible affection here, to have

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failed in what each at heart desired to realize, await another experience to which each shall come with finer preparation. Whether one shall again take up his intercourse with the friend who has passed before him into the unseen, depends on the daily life he leads now and here. The meeting beyond is in no sense a matter of arbitrary and mysterious destiny. It depends solely upon the sustaining and the growth of mutual understanding between the two lives,—the one in the seen, the other in the unseen. The future meeting is a matter of condition, of sympathy. . . . Man being primarily a spiritual being, his own real progress or real success in life is as he so realizes himself. The life after death is fast coming to be no longer to us a speculation or a superstition, but a very real fact with which to deal,—a phase of the near future for which to daily prepare. And the only true preparation for the life after death is to live nobly before death.

There seems to me no doubt that her* prophetic words to the effect that science will yet prove immortality are almost on the eve of fulfillment. Psychic science is conquering new territory; discerning more and more of truth constantly. It is discovering that the life just beyond this is not so great a change from this as we have fancied; that there is no such thing as a "disembodied" spirit. Death is simply the separation of the finer ethereal body from the outer and coarse one. The new form is like the old, save that it is subtle, magnetic, and it is far more the direct reflection of the spiritual nature. The unseen world in which it now begins another life is as real,—far more real, indeed,—than this, and is formed of far more potent forces. This world exists all about us

*Kate Field.

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in space. To become cognizant of it depends on condition alone. To the blind the world we live in is unseen, because the blind man has not the organ that corresponds with his environment; when the spiritual world about us is undiscovered, it is because we have not yet developed those latent faculties which would enable us to perceive it. The spiritual life is

"built of furtherance and pursuing;
Not of spent deeds, but of doing."

As we live the life of the spirit we are companioned by the friends in the unseen, in the simple and natural way that attends all true relations of mutual sympathy. . . .

All this is but preliminary to the one salient and supreme truth that may easily be deduced from it,—the unmistakable assurance of the persistence of identity in the life of the spirit, in the body and out of the body. All our social life in this world is spiritual life; all our loves and friendships are of the spirit,—certainly not of the body. The nature of the spiritual being which temporarily inhabits a physical body in the physical world, is in no wise altered by the event of death, which liberates it from this physical case. When liberated, it enters on life in the ethereal world, which is the corresponding counterpart of life in this world. If we could clearly comprehend what life would be now with the entire elimination of all physical demands, we should approach the comprehension of what the life on the next higher plane must be. Take away all that ministers to the physical needs; imagine beginning the day without care for the body, or for a thousand purely transient and material interests that beset us here, and that one is thus left free for the higher thought, for

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purely mental and spiritual occupations. Imagine communication carried on, not by letters and telegrams, but by the instant flight of thought; imagine travelling to be a matter of will and instant performance rather than an affair demanding preparation in detail, where all the clumsy processes of material life are eliminated, and where the law of thought, controlling vibration, is understood and acted upon, and to some degree can we thus achieve some comprehension of the nature of life in the ethereal world.

The one point of supreme importance, however, in the establishment of the truth of intercommunication between the Seen and the Unseen is that it enters into our present daily life, uplifting and enlightening it. The spiritual being, temporarily inhabiting his physical body, realizes himself as an immortal being whose responsibility it is to fill the days with significant experiences. The choice rests with one's self entirely. It may seem a thing largely and almost inevitably dependent on circumstances, but it is not; for thought is greater than circumstance or event, and dominates them. Significance or insignificance in the quality of life is, like good or evil, a matter of personal choice with the individual. It is possible to eliminate the inane hours and make every day tell in its purposes of fulfillment. Nor is this possibility restricted to the city dweller, in the heart of all that which is finest in art, literature and ethics. It is a matter of individual choice rather than that of individual opportunity. . . . There can be a realization of that finer world interpenetrating that in which we live. Its ether is in the atmosphere we breathe. It is the world of reality, of force, of vividness, of power. Now it is not only they who have passed on beyond the things of sense who live in this world, but it is one in which the higher self, the

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ethereal organism, may live, even before it leaves the body. Everything in this natural world has its spiritual or ethereal counterpart. Nature perpetuates herself in more delicate yet more potent forms. The ethereal body which man assumes at death is a counterpart of the body here; it has the same form, only that it is etherealized. It is not less, but more real. It has to do with a higher range of correspondence. It is an inhabitant of a more important plane of life. Science has demonstrated the existence of the finer atmospheric ether in which this finer body lives and moves. There is a world touching and mingling with ours in which lie the springs of power. Most people live, sometimes, and fragmentarily, in this world. They recognize moments, hours, days, when event and sequence become rhythmic, when the vision shines clear and the voice is heard. Now if it be possible to so live one day in the year, it is possible to so live three hundred and sixty-five days in a year. If it be possible for one hour a day, it is possible for twenty-four hours. This intensity and exaltation constantly records its impress on the air,—that is, in this finer ethereal world. The deed is the outward and momentary expression; the motive and purpose are the inner and permanent elements that build up life on the invisible side. One who holds his purpose true to this higher end of life is creating new conditions that will ultimately transform all circumstances. There is no limit to that which he may accomplish. He holds the key to the unlimited stores of energy.

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Mr. Benjamin F. Underwood, Editor, Author and Lecturer, in "A Lay Funeral Sermon."

THE PERMANENT IS THE INVISIBLE

. . . Our brother has passed on into the invisible to make room for another guest. We no longer see him.

But because he has ceased to be part of the visible order, it does not follow that he has ceased to exist. It is a fact of science, not less than of philosophy, that the permanent is the invisible, the intangible, the uncognizable. Ultimate being is unrepresentable and unpicturable in thought and undescribable by any terms which apply to the relative world; but it is that ultimate power that lies behind, so to speak, of all objects of sense, that of which phenomena are but the appearances to the mind of man, that which is the basis of all activity, of the inorganic and organic world alike. There is a universe of which the physical universe is only such a symbolical representation as is possible to the finite and sense-imprisoned mind of man, with its organically imposed limitations. It is in ourselves that the universe is revealed, that the world of sense, with all its wealth of hue and sound and odor exists. With more senses than we possess or with senses more acute and capable of more comprehensive cognitions, glories in the natural world would doubtless be witnessed which have never dawned upon the mind of any human being in the flesh. It would seem that our senses, instead of enabling us to know all things that exist, as some people superficially suppose, serve to restrict us from knowing all but a comparatively few things.

With increase of knowledge the mind comes to see that neither sensibility nor conceivability is the test of

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possibility, that there are objects beyond the range, beyond all possible extension of the senses, and that actualities exist which transcend all present knowledge, and of which the mind may be able to form no representative idea. It is by exercise of the "scientific imagination" that discoveries are made and the boundaries of the known extended. The man of science tests his imagination and inferences by verification. But lying beyond the proven is ever the great, unexplored region to which the mind has had no access; and in regard to the possibilities and probabilities of that unknown region, men always have imagined, believed and hoped.

We have caught only a few glimpses of the universe and they are such only as sense limitations have permitted us to obtain. This view is altogether upon *a priori* grounds, in favor of a larger conception of life than that which is based upon the conception that life is the result of mere collocation of matter. The mind must have a deeper basis than that which is afforded by the fleeting phenomena of material combinations; and as sunset and night bring to view a multitude of stars, the blazing suns of other systems than our own, so the end of earthly life and the darkness of death may reveal glories quite as august which belong to another order and stage of being.

This life in itself gives no explanation of our being, unless indeed it be conceived as philosophies and religions teach, and as the millions believe, that death is a door to a larger life. The conviction of future life persists through centuries with a vigor which no superstition can destroy, giving comfort and consolation to all who mourn for their loved ones removed by death.

One night in October, 1861, under a starlit sky on the Potomac, a group of soldiers belonging to the

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Fifteenth Massachusetts Volunteers was discussing this old problem—the immortality of the soul. An opinion expressed by one and concurred in by several was that with no hope of anything beyond death, a man is a fool to imperil his life in battle for his country or for a principle. Others, full of youthful enthusiasm and patriotic ardor, claimed that the nation needed the services of her sons and that every true American should feel that it is sweet and glorious to suffer, and if needs be, to die for his country, with no hope of reward beyond the consciousness of having faithfully done his duty.

A few days thereafter occurred the fierce and bloody battle of Ball's Bluff, in which some of those who took part in this conversation were slain. As I (who was wounded in this engagement, and the morning after the battle was captured by the Confederates) saw the dead lying on the field of carnage and heard the groans of the dying, an appalling spectacle, I recalled the discussion of a few nights before, and I could not help thinking that if for the poor fellows who, in the flower of youth, when life was all bright before them, had fallen fighting for flag and country, which they were never to see again, there was nothing but annihilation, then, indeed, justice and right do not exist in the Power that rules the world. In this thought emotion was probably stronger than reason. Yet, after all these many years from the date of that tragic event, I am unable to reconcile with justice the death of those comrades who perished in the spring time of life, if there is no unseen world supplementary to this into which their death was a birth and in which they did and do perform parts in the great drama of being.

If the millions who, for principle, for country and for race have suffered imprisonment, torture and

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ignominious death, if they survive not beyond, there seems to be something lacking which is needed to satisfy the moral nature and the heart of man. We admire the self-sacrifice which gives up all and expects nothing when truth is to be advanced and humanity is to be benefited; but the thought that the most exalted moral goodness, the unselfish love, may perish with the effort it makes to help and to save those who may not even appreciate the cost of the blessings which they, through the suffering and death of others, receive, is, to say the least, depressing. It is more in consonance with our feelings and with our moral sentiments to believe that whatever is worth preserving persists in an unseen order, or in an unapprehended dimension of being, in which will be solved the problems of this life of lights and shadows, of joys and sorrows. In justification of the hope may we not point to the progressive development of life on this earth which has been going on amidst struggle and suffering for so many ages? Has humanity appeared after this unimaginable duration, after these millions of years of preparation, as the final product of evolution, only to be extinguished forever? Is the development of the human race from savagery to civilization, is the ascent of man to the mountain peaks of intellectual and moral greatness, are all the conquests over wrong, all the victories of virtue achieved through sacrifice and undeviating devotion to principle, all the love and goodness which have brightened and bettered the world, and all the hopes and aspirations which have appealed to human hearts and sustained man in the midst of his master and in the face of death—are these to be followed by the complete extinction of all light on this planet and by the return of the planet itself to fire-mist? Will there remain no enduring results of the mental and moral condition

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which it has taken so many ages to produce? Is not the fact that all which has been and all which will have been achieved on the earth must ultimately be blotted out, so far as it can be by physical dissolutions —is not this fact an indication that the results of this long process of evolution and ascension—intellect, character, virtue—will continue to exist unimpaired by death, even when our planet has run its course and has been resolved back to the worldstuff from which it was developed?

Many—most people, perhaps—have no difficulty in believing in immortality, which they assume to be true without much interest in arguments for or against the doctrine. Many feel an abiding conviction in its truth. During a walk and conversation which I had with the poet, Fitz-Greene Halleck, more than forty years ago at Guilford, Conn., he said: "There is no proof of such a life, and we need none," or words to this effect. His contention was, as Cicero says, "that there is, I know not how, in the minds of men a certain presage, as it were, of a future existence." Thomas Paine, commonly regarded as the arch heretic, declared that the "belief in a future state is a rational belief founded upon facts visible in the creation." . . . Mankind will never be without belief in immortality. Man's love of life, his moral ideals, the injustice and inequality of social conditions, the wrongs unrighted and the virtues unrewarded here, together with the impossibility of disproving the reality of a future life are, without other reasons perhaps, sufficient to insure general adherence to the belief when the special dogmas and traditions associated with it in the popular mind shall have been outgrown. . . .

Quincy, Ills.

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William James, M. D., LL.D., Ph. and Litt. D., Professor of Philosophy, Harvard University, in his Ingersoll lecture, "Human Immortality; Two Supposed Objections to the Doctrine."

. . . The first of these difficulties is relative to the absolute dependence of our spiritual life, as we know it here, upon the brain. One hears not only physiologists, but numbers of laymen who read the popular science books and magazines, saying all about us, How can we believe in life hereafter when Science has once for all attained to proving, beyond possibility to escape, that our inner life is a function of that famous material, the so-called "gray matter" of our cerebral convolutions? How can the function possibly persist after its organ has undergone decay?

. . . For the purposes of my argument, I beg you to agree with me to-day in subscribing to the great psycho-physiological formula: *Thought is a function of the brain.* The question is, then, Does this doctrine logically compel us to disbelieve in immortality? Ought it to force every truly consistent thinker to sacrifice his hopes of an hereafter to what he takes to be his duty of accepting all the consequences of a scientific truth? . . . The next thing in order for me is to try to make plain to you why I believe that it has in strict logic no deterrent power. I must show you that the fatal consequence is not coercive, as is commonly imagined; and that even though our soul's life (as here below it is revealed to us) may be in literal strictness the function of a brain that perishes, yet it is not at all impossible, but on the contrary quite possible, that the life may still continue when the brain itself is dead.

The supposed impossibility of its continuing comes from too superficial a look at the admitted fact of functional dependence. The moment we inquire more

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closely into the notion of functional dependence, and ask ourselves, for example, how many kinds of functional dependence there may be, we immediately perceive that there is one kind at least that does not exclude a life hereafter at all. The fatal conclusion of the physiologist flows from his assuming offhand another kind of functional dependence and treating it as the only imaginable kind.

When the physiologist who thinks that his science cuts off all hope of immortality pronounces the phrase, "Thought is a function of the brain," he thinks of the matter just as he thinks when he says, "Steam is a function of the tea-kettle." "Light is a function of the electric current." Material objects have the function of inwardly creating or engendering their effects, and their function must be called *productive* function. Just so, he thinks, it must be with the brain. . . . But in the world of physical nature productive function of this sort is not the only kind of function with which we are familiar. We have also releasing or permissive function; and we have transmissive function. . . .

My thesis now is this: that when we think of the law that thought is a function of the brain, we are not required to think of productive function only; *we are entitled also to consider permissive or transmissive function.* And this the ordinary psychophysiologist leaves out of his account.

Suppose, for example, that the whole universe of material things—the furniture of earth and choir of heaven—should turn out to be a mere surface-veil of phenomena, hiding and keeping back the world of genuine realities. Such a supposition is foreign neither to common sense nor to philosophy. Common sense believes in realities behind the veil even too superstitiously; and idealistic philosophy declares the

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whole world of natural experience, as we get it, to be but a time-mask, shattering or refracting the one infinite Thought which is the sole reality into those millions of finite streams of consciousness known to us as our private selves. Suppose, now, that this were really so, and suppose, moreover, that the dome, opaque enough at all times to the full supersolar blaze, could at certain times and places grow less so, and let certain beams pierce through into this sublunary world. These beams would be so many finite rays, so to speak, of consciousness, and they would vary in quantity and quality as the opacity varied in degree. Only at particular times and places would it seem that, as a matter of fact, the veil of nature can grow thin and rupturable enough for such effects to occur. But in those places gleams, however finite and unsatisfying, of the absolute life of the universe, are from time to time vouchsafed. Glows of feeling, glimpses of insight, and streams of knowledge and perception float into our finite world.

Admit, now, that *our brains* are such thin and half-transparent places in the veil. What will happen? Why, as the white radiance comes through the dome, with all sorts of staining and distortion imprinted on it by the glass, even so the genuine matter of reality, the life of souls as it is in its fullness, will break through our several brains into this world in all sorts of restricted forms, and with all the imperfections and queerness that characterize our finite individualities here below. According to the state in which the brain finds itself, the barrier of its obstructiveness may also be supposed to rise or fall. It sinks so low, when the brain is in full activity, that a comparative flood of spiritual energy pours over. At other times, only such occasional waves of thought as

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heavy sleep permits get by. And when finally a brain stops acting altogether, or decays, that special stream of consciousness which it subserved will vanish entirely from this natural world. But the sphere of being that supplied the consciousness would still be intact; and in that more real world with which, even whilst here, it was continuous, the consciousness might, in ways unknown to us, continue still. You see that our soul's life, as we here know it, would none the less in literal strictness be the function of the brain. The brain would be the independent variable, the mind would vary dependently on it. But such dependence on the brain for this natural life would in no wise make immortal life impossible,—it might be quite compatible with supernatural life behind the veil hereafter. . . . *

My second point is relative to the incredible and intolerable number of beings which, with our modern imagination, we must believe to be immortal, if immortality be true. . . . We give up our own immortality sooner than believe that all the hosts of Hottentots and Australians that have been, and shall ever be, should share it with us. . . . It is the most obvious fallacy in the world, and the only wonder is that all the world should not see through it. It is the result of nothing but an invincible blindness

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*Prof. James, after making his abstract argument, added an elucidation of the more concrete conditions of the case. The reader is referred to the book, "Human Immortality," for the interesting arguments and hypotheses which the necessity for brevity obliges the compiler to omit. In the preface to the second edition, the professor answers the critics who objected to his transmission-theory of cerebral action as a doorway to immortality.

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from which we suffer, an insensibility to the inner significance of alien lives, and a conceit that would project our own incapacity into the vast cosmos, and measure the wants of the Absolute by our own puny needs. . . .

. . . Not a being of the countless throng is there whose continued life is not called for, and called for intensely, by the consciousness that animates the being's form. That *you* neither understand nor call for it, that you have no use for it, is an absolutely irrelevant circumstance. That you have a saturation-point of interest tells us nothing of the interests that absolutely are. The Universe, with every living entity which her resources create, creates at the same time a call for that entity, and an appetite for its continuance,—creates it, if nowhere else, at least within the heart of the entity itself. It is absurd to suppose, simply because our private power of sympathetic vibration with other lives gives out so soon, that in the heart of infinite being itself there can be such a thing as plethora, or glut, or supersaturation. It is not as if there were a bounded room where the minds in possession had to move up or make place and crowd together to accommodate new occupants. Each new mind brings its own edition of the universe of space along with it, its own room to inhabit; and these spaces never crowd each other,—the space of my imagination, for example, in no way interferes with yours. . . . I speak, you see, from the point of view of all the other individual beings, realizing and enjoying inwardly their own existence. If we are pantheists, we can stop there. We need only say that through them, as through so many diversified channels of expression, the eternal spirit of the Universe affirms and realizes its own infinite life. But if we are theists, we can go farther with-

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out altering the result. God, we can then say, has so inexhaustible a capacity for love that his call and need is for a literally endless accumulation of created lives. He can never faint or grow weary, as we should, under the increasing supply. His scale is infinite in all things. His sympathy can never know satiety or glut.

Benjamin Ide Wheeler, A. M., Ph.D., LL.D., President University of California, in his Ingersoll lecture, "Dionysos and Immortality."

. . . Without Dionysos and Orphism there could have been no Plato. Plato's philosophy builds on a faith, and that faith is Dionysism. Everywhere in his thinking religion gleams through the thin gauze of philosophic form, and except his system be understood as a religion and as a part of the history of Greek religion, it yields no consistent interpretation, and is not intelligible either in its whence or whither. The things many and various he has to tell about the Ideas refuse to take orderly place and position in a doctrine of logical realism such as metaphysics teaches, but are satisfied all in a doctrine of spirituality and the higher life, such as poetry and religion can preach.

The universe which Plato feels is in substance the universe which the Dionysos enthusiasms presuppose. There is a world of the outward and material, behind it is a world of the unchanging norm, the essential purpose, the supreme reality. To the former belongs the body, to the latter by nature and source the soul. This mortal life is an entanglement of the soul in the meshes of the material. Still, through the perverting and obscuring medium of that which enfolds it the soul catches glimpses of the true, and gathers intimations of its own kinship with the ideal and the abid-

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ing. All the Platonic arguments for the immortality of the soul, in the Phædrus, in the Republic, in the Phaedo, diverse as they seem, unite as being merely various ways or devices for setting forth a central faith whose first inspiration had come from the Dionysos cult.

The influence of Eleusis and of Dionysos covers all the latter day of Hellenic life, but peculiarly strong is it written upon the thought and in the literature of the closing years of the sixth century and of the greater portions of the faith. The sixth century marked a period of genuine religious revival, —not a revival merely of observance and rites, but a stirring of the personal interest in matters of faith and personal destiny that approaches the development of what we know as personal religion. We miss, to be sure, from our point of view, the firm outlines of a formulated theologic faith concerning personal relation to the eternal, such as we are wont to identify with personal religion; but men were thinking in terms of individual responsibility, and forms of theology distinct from the state and tribal types were emerging and were preparing the way for the rationalism of which Euripides stands in literature as the early exponent.

Expressions concerning the life after death, however much they might cling to the traditional moulds of the old-time, or to what we may call the Homeric, faith regarding the geography of Hades, showed, as contrasted with the Homeric view, a radical change in the conception of the life itself. Thus Pindar:

"Victory setteth free the essayer from the struggle's griefs, yea, and the wealth that a noble nature hath made glorious bringeth power for this and that, puting into the heart of man a deep and eager mood, a

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star far seen, a light wherein a man shall trust, if but the holder thereof knoweth the things that shall be, how that of all who die the guilty souls pay penalty, for all the sins sinned in this realm of Zeus One judgeth under earth, pronouncing sentence by unloved constraint.

"But evenly ever in sunlight night and day an unlaborious life the good receive, neither with violent hand vex they the earth nor the waters of the sea, in that new world; but with the honored of the gods, whosoever had pleasure in keeping of oaths, they possess a tearless life; but the other part suffer pain too dire to look upon.

"Then whosoever have been of good courage to the abiding steadfast thrice on either side of death, and have refrained their souls from all iniquity, travel the road of Zeus unto the tower of Kronos; there around the islands of the blest the ocean breezes blow, and golden flowers are glowing, some from the land on trees of splendor, and some the water feedeth, with wreaths whereof they entwine their hands. So ordereth Rhadamanthos' just decree, whom at his own right hand hath ever the father Kronos, husband of Rhea, throned above all worlds."

Similarly in the following fragments of dirges:

"For them shineth below the strength of the sun while in our world it is night, and the space of crimson-flowered meadows before their city is full of the shade of frankincense trees, and of fruits of gold. And some in horses, and in bodily feats, and some in dice, and some in harp-playing have delight; and among them thriveth all fair-flowered bliss and fragrance streameth ever through the lovely land, as they mingle incense of every kind upon the altars of the gods.

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"By happy lot travel all unto an end that giveth them rest from toils. And the body indeed is subject unto the great power of death, but there remaineth yet alive a shadow of the life; for this only is from the gods; and while the limbs stir, it sleepeth, but unto sleepers in dreams discovereth oftentimes the judgment that draweth nigh for sorrow or for joy."

Most significant here, as betraying how fully Pindar's thought shaped itself in Dionysiac or Orphic moulds, are the expressions "this only is from the gods," and "while the limbs stir, it sleepeth." The real existence of the soul as the divine element of man's life is the existence freed from the constraint of the body which dulls it and prevents it from seeing and knowing darkly." . . . It is in the light of this sense for a clearly. This is Paul's "Now we see in a mirror continuance of personal ties beyond the grave, that the Attic sepulchral monuments, with their peaceful scenes of family reunion and association, must find their rightful interpretation. It remained now for Plato, in harmony with this newly quickened conception of a real personal continuance after death and continuance in a life bearing relations to the life on earth, to offer the first philosophic argument for the immortality of the soul.

The chirping psyches of Homer's nether world were mere phantom apologies to a stolid, helpless belief in continuance; the offerings to the dead practised among the early non-Homeric Greeks were a tribute to the idea of tribal and family unity. This was all that the older faith of the Greeks could offer.

With Dionysos, however, there came into Greek religion and thought a new element, an utterly new point of view. He taught his followers to know that

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the inner life of man, the soul, is of like substance with the gods, and that it may commune with the divine. Before the days of his revelation there had been between the generations of mortal men, who fell like the generations of leaves, and the undying gods whose food is ambrosia and whose drink nectar, a gulf fixed deep and impassable. After his revelation the soul was divine and might claim an immortality like to that of the gods.

Dionysos had waited long in the vales of Nysa and Parnassos, buried like the uncut gem in crude and uncouth guise, but when the need and desire of men sought after him he came to help. A human hand, lifting its grasp toward immortality, stands a mute witness to a consciousness arising in the single human soul that it has a meaning in itself, that it has a purpose and a mission of its own, that it holds direct account with the heart of the world, and of a world to whose peerage it belongs and with whose plan and reason it has rights and a hearing.

The faiths of men are quoted under various names and are set forth in various articles, but we may not be confused thereby, for men are men; control of nature has grown stronger and history longer since the day when Greece first frankly and straight looked nature and life in the face, but man himself stays much the same,—given the same conditions, the plain touch of need makes all the centuries kin.

If in the throb of Dionysos's passion men seem to gain an insight into the spiritual harmonies of nature, and intimations of their own potential kinship with the divine, which cold reason and dull sense had not availed to give, it was still dim, groping vision; but yet the face was set thither, where, in a later day,—a day for which Greece and Dionysos prepared,—

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men learned through the Convincing Love to know and live the eternity within them.

Berkeley, Cal.

Josiah Royce, Ph.D., LL.D., Professor of the History of Philosophy, Harvard University, in his Ingersoll lecture, "The Conception of Immortality."

. . . When we ask about the Immortality of Man, it is the permanence of the Individual Man concerning which we mean to inquire, and not primarily the permanence of the human type, as such, nor the permanence of any other system of laws or relationships.

But in philosophy we who study any of these fundamental problems are unwilling to assert anything about a given subject, unless we first understand what we mean by that subject. Philosophy turns altogether upon trying to find out what our various fundamental ideas mean. Thus, when in practical life, you act dutifully, you may not be wholly clear as to just what you mean by your duty; but when you study Moral Philosophy your primal question is, What does the very Idea of Duty mean? Now precisely so, in case of the Immortality of the Individual Man, the question arises, What do we mean when we talk of an individual man at all? But this question, to my mind, is not a mere preliminary to an inquiry concerning immortality, but it includes by far the larger part of just that inquiry itself. For unless we know

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*For President Wheeler's scholarly exposition of the Greek faith in immortality as affected by the rise of individualism, see the volume published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. These extracts are from the concluding pages of the lecture.

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what an individual man is, we have no business even to raise the question whether he is immortal. But, on the other hand, if we can discover what we mean by an individual man, the very answer to that question will take us so far into the heart of things, and will imply so much as to our views about God, the World, and Man's place in the world, that the question about the immortality of man will become, in a great measure, a mere incident in the course of this deeper discussion. Accordingly, I shall here raise, and for the larger part of this lecture shall pursue, an inquiry concerning what we mean by an Individual Man. Only towards the end of this discussion shall we come clearly to see that in defining the Individual Man, we have indeed been defining his Immortality.

. . .

So far, then, as we live and strive at all, our lives are various, are needed for the whole, and are unique. No one of these lives can be substituted for another. No one of us finite beings can take another's place. And all this is true just because the Universe is one significant whole.

That follows from our general doctrine concerning our unique relation, as various finite expressions taking place within the single whole of the divine life. But now, with this result in mind, let us return again to the finite realms, and descend from our glimpse of the divine life to the dim shadows and to the wilderness of this world, and ask afresh: But *what* is the meaning of my life just now? What place do I fill in God's world that nobody else either fills or can fill?

How disheartening in one sense is still the inevitable answer. I state that answer again in all its negative harshness. I reply simply: For myself, I do not now know in any concrete human terms wherein

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my individuality consists. In my present human form of consciousness I simply canot tell. If I look to see what I ever did that, for all I now know, some other man might not have done, I am utterly unable to discover the certainly unique deed. . . . I only know that I have always tried to be myself and nobody else. This mere aim I indeed have observed, but that is all. As for you, my beloved friend, I loyally believe in your uniqueness; but whenever I try to tell you wherein it consists, I helplessly describe only a type. That type may be uncommon. But it is not you. For as soon as described, it might have other examples. But you are alone. Yet I never tell what you are. And if your face lights up my world as no other can—well, this feeling too, when viewed as the mere psychologist has to view it, appears to be simply what all the other friends report about their friends. It is an old story, this life of ours. There is nothing new under our sun. Nothing new, that is, for us, as we now feel and think. When we imagine that we have seen or defined uniqueness and novelty, we soon feel a little later the illusion. We live thus, in one sense, so lonesomely here. For we love individuals; we trust in them; we honor and pursue them; we glorify them and hope to know them. But after we have once become keenly critical and worldly wise, we know, if we are sufficiently thoughtful, that we men can never either find them with our eyes, or define them in our minds; and that hopelessness of finding what we most love makes some of us cynical, and turns others of us into lovers of barren abstractions, and renders still others of us slaves to monotonous affairs that have lost for us the true individual meaning and novelty that we had hoped to find in them. Ah, one of the deepest trage-

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dies of this human existence of ours lies in this very loneliness of the awakened critics of life. We seek true individuality and the true individuals. But we find them not. For lo, we mortals see what our poor eyes can see; and they, the true individuals,—they belong not to this world of our merely *human sense and thought.*

They belong not to this world, in so far as our sense and our thought now show us this world! Ah, therein,—just therein lies this very proof that they even now belong to a higher and to a richer realm than ours. Herein lies the very sign of their true immortality. For they are indeed real, these individuals. We know this, first, because we mean them and seek them. We know this, secondly, because, in this very longing of ours, God too longs; and because the Absolute life itself, which dwells in our life, and inspires these very longings, possesses the true world, and *is* that world. For the Absolute, as we now know, all life is individual, but is individual as expressing a meaning. Precisely what is unexpressed here, then, in our world of mortal glimpses of truth, precisely what is sought and longed for, but never won in this our human form of consciousness, just that is interpreted, is developed into its true wholeness, is won in its fitting form, and is expressed, in all the rich variety of individual meaning that love here seeks, but cannot find, and is expressed too as a portion, unique, conscious, and individual, of an Absolute Life that even now pulsates in every one of our desires for the ideal and for the individual. We all even now really dwell in this realm of a reality that is not visible to human eyes. We dwell there as individuals. The oneness of the Absolute Will lives in and through all this variety of life and love and longing that now is ours, but cannot live in and through

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all without working out to the full precisely that individuality of purpose, that will to choose and to love the unique, which is in all of us the deepest expression of the ideal. Just because, then, God is One, all our lives have various and unique places in the harmony of the divine life. And just because God attains and wins and finds this uniqueness, all our lives win in our union with him the individuality which is essential to their true meaning. And just because individuals whose lives have uniqueness of meaning are here only objects of pursuit, the attainment of this very individuality, since it is indeed real, occurs not in our present form of consciousness, but in a life that now we see not, yet in a life whose genuine meaning is continuous with our own human life, however far from our present flickering form of disappointed human consciousness that life of the final individuality may be. Of this our true individual life, our present life is a glimpse, a fragment, a hint, and in its best moments a visible beginning. That this individual life of all of us is not something limited in its temporal expression to the life that we now experience, follows from the very fact that here nothing final or individual is found expressed.

I have had time thus only to hint at what to my mind is the true basis of a rational conception of Immortality. I do not wish to have the concrete definitions of the prophecies which can be based upon this conception in the least overrated. Individuality we mean and seek. That, in God, we win and consciously win, and in a life that is not this present mortal life. But we also seek pleasure, riches, joys. Those, so far as they are mere types of facts, we as individuals have no right to expect to win, either here or elsewhere, in the form in which we now seek them. How, when, where, in what particular higher

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form of finite consciousness our various individual meanings get their final and unique expression, I also in no wise pretend to know or to guess. The confidence of the student of philosophy when he speaks of the Absolute, arouses a curiously false impression in some minds that he supposes himself able to pierce further into all the other mysteries of the world than others do. But that is a mistake. I have had no time here to give even to my argument for my conception of the Absolute any sort of exact statement or defense. I well know how vague my hints of general idealism have been. I can only say that for that aspect of my argument I have tried to give, in a proper place, a fitting defense.

The case, however, for the present application of my argument to the problem of Human immortality lies simply in these plain considerations: (1) The world is a rational whole, a life, wherein the divine will is uniquely expressed. (2) Every aspect of the Absolute Life must therefore be unique with the uniqueness of the whole, and must mean something that can only get an individual expression. (3) But in this present life, while we constantly intend and mean to be and to love and know individuals, there are, for our present form of consciousness, no true individuals to be found or expressed with the conscious materials now at our disposal. (4) Yet our life, by virtue of its unity with the Divine Life, must receive in the end a genuinely individual and significant expression. (5) We men, therefore, to ourselves, as we feel our own strivings within us, and to one another as we strive to find one another, and to express ourselves to one another, are hints of a real and various individuality that is not now revealed to us, and that cannot be revealed in any life which merely assumes our present form of consciousness,

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or which is limited by what we observe between our birth and death. (6) And so, finally, the various and general individuality which we are now loyally meaning to express gets, from the Absolute point of view, its final and conscious expression in a life that, like all life such as Idealism recognizes, is conscious, and that in its meaning, although not at all necessarily in time or in space, is continuous with the fragmentary and flickering existence wherein we now see through a glass darkly our relations to God and to the final truth.

I know not in the least, I pretend not to guess, by what processes this individuality of our human life is further expressed, whether through many tribulations as here, or whether by a more direct road to individual fulfillment and peace. I know only that our various meanings, through whatever vicissitudes of fortune, consciously come to what we individually, and God in whom alone we are individuals, shall together regard as the attainment of our unique place, and of our true relationships both to other individuals and to the all inclusive Individual, God himself. Further into the occult it is not the business of philosophy to go. My nearest friends are already, as we have seen, occult enough for me. I wait until this mortal shall put on—Individuality.

Cambridge, Mass.

Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart, Author, in "A Golden Wedding and Other Tales."

The sisters turned to each other, opened their arms,

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*For Prof. Royce's consideration of Individual Man, his relationship to humanity and to the Divine Life, see the book "The Conception of Immortality," pages 4 to 70.

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and fell sobbing each upon the other's shoulder. Thus they sat for some moments, and when they raised their heads they were alone.

"I hope," said Miss Sophia, wiping her eyes, "I hope pa and ma's been a 'lookin' on an' list'nin', Sis! 'Twould make 'em happier, even in Heaven."

"Yas—an' Sonny too, dearie. I hope he's been present—though I doubt if he'd keer so much. I believe he'd enjoyed more bein' upstairs las' night, a-studyin' the birds with them gentlemen."

"I reckon you're right, Sis, and maybe he was. I don't be'lieve the good Lord'd hinder 'im if he wanted to come."

New York City.

Brig.-Gen. Roeliff Brinkerhoff, Banker and Philanthropist, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST

. . . Let me suggest to the inquirer to focus attention upon one of these alleged miracles, and the greatest of all, which is the resurrection of Christ from the dead. If that statement of fact is proved to be true, there is no occasion to waste time on the other miracles. Some of them may be unverified traditions, and many of the Old Testament stories may be myths or allegories, but what care we if Christ rose from the dead? For in that event he was a divine teacher, and all his promises of the life that now is and of that which is to come are trustworthy. All I can do is to point the way, with the assurance that starting as a skeptical lawyer, over fifty years ago, I have repeatedly gone over the whole field, and have kept pace fairly well, I think, with all modern criticism.

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Hence my deliberate conclusion is that there is no fact in history contemporary with or antecedent to the death of Christ which is so fully authenticated as that which claims that Jesus Christ rose from the dead, and that the gospel narratives of that event are strictly true. I do not believe that any jury of average intelligence, with the facts before them, would fail to bring in a unanimous verdict, "Proved beyond a reasonable doubt."

This is the most momentous question that can be presented to the human mind. Upon its truthfulness Christianity as a divine revelation must stand or fall. The Apostle Paul understood this perfectly, and he is one of our most important witnesses, as he was the first to put into writing the facts within his knowledge. Paul in his first letter to the Corinthians (the genuineness of which is not disputed by friend or foe), Chapter xv, verse 14, says: "If Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith also is vain." Elsewhere he says there were about five hundred brethren who, like himself, had seen the risen Christ, and the most of them were yet alive. (Second Corinthians, xv. 5.)

Wherever Paul went the burden of his message was "Christ and the resurrection," and because of it he received scourings and imprisonments, and many other indignities, and finally death itself by martyrdom. Was Paul a liar?

Contemporary with Paul were the other apostles, whose testimony we have in the four gospels, as recorded by Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, and the Acts of the Apostles as recorded by Luke. Is the testimony of these witnesses trustworthy?

To me the grandest moment in human history was the meeting of Christ with Mary Magdalene in the garden, and when, upon speaking her name in glad

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recognition, she exclaimed, "Rabboni," (my great master). I can never read this account or even think of it except with eyes moistened by contagious joy.

For fifty years past the leading text book on evidence is conceded by all lawyers to be "Greenleaf on Evidence," and these rules of evidence were applied by him in a separate volume, entitled "The Testimony of the Evangelists." The four gospels are printed in parallel columns, and all apparent differences are considered as they would be in a court of law, and the result is a triumphant verdict in favor of their truthfulness, and no lawyer, so far as I have knowledge, has ever questioned its correctness. Greenleaf only considers the testimony of the four evangelists, but in addition we have the events that followed, as recorded in the epistles of Paul, and in the Acts of the Apostles by Luke.

What these men did who claimed to be eye witnesses of the appearance of the risen Christ is a matter of authentic history. Without any hesitancy they went everywhere proclaiming Christ and the resurrection. Every one of these twelve apostles, with the exception of John, went to martyrdom. Did they go to death with a lie in their mouths? Accepting their testimony as true, countless thousands following their example went to martyrdom. Was all that sacrifice and suffering based upon a lie?

Whatever we may think of the origin of Christianity, no sane mind will deny that it is the most potent and beneficent fact in history. Like every other potential force, whether material or spiritual, its development, with many relapses, has been through storm and struggle and the survival of the fittest, in accordance wiith the universal law of evolution. Through many centuries slowly but surely the precepts of the Divine Nazarene have elevated and

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humanized the nations, and to-day whatever we have worthy of preservation in our boasted civilization is the outgrowth of Christianity as surely as an oak is the outgrowth of an acorn. . . .

No man who has ever lived upon the earth has had a happier life than I have had, and yet if that is all it only enhances the horror of the possibility of non-existence hereafter. A God who would perpetrate such a condition would be a fiend and not a Father.

No, no! Christ is risen, and He says that whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish, but shall have everlasting life.

Mansfield, O.

Nathaniel S. Shaler, Sc. D., Dean of Lawrence Scientific School and Professor of Geology, Harvard University, in "The Interpretation of Nature."

THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL FROM THE POINT OF VIEW OF NATURAL SCIENCE*

. . . The attitude of scientific men towards the doctrine of the personal immortality of the soul appears to be a matter of much interest to the public. Every teacher in this field of inquiry finds himself subject to frequent interrogations as to the measure of his belief in a future life, and he readily discovers that his answers have an undue weight with those who hear them. There is hardly sufficient reason for this desire to ascertain the views of naturalists con-

*Originally one of the course of lectures on the Winkley foundation given by Prof. Shaler before the students of Andover Theological Seminary, 1891.

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cerning a problem which clearly lies beyond their province. The rules of their calling limit them to considerations which have a place in the phenomenal world alone. If they go far from the facts with which they have to deal, they transgress the limits of their clearly defined field, and enter wildernesses which they have no right to tread. If they essay journeys there, they must make them without the semblance of authority. . . . Although the students of nature are by the rules of their craft limited to the phenomenal world, they have been wont to express their convictions as to the possibilities of existence in forms independent of the body, and often given their verdict as to the immortality of the soul in a very authoritative manner. In general their verdict has been adverse to the doctrine of immortality. I propose to consider the nature of the foundations of this judgment, and in general to take account of the facts which appear to make for or against the view that the essential qualities of men survive the process of death. The reader should not expect much profit from these considerations; yet while the results will have a negative rather than a positive value, they may serve in a way to clear the ground of certain incumbrances, and to show in a definite manner the proper attitude of those who cultivate physical science towards the large questions of the hereafter.

When the method of interpreting nature by means of observations parted from the more ancient system in which the phenomena of the world were accounted for by the direct interference of a supernatural power, the votaries of the new science naturally became at once, and to a very great extent, emancipated from the bondage of ancient beliefs. They seemed to themselves to enter upon a terrestrial para-

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dise which appeared well walled off from the mystical realm; they were in a measure excommunicated by the older faith, and they rejoiced in their new-found freedom. . . . Many a man of to-day personally experiences the influence of this transition which he may trace in the whole history of natural science. If from the intangible realm of faith or philosophy, where he sees dimly or not at all, he comes to the study of clear-cut natural facts, he is apt to be enchanted with the clear seeing which he at once enjoys. . . . For a time he seems to be in a realm of light; he fancies that his new province is so replete with certainties that he will never have again to deal with shadowy things. Antecedent and consequent are so distinctly enchained that there seems no place for doubt; but as the student goes on in his work he finds that his ways lead from beneath the vertical sun which illuminates simple truths to regions where the rays become more and more aslant, and in the end the light fails him altogether. He is then in the place of our science of to-day, where the men of science become conscious of the fact that they, too, have to explore the darkness if they would seek the answer of all their larger questions. . . .

The sturdy, self-satisfied denials of immortality; the confident statements of men who said there was no soul because they could not find it with the knife or weigh it in the balance, were put forth in the days when naturalists had but begun their inquiries in the phenomenal world. Year by year they have learned a fitter distrust as to their right to pass a final judgment in this matter. Steadfastly they have come to perceive more clearly the truth that they really abide in a universe, and that the part which is revealed to them is to the sum of the facts only as one to infinity. Gradually it has been forced upon them that they

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too have to assume the intangible if they would take any firm steps in explaining series of facts with which they have to deal. A large part of this caution is due to our study of organic phenomena, especially in that part of the biologic field where the investigator has to consider the marvellous truths of inheritance. In face of these facts of descent, the most pragmatic naturalist is sure to learn some caution in his criticism of philosophers and theologians.

In general it may be said that the most insistent expressions of disbelief as to the endurance of the individual after the body has been resolved into its elements have come from the students of biology, mainly from those who have been concerned in the anatomical study of the human body. In these men the habit of the commonplace, which so tends to degrade all our conceptions of nature, has led to the belief that the unseen was non-existent. It is difficult for the most fair-minded student of organic forms to perceive the magnitude of the unknown in all that pertains to psychic phenomena, so long as his inquiries are limited to an individual creature. The most important effect from that new aspect of our science which we term Darwinian is found in the fact that it has forced students to look upon each separate organism as a mere phase in the propagation of a great impulse, which has been transmitted through an inconceivably long series from the remote past. Here, indeed, we find the spiritual element in our modern biologic science, which has already greatly affected, though it has but begun to influence, the minds of naturalists.

Not only has this sense of the profound depth of the unknown sobered the minds of students who concern themselves with the organic world, but a change in the views concerning the constitution of matter has

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also done much to bring them to a new attitude as to the substantial foundations of the phenomena with which they have to deal. A generation ago we conceived that matter was an inert something which was quickened into activity by energy, and that this energy was in its nature essentially different from the physical basis of the universe. The confidence of those who held to the opinions commonly termed materialistic was largely due to this belief in the dual organization of nature. Observing the ever-changing character of the natural forces and the endless transmutations which they undergo in action, and noting at the same time what seemed to them the inert character of substance except when stirred into motion, or built into form, they naturally were led to deny the immortality of the soul, and to base their negations, as they supposed, on a firm material foundation. Of late years, however, the opinion has been gaining among physicists that matter itself is but a mode of action of energy, and so in place of the dualistic basis, naturalists are being driven to a conception of unity as regards the phenomenal world.

. . . .

Until the phenomena of inheritance were in a measure appreciated, biologists generally considered psychic action to be a mere function of the nervous system and to owe its manifestations to some peculiarity in the structure of that organic part. They regarded the mind of man as a direct product of the brain, and explained the coincidences which we find among all the individuals of a kind as fully accounted for by the likeness in the machinery of this great nerve centre. It was therefore only necessary to explain the uniformity in structure of the central parts in order sufficiently to explain the organ of the likeness of the mental phenomena in man or any other

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species of animal; they had but to suppose a law enforcing the shape of those parts to account for the uniformity of the product.

The facts already ascertained concerning the conditions of inheritance, although they are only a small part of what we have to learn in the matter, show us clearly that the ancient apparently simple explanation of mental phenomena can no longer be safely trusted. If a mechanical explanation can be used at all, it must be vastly more complicated than that which has been hitherto adduced. It is clear that all the essential qualities of the mind pass from generation to generation over the reproductive bridge, borne onward in the keeping of chemical molecules. Although in the higher forms the ovum has the cell character, in all species, even up to man, the male element, which is at least as potent as the female loses its cellular structure and transmits its qualities through its molecular organization alone. If there be any organization of these molecules other than that of a purely chemical kind, the fact entirely escapes our apprehension. It is moreover in a high degree improbable that any such unseen shaping actually occurs. We are thus forced to the conclusion that the ongoing of life from generation to generation is brought about in large measure by influences which may be given over for transmission to the simpler aggregates of matter. We have to suppose that these associations of atoms, at most a few score or a few hundred in number, which are the units of the protoplasmic mass, can effectively contain and transmit the important elements of experience acquired by myriads of ancestors; that they can convey this experience to other molecules, and so from generation to generation of the molecular series; that the

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impulses will assert themselves at the right time and place in the developing organism.

The way in which the generational transmission is effected not only goes quite beyond our field of knowledge, but appears also to transcend the limits of the scientific imagination.

There is only one conclusion of evident value, at least at the present time, which we can gain from the facts above noted, and this is in effect that matter, even in its simpler states of organization in the atom or molecule, may contain a practically infinite body of latent powers. So far, of course, we have seen this soul-bearing capacity of matter in its simpler states only in the organic realms; but he would be a rash man who should affirm that this was the only place in nature where the material or chemical substances were enabled to become the keepers of intellectual seed. From an *a priori* point of view, and without reference to the facts which we have gained concerning the sequences of ordinary life, it appears to me less difficult to suppose the capacities of an individual mind, to be perpetuated after death, and this in a natural manner, than to explain the phenomena of inheritance which are clearly indicated in the organic series. To account for these evident truths demands the supposition of such colossal potentialities in the psychic capacities of matter that we can hardly see a limit to the field of its possible action.

It is quite beyond the province of the naturalist to suggest any ways in which intelligence, parted by death from its habitation, can be preserved; he has no evidence that such preservation actually occurs. He should be the last man to deny that the vast body of individual experience which seems to indicate the existence of visible forms representing the departed, is a mere mass of falsehoods; he can only say that the

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conditions of all such observations are such as make anything like scientific inquiry exceedingly difficult if not quite impossible. It is too soon to say what may come forth from the devoted inquiries of those persons who, in certain cases well trained in observation, are giving their lives in endeavoring to verify these ancient beliefs in apparitions. . . .

There is another effect which bears on the interest in immortality, one derived from the close study of nature, which is hard to set forth in words. When the student comes to feel, as the intellectually prosperous naturalist always does, that he is part of a vast tide, or rather a portion of a gigantic organization which is moving forward steadfastly in the control of an order, of a purpose, he becomes content to abandon himself to the power which controls his action, or rather we should say to go freely and energetically in the path on which he is impelled, without regard to the goal, but with perfect confidence that whatever the destination it is in all senses fit. If he is to live forever, that life will be good for the whole; if he is to be extinguished or changed, as are the mere vibrations of matter, then that, too, is for the good of the whole. . . .

There is yet another effect arising from the study of nature which is not without its influence on our views concerning immortality. This is due to the fact that most naturalists acquire a kind of instinct which leads them to suppose underlying purposes, or at least continuous trends, in the course of universal events. Thus they perceive a steadfast progress from the lower stages of inorganic to the higher forms of organic existence. It seems, in a way, a denial of the observed order to suppose that the series is interrupted with the death which overtakes each individual, and which must, with the

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cooling of the suns, overwhelm all the higher life which the planets bear. For one, I cannot help looking upon absolute death, that kind of passing away which would leave organic life quite without issue, as in a way offensive to my understanding, and as a measure out of the observed order of phenomena. Clearly the trend of all the ages the history of which we can trace has led to the integration of energy in higher intelligence. It is a most unsatisfactory supposition that all this toil and pains is to be without fruit. It is by no means certain that the fit harvest is personal immortality; but, so far as we can see, the unknown continuation of the known is best satisfied by the hypothesis that life is in some way perpetuated, with all the personal profit which has been attained by that greatest of all natural results, the individual soul.*

Cambridge, Mass.

Felix Adler, Ph.D., Professor of Political and Social Ethics, Columbia University, Founder New York Society for Ethical Culture, in "Life and Destiny."

IMMORTALITY

The dead are not dead if we have loved them truly. In our own lives we can give them a kind of immortality. Let us arise and take up the work they have left unfinished, and preserve intact the treasures they have won, and round out, if possible, the circuit of their being to the fulness of an ampler orbit in our own.

They that have left us are not afar; their presence is near and real, a silent and august companionship. In still hours of meditation, in the stress of action,

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*Prof. Shaler died April 10, 1906.

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in the midst of trials and temptations, we hear their voices whispering words of cheer or warning, and our deeds are, in a sense, their deeds, and our lives their lives.

So does the light of other days still shine in the bright-hued flowers that clothe our fields. So do they who have long since been gathered into the silent city of the dead still live in the deeds we do for their sake, in the earnest effort we put forth toward greater rectitude, patience, purity, under the influence of their unforgetable memories.

The conservation of moral energy is in a certain sense as true as the conservation of mechanical energy. We are not dust merely that returns to dust; we are not summer flies that bask in the sunshine of a passing day; we are not bounded in our influence by the narrow boundary of our years. In aspiring to noble ends, the soul takes on something of the greatness of that which it truly admires.

The evident disparity between virtue and happiness has led men to take refuge in the thought of compensation hereafter, and the necessity of a future state in which the good shall be rewarded and the evil punished has been deduced from the very inequities and moral inconsistencies of our present experience. The argument in this specific form is worthless; but it is based, nevertheless, upon a capital truth—the truth, namely, that our moral ideal is destined to be realized, though we may not now know *how* it will be realized.

Vast possibilities suggest themselves to us of an order of existence wholly different from all that we have ever known; a gleam reaches the eye, as it were, from a far celestial land, and the crimson dawn of a sun of Truth appears, to which the splendors of our earthly mornings are as obscurity.

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OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

As for myself, I admit that I do not so much desire immortality as that I do not see how I can escape it. If I, as an individual, am actually under obligation to achieve perfection, if the command "Be ye therefore perfect" is addressed, not only to the human race in general, but to every single member of it (and it is thus that I must interpret the moral imperative), then on moral grounds I do not see how my being can stop short of the attainment marked out for it, of the goal set up for it.

What may be the nature of that other life it is impossible to know and it is useless to speculate. Such terms as consciousness, individuality, even personality, are but finite screens which give no adequate clew to the infinite for which they stand. Only this I feel warranted in holding fast to—that the root of my selfhood, the best that is in me, my true and only being, cannot perish. In regard to that the notion of death seems to me to be irrelevant.

New York City.

James M. Peebles, A. M., M. D., Ph.D., Editor and Physician, in "Immortality and Our Employments Hereafter."

THE MYSTERIES OF LIFE

. . . All organic life begins in a simple cell. Every organized structure is but an aggregation of these cells; and not only the specific form which the aggregate assumes, but the distinctive character of each component cell depends upon a soul-germ or pre-existing type which embodies the *genius* or *idea* of which the material structure is plus the influences of the environment, the expression.

"A single elementary atom," says that prince of

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modern philosophers, Professor Balfour Stewart, "is a truly immortal being, and enjoys the privilege of remaining unaltered by the powerful blows that can be dealt against it." No solid thinker believes in the destructibility of either matter or spirit. The conservation of spiritual energies is as true as the demonstrated conservation of forces.

The soul being a living force, is necessarily immortal. It is the visible and phenomenal forms and qualities only that change. The celestial angels ever see these elementary atoms,—these unconscious monads that exist in the golden splendor of their underived immortality. Infilled with pure spirit,—aflame with the divine life—these monads, these "firsts" of things, vibrate, rotate, repel, unite, form organic relations, and, in obedience to the laws of universal order, take on an ultimate expression by becoming incarnated in a material form.

Consciousness is coëval and coördinate with life. What we commonly consider our soul is not, logically speaking, ours; but we are its. The soul—a potentialized and individualized portion of the Over-Soul, God—is the man. Life is the aromal garment of the spirit, and its most immediate vehicle of expression. The spiritual is the real, the permanent, and each mortal is in the spirit world now, though veiled from its surpassing glories by the material organism. The Divine Order prescribes the descent of the soul into a mortal body, and by that descent the spiritual perceptions become temporarily dimmed; they are folded away, as it were, in a casket, and lie in a state of partial inaction during the night-season of earthly unfoldment, preparatory to the splendors of a new cycle of wakefulness and unobscured lucidity.

Absence of consciousness is no proof of non-exist-

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ence, inasmuch as sleep and wakefulness are alternating *states* of the thinking man; and these states should not be confounded with the subject to which they relate. The individual who becomes blind from a cataract upon the eye is still in the same world. Traveling, even into foreign countries, does not help him to the light; but remove the film, and he readily perceives that the light is all around him. The spiritual senses are so eclipsed, so bleared with the material, that we do not see the spiritual world that bathes and enfolds us like a crystal ocean.

Electricity, light, magnetism, interstellar ether,—*these* are only the realized envelopes and elastic vehicles of spiritual forces. Certain conditions develop or bring into outward expression their potentialities. And *laws*, so called, are the deific methods, the defined order in which the Divine Presence operates. Essential Spirit alone interpermeates and constitutes the qualities of all things. There are no abstract qualities,—that is to say, qualities abstracted from their substances. They inhere in them. Strength is not outside of the being that exercises it. Acid properties do not exist apart from the substances containing them. So love, goodness, truth, are not abstract powers, but necessary attributes that inhere in the very constitution of every sentient being, whether man or angel. Accordingly, men and women are spirits now. They live and walk in the spirit world, though encased in mortal clothing; their sensations, qualities, and all their higher emotions, are also spiritual, yet veiled for the present under the vestured disguise of matter.

It will be admitted that extension, divisibility, and inertia are among the principal attributes of matter. But be this as it may, matter at most is only the unreal, shadowy shell of things—the passive or stat-

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ical condition for the action of force. It serves as the limiting wall for the utilization of spiritual energies. It is the background upon which the panorama of creation is projected. It is the agent of reaction, as the counterpoise to action, without which equilibrium and the perpetuity of movement would be impossible.

The theory that force is an attribute of matter is disproved by the fact of inertia. It cannot change its state. It will ultimately be shown, I believe, that *inertia* is the sole attribute of matter, while the other properties usually ascribed to it are simply secondary qualities which inertia involves. Force, therefore, is the antithesis of matter, not simply one of its attributes. *Will* is the single attribute of force, and will is self-determining,—not motion, but the antecedent of motion, and the antithesis of inertia.

"All that we can affirm of matter," says the learned Clerk Maxwell, "is that it is the recipient of impulse and of energy." And yet materialists, and doubtless the majority of ordinary men, have come to think from their long familiarity with matter that physical forms constitute the only real, that matter is more permanent and substantial than spirit. This is a fatal mistake. . . .

This system of reasoning, on the part of materialists, fails to convince the intellect or meet the noblest aspirations of the human soul. Thinkers ought to understand, so it seems to me, that all laws, principles, aspirations, thoughts, ideas, and unseen forces are, while imponderable and invisible, allied to the spiritual realm of existence, the realm of the real, the perpetual, the permanent, and the immortal!

Mortal life is only an incident—a tremendous eddy in the cycling stream of time. We are the dead; human bodies are little more than graves. The de-

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parted, the invisible, are the truly living. The apostle of old denominated the body the "temple of God;" while an ancient prophet, writing under the divine afflatus, termed the soul "the candle of the Lord." This candle, this luminous spark of divinity, incarnated in the templed organism, manifests itself through the cranial organs, and shines out through the features. It takes cognizance of earthly things, gathers rich experiences, builds up and perfects the spiritual body, and awaiting deliverance, is finally translated in the resurrection chariot to the world of spirits, the homes of the angels, the many-mansioned house of the Father.*

Battle Creek, Mich.

James H. Hyslop, Ph.D., Professor of Logic and Ethics, Columbia University.

IMMORTALITY AND PSYCHICAL RESEARCH

(From an article in the *New World.*)

. . . It will be impossible in the space of this article to give an adequate account of the facts in

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*Dr. Peebles, who is a well-known spiritualist, believes that the souls of certain peculiarly organized persons at times leave their bodies and traverse the spheres of infinity. In his book "Immortality," he cites such instances, and gives also the testimony of many spirits who have communicated with mediums or psychics in this life.

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this investigation, which claims scientific evidence for immortality.*

It would be an easy matter to criticize any abbreviated account of the case, and hence I must leave the interested student to go to the original documents for an examination of the evidence himself; this should be done with extreme care, or not at all. The only duty that I can perform here is to state my own conclusions after ten years' study and skeptical reservations in the case, and it is my purpose still to maintain as much skeptical reservation as the circumstances will allow.

The first thing to remark is the alternative hypotheses which have to be entertained in the explanation of the phenomena obtained in the investigation of this one case of alleged mediumship (Mrs. Piper.) They are five: fraud, illusion, suggestion, telepathy, spiritism. . . . I shall not waste time or space in proving that there is no fraud involved. For every one who is familiar with the history of the case and the precautions observed to secure acceptable results, the question of conscious fraud is thrown out of court, and it is regarded as a waste of energy to discuss the matter with any one. . . . Nor can I take time to prove the genuineness of the trance. This is adequately established in the reports of the case, and, if doubted, can easily be proved or disproved by one thousandth part of the time, trouble, and expense that the Society has given to the investigation of the case. Assuming this genuineness, as I do here, the investigator finds that there is absolutely no resource for fraud of any sort except that

*Referring to the history of the Society for Psychical Research, of which that portion of the article preceding these extracts treats.

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of unconscious fraud. But he cannot even enter upon the reports without discovering that it accounts for nothing without assuming telepathy in combination with it, and, this once supposed, the whole possibility of the supernormal is admitted, and there is no need of using the hypothesis of fraud, except as a formal method of limiting the actual field of the supernormal. After finding that I had to dismiss both conscious and unconscious fraud from my judgment of the phenomena, and after reading the reports with the utmost care, I felt that possibly the evidence for the spiritistic theory might still be largely weakened by suggestion from the sitters, and possibly somewhat by illusions of interpretation applied to the incidents. I was convinced that telepathy was necessary to explain some of them, even if suggestion did account for a part of the record, and if spiritism was not to be accepted. My supposition was based upon a misunderstanding of the perfection of the record itself, as the early reports were admittedly imperfect and open to qualification from suspicion of this sort. Hence I arranged for sittings myself, which I conducted under conditions that completely excluded illusion and suggestion on my part and fraud on the part of the medium. I cannot detail the conditions here, but shall do so in my report, but they admit fraud only on the part of Dr. Hodgson and myself, and the facts obtained in the experiments were such that I unhesitatingly assert that I shall have to bear the brunt of all the suspicion on that account. For myself, then, I am reduced to a choice between telepathy and the spiritistic theory to explain the phenomena, and, for the present at least, I prefer the spiritistic view, or, perhaps, more respectably stated, the claim that the immortality of the soul has come within the sphere of legitimate scientific belief.

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(*From Proceedings of the Society for Physical Research, Vol. xvi., Part xli., Oct., 1901.*)

. . . (P. 246.) When it comes to collecting facts or statements purporting to represent a transcendental world, we must remember that there are two wholly distinct problems involved which ought not to be confused. The first is the existence of such a world, and the second is the conditions that characterize it. What will "prove" or render possible or probable the first will or may leave the second untouched. Taken in the special form of spiritism the two problems are (1) the *existence* of spirits, and (2) their *mode of life*. Unfortunately it seems that the majority of mankind, scientific and unscientific alike, have such a morbid interest in the latter question that they wholly ignore both the place which it should have in the truly scientific mind and the necessary insolubility of the problem in any such terms as they have been accustomed to represent their knowledge. Our chief complaint against the average spiritualist is that he assumes to know and describe the conditions of a life for which we have no experience or immediate data to make it intelligible. It ill becomes the scientific man to put himself on the level of the people that he effects to despise. But he does so when he asserts or assumes that we must know the conditions of a transcendental life before we can accept it as a fact. All our intelligible knowledge is represented by some form of sensory, or at least terrestrial experience. We cannot suppose any sensory phenomena in a discarnate soul with its loss of

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*This Part, of over 600 pages, consists entirely of Prof. Hyslop's Report on Mrs. Piper, with Addenda. It is a remarkably painstaking, impartial and interesting investigation.

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the very conditions of such, though, if we knew more than we do, we might find other means of getting impressions. But this assumption is too precarious to build our hypothesis upon it. Whatever the experiences of a discarnate soul, supposing it a fact, we have no means in the media of our scientific knowledge to determine how we shall think them. It would require the presence of a spiritual body even to suggest anything analogous to our sensory impressions. But a surviving soul, assuming that it has any consciousness of the past, could very well express or think in terms of its terrestrial life, and it would have to do so if there were any possibility of proving this survival. Hence the problem of personal identity is the first question to be settled.

What claims to be a spirit must be made to prove its veracity by proving its personal identity, and it can do this only by narrating its own terrestrial history in a way to break the theory of telepathy. The facts also must be verifiable. But when it has established its veracity, it does not follow that we are to accept any statements regarding transcendental conditions of life as intelligible. Veracity and intelligibility are not convertible. We may accept the veracity of a spirit after its identity has been proved, and yet, without rejecting the truth of its statements about spirit life, refuse to treat them as in any way important or intelligible for us. Statements about a discarnate life are, of course, worthless as evidence, because they are unverifiable, and even if veracious are in addition not necessarily intelligible. It is thus strange that men pretending to be scientific express their willingness to be converted to spiritism, if we shall only tell them what the conditions of life are in which a disembodied soul lives.

They avow their readiness to accept a doctrine on

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both unverifiable and unintelligible evidence. I for one refuse to do this. I have no interest in the conditions of such existence until I get there, unless they can be made intelligible to me. I refuse to be drawn aside from the only rational problem of science, which is personal identity, because within that field the facts, being reminiscences, may be both verifiable and intelligible. This limitation of the problem may make it insoluble in the estimation of some people. So be it: nevertheless, I admit no problem as prior to that of identity, and I consider any demand for unverifiable data and statements to involve a point of view worthy only of those whose follies and fraud have made it all but impossible to discuss a hereafter with patience or respect. The man who sets up for a scientist should be the last to sympathize with such a position, and should know both his method and the nature of the problem sufficiently to escape illusions on so fundamental a question. Spiritualism ought not to have a rival in the follies of the scientist who merely shelters himself under the shadow of a great authority without intelligence, and thus converts his own standard into credulity. . . .

It is apparent from all this that I give my adhesion to the theory that there is a future life and persistence of personal identity, that I am willing to make it provisional upon the establishment, by the non-believer in the supernormal of any kind, of sufficient telepathy, in combination with the other necessary processes, to account for the whole amazing result. All other questions I put out of court as not relevant, especially as there is not one sentence in my record from which I could even pretend to deduce a conception of what the life beyond the grave is. I have kept my mind steadily and only on the question

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whether some theory could not explain away the facts rather than accept spiritism. But I think that everyone without exception would admit that, superficially at least, the phenomena represent a good case for spiritism as a rational possibility. The fact of satisfying the criterion for personal identity can hardly be disputed by anyone on any theory whatever, whether of frauds, telepathy or spiritism. Hence, after excluding fraud, the only question is whether it is more consistent with the data at hand to believe that they can be better accounted for by telepathy with its necessary adjuncts than by the survival of consciousness after death.

I do not care how we conceive this survival, whether in the form of the traditional "spirit," or in the form of some centre of force either with or without the accompaniment of a "spiritual body," or again in the form of a continued mode of the Absolute. With these questions I have nothing to do as preliminary, but only as subsequent to the determination of personal identity. I am satisfied if the evidence forces us in our rational moods to tolerate the spiritistic theory as rationally possible and respectable, as against stretching telepathy and its adjuncts into infinity and omniscience.

New York City.

J. T. Trowbridge, A. M., Author, in "My Own Story."

Fully half a century ago, I became familiar with the phenomena of spiritualism, and had in my early and late investigations of them some quite astounding experiences, which no arguments based upon "jugglery," "hypnotism," "thought-transference," "sublimal consciousness," or anything of that sort, under whatever guise, could ever explain away. I

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was convinced that, under all the frauds and foibles that could be charged against mediums and their dupes, there were living truths,—that man has spirit-discerning powers, and that those who have embarked before us on the Unknown may send back to us signals more or less intelligible through the mists that have closed in upon their voyage. I found in the communications so much that was confused and misleading that I gradually ceased to consult them after I had become fully satisfied as to their source; but the faith, thus established, has never faltered; and to it I have owed, especially in times of bereavement, many consolations. Even though the identity of the voices may sometimes rest in doubt, much yet remains. The assurance remains, not new indeed, but ever more vitally renewed, that the soul itself has occult faculties that are rarely developed in this state of existence, but which presuppose a more ethereal condition fitted for their unfolding, as the submerged bud of the water-lily, struggling upward from the ooze, and groping dimly through the grosser element, is a prophecy of the light and air in which it is to open and flower.

Arlington, Mass.

Mr. Henry Wood, author, Ex-President Metaphysical Club of Boston, in "God's Image in Man," and "Studies in the Thought World."

(From "God's Image in Man.")

THE UNSEEN REALM

. . . Are the spiritual bodies of our friends and neighbors—yea, and of the race—who have passed on, all about and among us continually? Such a conclusion seems probable from analogy, science,

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revelation, and intuition. It is far more reasonable to believe that on the Mount of Transfiguration, Moses and Elias were disclosed to the sharpened spiritual perception of the disciples, than that they came from a far-away paradise. When Elisha prayed that his servant's eyes might be opened, "he saw; and, behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha." They were already there, but the vision was conditioned upon the spiritual perception of the young man.

Our notional materialism confers substantiality upon gold, silver, iron, houses, lands, railroads; but as they are not real forces, we are guilty of unconscious idolatry. They are nothing until acted on by the unseen; but a thought-wave, idea, or doctrine can transform nations. We are constantly misled by identifying *ourselves* with our sensuous nature. Men carelessly, and even jocosely, speak of those who have passed on as ghosts, shades, phantoms, spectres, and apparitions. But much more exactly such definitions would fit the visible body, which with scientific exactness may be called an unsubstantial appearance. Men say, we do not want abstractions; give us *terra firma*. Yet but for the subtle force of the unseen, the earth itself would disintegrate and dissolve into mere vapor. . . . In the spiritual domain there are various spheres of attainment which the Christ denominated as "many mansions." The divine forces of involution which have eternally radiated from God are gathered, individualized, and evolved with increasingly compact forms in their upward return towards the Father's House. Divine involution is the basis and inspiration of human evolution. If the life principle had not first been involved into the acorn, it could not be evolved into the oak. The potential "sons of God" have been

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upon a journey into a far country, but their inherent heritage only becomes manifest during their return towards the Paternal Mansion. To human sense the upward course is a narrow, thorny path, but to spiritual discernment it is the King's highway.

Said Sir Edwin Arnold: "Where does nature show signs of breaking off her magic, that she should stop at the five senses, and the sixty or seventy elements? Nothing but ignorance and despondency forbids that the senses, so etherialized and enhanced, and so fitly adapted to fine combinations of an advanced entity, would discover art divinely elevated, science splendidly expanding, bygone loves and sympathies explaining and obtaining their purpose, activities set free for vaster cosmic service, abandoned hopes and efforts realized in rich harvests at last, regrets and repentances softened by the discovery that although in this universe nothing can be forgiven, everything may be repaid and repaired. To call such a life Heaven, or the Hereafter, is a temporary concession to the illusions of speech and thought. It would rather be a state, a plane of faculties, to expand again into other and higher states or planes; the slowest and lowest in the race of life coming in last, but each, everywhere finally attaining."

The soul during its long process of spiritual evolution utilizes for a short time its bodily instrument as a disciplinary and educational agency. But, by homage to the form instead of the substance, man has bound himself by unnumbered limitations, and turned his back upon his princely heritage. He has loaded the simple and natural Christ-religion with superficial traditions, and is struggling under dead weights, which he has placed upon his own shoulders. If we would listen intently we might hear the divine voice

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within assuring us that God is our life; that spirit is the only substantial entity, and that love is the only law. . . .

In conceiving of the spiritual world we are too much inclined to identify it with a future life. It is there, but it is also here. It is that rich, divine realm in which our souls live, move, and nourish themselves, both here and hereafter. It is the outflow of the superabundant life and love of God upon which we feed and grow. All nature is an object-lesson showing the wisdom and beneficence which pulsate in the invisible counterpart behind it. Our spiritual vision must be sharpened so that we can penetrate through forms and veils and behold the warm exuberance beneath. The spiritual faculty within us is always in touch with God, and is the organ through which we commune with spiritual spheres. The intellect may reason *about* God, but only the intuitive perception can see and feel Him.

We may not suppose that of necessity one gets deeper into the spiritual world by the act of laying off the material organism. There is an outer and an inner, a spiritual and unspiritual, there, as well as here. True spirituality on either plane is only gained by earnest aspiration. It is often thought that when the body, with its clogs and limitations, is laid off, great spiritual progress can be made at a bound; but orderly development can only be gradual in any condition. Form, locality, climate, and plane have little to do with soul-progress, which is only made by a growing illumination in its divine centre. Life, love, and truth must be earnestly sought for their own intrinsic sakes. The earthly, selfish, and grovelling thought-currents must be checked and overcome hereafter as well as in the present embodiment. . . .

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The exact nature of the future unseen universe has not been disclosed. Can Revelation and spiritual discernment give a faint hint of its glories? Paul declares that "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." Saint John, "the divine," in the Apocalypse, by means of symbolic imagery, paints a picture of its splendors limited only by the power of human language.

Can we, through the telescope of spirit, catch a glimpse of a pure soul, who after a quick and unconscious transition lands upon the delectable shore? A new but real universe is unveiled. Gathered to welcome the new initiate are the dear friends and neighbors who already are citizens. Hands are clasped, and a warm unison of love thrills through reunited souls. Everything which has been lost is found. Parents fold long-absent children in fond embrace, and brothers, sisters, and dear ones are restored and welcomed. The newly arrived celestial candidate is taken by the hand and introduced to grand spiritual activities, and his willing powers enlisted in unexpected and delightful ministries of loving service. Amazing opportunities for spiritual advancement open before him. What wonderful visions! What restoration and compensation! What a succession of far-reaching vistas! How many mysteries explained and questions satisfied! What a blossoming of new beauty, color, and fragrance, of which he has been all unaware! How many new spiritual senses unfolded! What journeys of exploration, untrammelled by the limitations of time and space! What an expansion of knowledge! What a golden sunshine of love revealed to the enraptured gaze as rapidly as its brightness can be endured! What grand missionary tours to planes below to carry help,

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guidance, and instruction! What illimitable cycles of spiritual progression stretch out and wind upwards towards the Great White Throne!
(From "Studies in the Thought World.")

A CORRECTED STANDPOINT IN PSYCHICAL RESEARCH

. . . The real man (ego) is mind, soul, spirit. He *is* soul and *has* a body. Nearly all will agree to this proposition in the abstract; but so soon as they begin to reason in any direction, they unconsciously abandon their premises, and practically regard themselves as *material* beings. With daily consciousness centred exclusively upon the sensuous and objective, it becomes almost impossible, from force of habit, to maintain a correct standpoint and perspective. How greatly it would simplify all psychological research to squarely hold the position, not that we *have* souls, but that we *are* souls—yes, spirits—*now,* as much as we ever shall be. The physical organism is no part of *us,* but it is expression made visible—nothing more and no less. To be sure, it is educational; for it is in accordance with law that soul must have an experience in matter. But it is important that we educate our thought to regard the body only as an instrument belonging to the man, entirely secondary and resultant.

If soul be only a function or exercise of body, as conventional "science" and *materia medica* have practically assumed, then immortality is illogical; for when a thing perishes, its functions, which depend upon it, perish also. . . .

Planting our feet on the foundation—practical as well as theoretical—that man, the ego, even on the present plane, is soul, and soul only, many things are

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brought near and made distinct that have been dim and distant. It at once furnishes a broad outlook from a standpoint that cannot shift. It renders superfluous such terms as "supernatural," and even "supernormal," and enlarges the boundaries of the natural and normal beyond all limitation. It renders the human sense of life spiritual rather than material. It lifts man above an earthly gravitation that is burdensome and enslaving. It unfolds a consciousness in him that he is a "living soul," and not merely an animated physical organism. It discovers him as made in the "image of God," because a spirit, which, though finited in its range, is the natural offering of the Universal Spirit. It makes religion—not dogma, which is quite another thing—not only spiritual, but natural and scientific. It lifts order, law, and interrelationship from their material limitations, so that the whole "supernatural" realm becomes unified and systematic rather than chaotic and capricious. It interprets "death" as only the cessation of a false sense of life. It restores to man (the soul) a consciousness of his primal independence and divine sonship. It lifts him from the animal plane, and bids him regard his body as his temporary and useful servant, instead of his hard and tyrannical master. It interprets pain as a friendly monitor whose real purpose and discipline are kindly, rather than as a deadly antagonist. It discloses the *divine* in man as well as the real man, or, in other words, restores him to himself. It reconciles and brings together those two traditional antagonists, Science and Religion, which for so long have suspected and frowned upon each other. It opens to view Truth as an harmonious unit, and changes general discord into harmony, even though all its vibrations may not yet be understood. In its last analysis it does away with evil, *per se*, as

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an entity, for while admitting it as an apparent and relative *condition,* it finds in its unripened and imperfect stage the potency and promise of endless progression and unfoldment.

Cambridge, Mass.

Irving Bacheller, B. S., M. S., A. M., Author, in "Eben Holden."

"If any man oughter go to Heaven, he had," said Uncle Eb, as he drew on his boots.

"Think he's in Heaven?" I asked.

"Haint a doubt uv it," said he, as he chewed a moment, preparing for expectoration.

"What kind of a place do you think it is?" I asked.

"Fer one thing," he said, deliberately, "Nobody 'll die there, 'less he'd ought to; don't believe there's goin' t' be any need o' swearin' er quarrelin' there. To my way o' thinkin' it'll be a good deal like Dave Brower's farm—nice, smooth land and no stun on it, an' hills an' valleys an' white clover a plenty, an' wheat, an' corn higher'n a man's head. No bull thistles, no hard winters, no narrer contracted fools; no long faces, an' plenty o' work. Folks sayin' 'How d'y do?' 'stid o' 'good-by', all the while—comin' 'stid o' goin'. There's goin' to be some kind o' fun there. I ain' no idee what 'tis. Folks like it an' I kind o' believe 'at when God's gin a thing t' everybody he thinks purty middlin' well uv it."

"Anyhow, it seems a hard thing to die," I remarked.

"Seems so," he said thoughtfully. "Jes' like ever'thing else—them 'that knows much about it don' have a great deal t' say. Looks t' me like this: a cal'ate a man hes on the everidge ten things his heart is sot on—what is the word I want—?"

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"Treasures?" I suggested.

"Thet's it," said he. "Ev'ry one hes about ten treasures. Some hev more—some less. Say one's his strength, one's his plan, the rest is them he loves, an' the more he loves the better 'tis fer him. Wall, they begin t' go one by one. Some die, some turn agin' him. Fin's it hard t' keep his allowance. When he's only nine he's lost eggzackly one-tenth of his dread o' dyin'. Bime bye he counts up—one—two—three—four—five—an' that's all ther is left. He figgers it up careful. His strength is gone, his plan's a failure, mebbe, an' this one's dead an' thet one's dead, an' t'other one better be. Then it's 'bout half ways with him. If he lives 'till the ten treasures is all gone, God gives him one more—thet's death. An' he can swop thet off an' git back all he's lost. Then he begins t 'think it's a purty dum good thing, after all. Purty good thing, after all," he repeated, gaping as he spoke.

He began nodding shortly, and soon he went asleep in his chair."

New York City.

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*Daniel S. Martin, A. M., Ph.D., Professor of Geology, Presbyterian College for Women, in "Christian Evolutionism" and "Scientific Conceptions of a Spiritual World."**

(From "Christian Evolutionism.")

. . . Lastly, as the crown of its organic progress, man appears upon the globe,—a being presenting a singular union of widely separated attri-

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*Papers read before the American Institute of Christian Philosophy in 1887 and 1890, afterward printed in "Christian Thought," the organ of the Society, and also in pamphlet form.

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butes. On the one hand, he is linked to his predecessors by a unity of structure that compels the belief of a kindred physical origin. On the other, he is possessed of additional faculties which raise him to a plane of existence far above any other organic forms. Here again, the Christian evolutionist stands between two opposing schools of thought, and holds the only view that can harmonize them,—though regarded by both as a sort of intellectual outcast. He recognizes in man a twofold character, a physical unity with the organic world, and a moral and spiritual nature which lifts him into another sphere of being. Man stands as the culmination of the process of organic development,—toward which and for which all that process has gone on through the ages of geologic time,—and also as the first representative of a higher order of life, kindred with the very Author of the universe Himself. In the development of human society and human history, we again trace the same workings of law and progress as before in the physical and the organic world, though modified into yet greater complexity by the new element of free and self-determining wills. But in all the course of humanity upon the globe, we can recognize the Divine purpose, guiding and governing the whole, and weaving into a great connected scheme the countless secondary agencies of man and of nature.

But is this the end? Science and philosophy have reached their limit, and have no more to tell us. Are we then to suppose that the Evolution of the universe has attained its highest point? For answer, I appeal to two independent sources,—analogy and revelation.

Analogy would lead us to the suggestion that there may be as much above us as below us, as much before us as behind. That there should be classes and orders

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of intelligent beings as far beyond us in their intellectual and moral powers, as we are beyond the animals, would be a perfectly legitimate inference from the facts already known. That there may lie before ourselves in the future as great advances as we have already made from the organic germ, would be only in the line of analogy. The objection that we have no sight or experience of anything of this kind, has no place here; since no animal in its larval state can have any experience of its coming stage of advancement. If now we turn to Revelation, this is precisely what we find,—a world of beings higher than ourselves, unrecognized by our limited senses, yet around and above us evermore,—"angels and archangels, thrones and dominions, principalities and powers in heavenly places,"—speeding through the universe, executing the Divine government, ministering to men in this life, serving and rejoicing forever. For ourselves, it tells us that such a life is before us, in the coming periods of our development; and that all the present and past of our being are but stages of growth and preparation.

Here I think we approach a point,—like one who emerges from the forests of a mountain-side, and sees opening before him a marvelous prospect of beauty and grandeur, flooded with sunlight and stretching away into unknown vistas of ever-widening vision—where we begin to gain some conception of the glory of the universe, with its Divine plan and order, its systems of time-worlds and space-worlds, its endless reaches of power, wisdom, and love. "All things are of God,"—one grand, united cosmos, physical, organic, intellectual, spiritual,—planned by Him, upheld by Him, administered by Him evermore, through ten thousand forms of law and force and development. . . .

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Walk with me through the halls of a geological museum, and study the successive stages in the evolution of life, as given us in the great rock-written volume of the world's history,—nay, may I not say, the newly revealed "tables of stone," graven by the hand of God? What is the meaning of it all? What value, in fine, has it for me or my fellow-men? It is curious, interesting, wonderful; but is it no more? Has it no message for the soul? I hold that it has, —a great and glorious message. It says to me, "Behold here the designs and ways of God;—the long preparation, the ever-unfolding plan, the ever-continuing purpose, leading up to man in his present stage of advancement. See the way by which organic development has come thus far; and now, turn and look forward. From the past, judge the future; and with scientific analogy on one side and the revealed word on the other, conceive of the higher developments, the loftier powers, the nobler forms of organism and environment, in the coming stages of the Evolution of the Divine plan." Such is its message. All that long strange succession of past forms of life becomes luminous with such a thought, and turns from an obscure and problematical record to a prophecy of joy and glory. All the longings and strivings of hopes that we feel within, are recognized as the stirrings of yet undeveloped powers in a larval stage of being; and we begin to understand more clearly what is meant by the Scripture hints as to the groaning creation "waiting for the manifestation of the sons of God." We now look forward to the experience of death, as simply the form in which we are to pass into the next and higher stage of our development, and enter upon a new environment. . . .

Of the glory and promise of this restored life to

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come, scientific analogy, as before remarked, gives many suggestive hints which confirm the Scripture presentations. A condition of vastly expanded powers, of freedom from the limitations and burdens which hamper us in the present stage, of capacities for enjoyment beyond the grasp of our now imperfectly developed faculties,—these would find their natural accompaniment in a new environment of beauty and sublimity, adapted to a further evolved humanity. Thus we see the strict *naturalness* of all the Scripture intimations of a heavenly world of light and glory, of tireless activity joined with eternal rest, of a "kingdom prepared from the foundation of the world" for the abode of redeemed spirits in the presence and communion of God. . . .

We perceive, in the light of these views, the meaning of Revelation where it lays such stress on the peril attaching to what it terms "the world," as the mortal foe of God and our higher life. Not the natural world with its beauty, not the social world with its joys, not the intellectual and aesthetic world, with their pleasing exercise of our powers,—does the Scripture properly mean by this term; but "the spirit of the world," the satisfaction and absorption of the soul in its present environment, of whatever kind. *"Be not conformed to this world;"*—how the familiar text glows with new meaning to the Christian evolutionist! "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world, . . . for *the world passeth away*, and the fashion of it, but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever."

Here, moreover, we find the solution of the great problem of sorrow and pain. On the one hand, a being whose higher faculties are in bondage to the lower, and who is developing away from the real destiny and purpose of his being, can find no happi-

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ness and no peace, here or hereafter. The difficulty is inherent, and no power in the universe can alter the results. On the other hand, for those who are saved from this condition by Divine grace, a different relation appears. Their present life is not only a period of preparation, but one of corrective discipline, and that discipline determined by Divine wisdom and fatherly love, for the sake of their future happiness. Then, indeed, the darkness and bitterness are gone from the ills of life. Not despair but hope, not rebellion but humility, are now known to be the purpose, and found to be the result of sorrows, trials, disappointments, and losses, in the present stage of our being. Thus they become bearable, as a necessary part of our training, and as tending to dislodge the soul from satisfaction and stagnation in its lower environment, and to urge it forward to higher lines of development. . . .

(From "Scientific Conceptions of a Spiritual World.")

. . . Why have I dwelt thus at length on these points, which really seem so obvious, if not so commonplace? Simply because I wish to emphasize the thought that runs through them all,—to wit, that we find in the material universe a rising scale of grades or modes of existence; and that each higher one reveals to us powers, processes, and products so far beyond, and different from, those known in the grades below, that they could not be conceived or predicted from anything in those lower realms of being. Moreover, the history of the development of our globe, as given by geology, shows us that these successive grades or modes of existence have appeared on the earth in an order of time corresponding to their order of rank; and that each in turn has

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brought to view a new world of material possibilities and powers.

Now I desire to project this thought further, and to show how it leads us onward to other and higher forms and capacities of existence. The Scripture tells us of orders of beings far more elevated and advanced than our own. It tells us of a future state of existence for ourselves,—not merely immortality of the soul, but resurrection of the body in a higher and more advanced condition. Nay, more; it tells us that such superhuman beings are ever around us and watching us, and that in rare cases they have manifested themselves within the range of our physical senses, and have been seen and conversed with by men. Further, still, it tells us of the fact that one Man has already risen from the dead, and has walked and talked on the earth in this advanced form of the body,—appearing and disappearing as to human sight, and finally passing out of view in the atmosphere, with a promise to return one day in like manner as He went.

Now the point of present interest is this,—that all which is thus told us, instead of being unnatural or incredible, falls into line perfectly with the known facts up to our present state of advancement and experience. That there should be other orders of beings more highly organized than ourselves; that they should have powers and faculties that we cannot understand and can scarce imagine; that there should be a future renewal of the human body with capacities far beyond those that we now possess; and that such a "glorified body" has in one great instance already walked the earth; all this is in full analogy with scientific facts as known in the lower realms of our experience. It presents no more difficulty,—indeed actually less,—than the advance from inor-

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ganic to organic existence; from the vegetable to the animal kingdom; from the animal world to the world of civilized society and human arts and progress. Say we not truly that science discloses to us processes and powers at work in the universe that may well be expected to yield, in other places and periods, results beyond the reach of our highest existing conceptions?

I trust that the three main points which I have sought to emphasize will have made themselves clearly apparent. Science is not materialistic and earthly, save by a mere perversion of its methods and scope; because:—

I. It involves and rests upon a body of conceptions purely of the mind which are essential to any connection, or any results, of observed phenomena, and thus to any unity and any progress in science as a whole.

II. It shows us how limited is the range of our physical senses, and how the only condition needed for perceiving whole worlds of existence around us, now all unrevealed, would be simply an extension of our present powers to respond to vibrations of higher rates. It shows us that this statement is true for both hearing and vision, and that hence our non-perception is no ground for doubting the reality of the spiritual world.

III. Science shows us, finally, that if such unseen and unheard realms of being surround us, they represent advanced forms of development, which must of necessity be unintelligible and problematical to our powers of thought. But it also shows that this would be in strict analogy with the past history of all development,— in which the material world has taken on aspects, and been filled with beings, exces-

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sively higher in grade, of which no hint or prediction or understanding could be gained from those below.

Such, then, is what I mean by Scientific Conceptions of the Spiritual World. So far from tending to weaken our belief in the Scriptures, or leading us to question their divine inspiration, does not science most strikingly confirm and illustrate the statements and suggestions of revelation? Does it not help us to clearer conceptions of what we term the spiritual world and spiritual beings, when we see how they range themselves in line with the world of our present experience, and how close they come to the possibility of our perception?

But, then as it is, we cannot and we may not, attempt to lift the veil that bounds our present sight and sense. For the time, our environment is adapted to us, and we to it. But let us hold fast to our belief in the unseen; until,—as in all the history of science,—"our faith in vision end." The land of light, the City of God, the home of the blessed and beloved,—are no far-away fancies of devout enthusiasts. They are nearer to us than we are wont to conceive. They may lie round about us from day to day, and we may pass to and fro amid them, all unconscious,— even as the birds that fly over halls of science and legislation are unconscious of the great surging tide of intellectual life that fills the thought and activity of men, in the very buildings where they alight and twitter on the roof.

Columbia, S. C.

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Mr. Charles Brodie Patterson, Author and Metaphysician, Editor Mind and Arena, in "Dominion and Power" and "New Thought Essays."

IMMORTALITY

(From "Dominion and Power.") . . . There is proof that a great majority of the early Christians believed in an immortality which was in no way conditional upon the body. They looked at the physical form as being fitted for the needs and requirements of this earth, but they had been taught that in the Father's house were many mansions, and that in the laying aside of the fleshly garments they would become clothed with spiritual garments; that, though the tabernacle of this house was dissolved, they had a building not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. . . .

Remembering that Jesus said the spirit is the quickening power, the flesh of no profit, we must see in the resurrection a deeper meaning than that which is purely physical, and that the resurrection is above all things a spiritual resurrection. That is what Jesus meant when he said, "If I be lifted up and attain the Christ eternally, I will draw all men unto me." Through the evolution of the same eternal and unchanging love that brings the spiritual resurrection, shall all men attain to it. There is no separation between the human and the divine. The resurrection of Jesus was a spiritual resurrection, the passing from the consciousness of the partial to the consciousness of the whole, the divine; the laying aside of everything that could hamper or hold the soul in bondage. . . .

Eventually, it may be found that the thing which at one time seemed likely to destroy man's belief in

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immortality, namely, scientific research and investigation, will become the great factor in causing the minds of people to return to a belief in it, or something more than a belief; because the scientific mind of the present time is waking to the fact that the material world is not all, that there are forces, powers, at work in the universe which transcend all material things.

Conservation of force and the indestructibility of matter tend to show that in the great economy of nature nothing is ever lost. We see people walking about on this earth endowed with animating life and physical form, and we assert that not one atom in these forms can cease to be, nor one particle of energy be lost. We are conscious of an intelligence controlling and directing the physical organism in every part, and everything leads us to believe that it is in all ways superior to the outer form. Scientifically, we are coming to know that this intelligence created, or brought into existence and gave being to the very form which it now controls.

The law of evolution goes to prove that for ages life has been tending from lower to higher stages—differentiation taking place until in the fulness of time man appeared on the earth. At any stage in evolution we shall find intelligence displayed in the construction of form, this intelligence ever tending to adapt the form to the requirements of its environments. Is it logical, is it scientific, to say that with the passing of the form this intelligence ceases to be, or becomes dissipated? Of course some may retort that as the physical form becomes dissipated, why not the intelligence? But for that matter there are dissipation and renewal of the physical form taking place all through life, and yet greater intelligence is constantly evolving, and what takes place at the so-called death is only dissipation in a greater degree. Further-

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more, it is a well-known fact that the minds of people are often clear and active when the life of the body is nearly gone.

The people who would have us believe that this little span of life is the beginning and end of all, and that the physical brain is the mind of man, often bring up such illustrations as an injury to the brain, a fracture of the skull, or something of the kind, interfering with mental action; and these they think tend to prove conclusively that with the entire destruction of the brain comes the entire destruction of mind. Again, they have cited the circumstances where the brain has been trepanned and there has been a return of thought and reason. This, instead of tending to prove their case, in reality proves the reverse. It shows that the mind requires a perfect instrument through which to work, and when that instrument has been damaged it can no longer function in a proper way; but with a return to normal conditions it again resumes its natural activities. .

. . Life and immortality are not for the few, but for *all;* and this little earth-life is not the beginning nor end of life's destiny. Through the countless ages of the past man has been working up to what he is, and in the ages to come he will grow into an ever-increasing life. The thought of immortality is inherent in each fibre of man's being, and, try as he may, he cannot get away from it. To the wrong doer, who knows that every wrong act brings with it its own reward, and that the seed of vicious thought will bring a harvest of pain and suffering, the outlook may not be fraught with delightful anticipations; but that suffering will, in the end, prove beneficial in bringing him at last to a knowledge of his real duties to God and man.

Jesus, the Christ, passed through the same trials and

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temptations that we do, and it was only through meeting those trials and temptations and overcoming them that he was able to rise above the law of sin and death, that law which people had believed in hundreds, yea, thousands of years. He passed from under its dominion and came under the dominion of the law of the spirit of life which frees from sin and death.

A New Testament writer says that it is the action of this latter law that all must come under; that we are all sons of God and joint heirs with Christ; that Jesus was the first fruits of them that slept; that we all sleep in the earthy man, and that all must awake in the eternal man; that Jesus through his life and teaching brought life and immortality to light, but that life and immortality had been from the very foundation of things, and that they had been throughout eternity; that in the Adam or earthy man we all die to a knowledge of our true relation to God, so, when we awaken in the Christ spirit that is in our own lives, then we come into the fulness of life and understanding; that the old things pass away; that we no longer place our trust in any form or on anything external to ourselves, and that life and intelligence are external, and that there is no separation, either in this world or in any other. . .

. There is no thought of the resurrection of the physical body in the real Christian doctrine of life. Jesus and His disciples never taught it. This body is of this earth and it will never go further than this earth. We all have bodies corresponding to where we belong. The great truth is that the spiritual resurrection and immortality are hidden in God, are in the thought of life as one, and that life is everlasting; that the life and power are the ever-present indwelling God, and through knowledge of His presence it is

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given us to shape the individual life in such a way as to at least overcome, to rise above, the law of sin and death. We must lay all stress on the spiritual resurrection, the resurrection of knowledge and the life eternal, and that the law that brings one soul into its spiritual freedom will bring all souls; that as in Adam all die even so in Christ shall all be made alive.

(From "New Thought Essays.") We come now to the question, Can we know and realize immortality in the present? This brings us face to face with another question, intimately related to it: Can we know anything, while in this life, of the life that lies beyond this plane of mortal sense? Not long ago, the Right Honorable Arthur J. Balfour, leader of the British House of Commons and a member of the Royal Psychical Research Society, declared in a public lecture that there could be no doubt whatever that under favorable conditions communication could be established between persons in this life and those that had passed to another plane. The greatest living English scientist, Alfred Russell Wallace, and many others of like eminence, take exactly the same position. Thus we see how men of importance and influence in the world regard the matter.

It is claimed by many that we can know nothing concerning any plane other than our own material one; but that claim is based largely on the assumption that because they have not proved otherwise, no one else has. Usually, people that assume this attitude give but little evidence of spiritual development; while, on the other hand, many who are highly developed spiritually, declare that nothing could shake their belief in the realities of another plane of existence. Those claiming to have developed cer-

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tain soul powers say that they not only see but converse with the departed. Still others are sometimes under an influence that is apparently foreign to themselves, and while in that condition talk of things that it is not possible for them to know through external means. How is this done? Some of our occult scientists say that it is through the action of the subconscious mind; but this hypothesis utterly fails to explain many occurrences that have come under my own observation.

Many of the world's greatest teachers of spiritual thought have made statements similar to the following: "As it is in the heavens, so is it on the earth." "As it is in the highest, so is it in the lowest." What do they mean? Simply this: There is one universal law acting in and through all things, and, if we understand the operation of that law on any one plane of thought, we have the key that unlocks the secrets of the universe.

How are spiritual phenomena that come to us from other planes of thought to be considered—disregarding, of course, the opinions of those who are entirely skeptical? Many fully believe in "spirit-communications," but with opinions greatly at variance. Some seem to have an idea that departure from its physical body endows the soul with correct knowledge of all things spiritual, and that, no matter what the communication may be, it must be accepted as truthful. Others are never so happy as when engaged in obtaining certain kinds of "physical manifestation"—rappings, table-tipping, playing on banjos, etc. If the matter were to end here, we might well say, Deliver us from a knowledge of such things. But does it? Why not apply a little of the common sense we use in other matters? Why not "try the spirits," and find out

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if they are of God? Why not follow the injunction of the apostle?—"Beloved, believe not every spirit." Why not recognize the working of universal law here, as well as in purely physical phenomena? . . . If a man is a liar or an ignoramus in this world, his passing out of the physical form will not make him a Washington nor an Aristotle. The law of spiritual development is that man must work from within his soul outward; and growth is a question, not of place but of earnest desire on the part of the ego. . . .

Look at the different planes of thought existing in this world do you suppose that in another world people will be equal in development? Far from it; the mere discarding of the body will produce no change of soul. . . . Messages that come from highly-developed souls on the "other side" show that the moral and spiritual natures are not greatly changed by what we call death. People that go out of this life retaining their sense desires and a love for earthly pleasures live close to the earth plane. Their forms are gross and non-luminous, unlike those more spiritually developed. They do not look to the higher influences of their own plane for light, but rather to the people on earth with whom they have more in common. Neither can the spiritually illuminated of their own world help them until they become awakened by the aid of souls on this plane, because there is no point of contact. When once awakened, however, they may be acted upon from both planes of thought. In the light of this we can see why the early Christian Church prayed for the souls of the departed, and why one of the greatest Churches of to-day continues to do so. There is no "hell" on the other shore bounded by time and space, but there is one formed out of the conditions of untrue thoughts;

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and its duration is extended only by preferring darkness to light. What men sow they must reap, here or elsewhere.

The quality and condition of the spiritual body are determined by the spiritual nature. We know this to be true on this plane; and that which is true here must hold good on all other planes. Again, there are thousands of people in the slums of our great cities that have no point of contact with the spiritual-minded; their bodies must be cared for and their minds quickened before there can be that spiritual awakening which can bring them in touch with the spiritually developed, who would be willing and glad to help them if the time were ripe. On earth we find conditions analogous to those said to exist on the "other side."

There is, as we know, a right way and a wrong way to do everything. Spiritual scientists believe that when they are in accord with law on this plane they must attain true results, and when in opposition they obtain false results. In psychical research, therefore, whatever may arise, we should always *apply the law*. Idle, curious, heedless investigation can bring no gain, but rather harm. One's own mental and spiritual condition will determine the class of souls one calls about him from the unseen world. If one earnestly strives to unfold his own innate spiritual powers, the endeavor will aid him in comprehending all the mysteries that perplex him. When we step out of the houses of clay we now inhabit, those that we shall enter next will be beautiful or otherwise as our thoughts have been good and true or the reverse. We may select a mansion that is beautiful if we will to do the Will of the Father.

New York City.

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George T. Angell, Founder and President American Humane Education Society, in "Autobiographical Sketches."

I have been asked how to teach immortality to the children in our public schools.

Suppose you tell them that the greatest scientist we ever had on this continent, Agassiz, believed not only in the immortality of man, but also in some form of future life even for the lower intelligences; that the sacred books and religious beliefs and recorded spiritual experiences of nearly all nations and ages teach it; and that, if all these were wanting, the common sense of mankind would teach that the Power that sustains the universe would not permit the holy saint, martyr, mother, to only share with pirates and murderers a common annihilation.

Boston, Mass.

Alexander Wilder, M. D., Physician and Author, President New York School of Philosophy, Associate Editor Metaphysical Magazine. Extracts from a paper read before the American Akadêmê.

LIFE ETERNAL

In the sacred books of the Persians is the account of the journey of the pure soul from this world and its reception by the holy ones in the eternal regions. Before setting out, it holds a vigil for three nights at the head of the body which it has abandoned, during which period it experiences as much bliss as all living creatures enjoy. Upon its arrival at the Bridge of Judgment, it is at once divested of the consciousness and other qualities of mind which it had derived from the material world. Immediately

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there appears to view the figure of a maiden, beautiful and radiant with celestial light, powerful, perfectly developed in form, noble of mien, vigorous like a youth of fifteen, fair as the fairest ones on the earth. The purified one in transports of joy and wonder salutes her as guardian. She replies that she is the soul's immortal life, exalted yet higher by the newly-born's resistance to evil while on earth, and guided by her the soul enters paradise.

This vision of beatitude, this concept of the eternal life is attainable by all who rise above the illusions of sense, which like clouds and exhalations from the ground, shut the heavens from our view. The eternal world of abiding reality is not afar off from any one of us. The soul, our Psyche, is able, by the power which the true philosophy has revealed, to strip off her caterpillar-shell and unfold her wings, and thenceforth become the denizen of a higher sphere. In this way, the new and more glorious existence begins. . . . "I *am* immortal," says Fichte, "so soon as I form the purpose to obey the law of the spirit; I do not *become* so."

The faith in immortality is our noblest possession. It is rooted in the core of our being, and can never be taken entirely away from us. It is necessary in order to afford us a criterion by which to judge and determine what is right. I would shudder at the wreck which that individual would be, mentally and morally, who should really suppose that from the moment of bodily dissolution, he would totally cease to live and be. . . . If we would attain to the higher wisdom, it will be necessary for us to discard the limitations of superficial and empirical knowledge. The narrow understanding can comprehend no perception that exceeds its own dimensions. Some such reason as this seems to have induced many to

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presume that life is purely or chiefly corporeal, and limited by bodily sensibilities. This habit of reasoning, doubtless, instigated the conjecture that there can be no soul or intellection, except as the brain and corporeal organism exist for its development and maintenance. We may not concede to them this magnified importance. They exist solely from the life and energy which pervade them. Even the protoplasm or initial organism which we hear so much about, is such by virtue of its inherent vital principle, and even then it is not of uniform character. There is a protoplasm for every kind of vegetable production and for every species of animal. Even though it should be demonstrated, therefore, that all protoplasms had like chemicals and organic constituents, and that we perceive no form of life till we have first obtained the protoplasm, nevertheless, this diversification of kingdom, race and species, disposes of the whole matter. We may relegate the entire series of phenomena to the back-ground. The principle, the inherent energy, must transcend manifestations.

Everything that exists has its origin from a cause above and anterior to it. . . . Eminent savants have assured us that all matter, in its last analysis, would be resolved into points of dynamic force. All the interminable series of material existence are then so many products of force under the direction of an omnific will. Force, being absolutely without dimension, can be nothing else than spiritual substance; and what are termed Properties of Matter are really so many manifestations of spirit. Accordingly when the elements of our corporeal structures shall have been dissolved, which once performed the office of tissue and brain, thus serving as the vehicle of mind and understanding, it does not follow that our psychic nature must perish with them. In fact, this very pro-

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cess of disintegration is constantly going on. The particles which aforetime made up our bodies and brains, were afterward eliminated, and their places taken by others; the vital principle which had attracted and made use of them, surviving their departure. While they change and pass away, this abides and never loses its identity. It thus manifests itself the greater as well as older; and we have good reason therefore to believe that it will continue when all the corporeal elements have parted from it. As the kernel of wheat does not perish when its chaffy envelope bursts, and it abandons its receptacle upon the stalk, so its counterpart,—the soul and personality—does not cease to be, when it has withdrawn from the body.

In one of the *Upanishads* it is related that a father, whose son was frivolous and skeptical, commanded him to bring a fruit of the sacred fig tree. "Break it," said the father; "what do you see?" "Some very small seeds," replied the son. "Break one of them; what do you see in it?" the father asked again. "Nothing," answered the son. "My child," said the father, "where you see nothing, there dwells a mighty banyan tree!"

A reply like this may be made to those who profess to doubt the truth of immortality. Perhaps it will be difficult to prove it by logic and mathematical demonstration, so that the reasoning shall appear conclusive. We are unable to cast a measuring-line over the infinite. The creations of the understanding must of necessity fall short of compassing the faculty of the understanding itself. The fact of such inability, however, does not warrant disbelief. The child in embryo has lungs, but does not breathe, and unweaned infants cannot rear their kind; yet in both are the rudiments of the powers and functions

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of adult life. We, too, can enlarge the scope of our mental vision, and may yet develop faculties which we do not now suspect to exist. We are not excluded, therefore, from the hope of a more perfect knowing, nor from a hearty faith in the Infinite and Eternal, and in our own immortality as participants in the Divine nature.

Goethè has aptly remarked that one who thinks can never quite believe himself likely to become non-existent—that he will ever cease to think and live. Thus spontaneously does every human being cherish the sentiment of an unending life. We are conscious, during the later periods of our earthly existence, that our higher ideals are yet unrealized. The conviction, the prophecy, the moral consciousness hang over the mind that there will yet be a field and opportunity in which to accomplish them. That was a true as well as beautiful saying of Charles Fourier, that every desire which God has implanted in a human soul is his promise of its fruition. We may rest content, therefore, in the persuasion that the scope of our understanding embraces only ideas which we can yet realize.

The highest evidence of immortality, nevertheless, is of a nature too exalted and arcane to be uttered in any form of words. It is a knowledge which each may possess for himself, but it may not be imparted. That which is personal and subjective can hardly be rendered obvious to the perception of another individual. . . . It has been sagaciously affirmed that one must love before he can know that the object is lovely. By a kindred analogy, it may be declared that in order to perceive our immortality, we must possess it first. Our own interior consciousness or supra-consciousness is thus an abundant and sufficient assurance of the fact. This illustration, however,

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may not necessarily be extended to the individual who doubts or denies. He may not have become sufficiently matured in his interior perception to enable such cognition, or from some other cause his spiritual faculties may be dormant. It is not my province to judge him from this. . . . Immortality has its origin and foundation in the soul itself. It is no boon extended to the inhabitants of this earth, but by its inherent nature, is beyond the sphere of the transitional universe. It pertains to our essential being in the eternal region, rather than to our phenomenal existence in Time. We do not *receive* it, because it was always an essential of our spiritual nature. By the knowing of this we perceive and are cognizant of the infinite Verity. We apprehend our true relations as having our citizenship in the heavenly world. By this knowledge we are made pure and holy; we are enlightened and led to live and act as immortal beings. . . . It is but a step further to acknowledge unqualifiedly the presence and agency of invisible beings. Milton assures us that millions of these are constantly walking the earth. We may not reasonably doubt, when the physical world abounds with innumerable races and genera of living beings, that the invisible region is no less densely peopled; nor that we are all surrounded by spiritual entities, bodied and unbodied, that are capable of transfusing their thoughts, impulses and appetences into us. We observe something like this in our mental operations. What we denominate reasoning is the conscious endeavor of the understanding to trace out facts, their relations and correspondences. Beyond this region of the soul there is that of the intuitive intellect, more occult and apart from this world. It is not limited, like the other, to matters of experience, but is manifestly in communication with beings and

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intelligences that are outside of the acknowledged realms of physical existence. Such intercourse is the eternal world, of which this material universe is but a colony. I am convinced that what is commonly recognized as insight, intuition and inspiration, is this faculty of supraconscious intelligence. It is a remembering, the reproducing and bringing into consciousness of what we knew and possessed before we became sojourners in the region of limit and change.*

It belongs to that sphere of being to which we are now in a manner oblivious and alien. There can be no mental activity without its aid, any more than there can be muscular action without the exercise of the will. . . .

Our existence in the material universe is the result of causes which we are hardly sufficient to comprehend. It may have been for the object of perfecting our individuality, and so constituting an essential means to establish our selfhood in a more complete identity. We may not doubt that it is necessary to us, and has its uses, which we may not safely forego. We should also bear in mind that it is the occupying of a certain sphere of being, rather than the mode of dwelling in it. We are really in it before our birth, or even our conception, and do not leave it by the dissolving of the body. That we seem to forsake it through this event is not enough; the condition which allied us to material nature must also be exceeded. Otherwise, like a weed which has been cut off by the hoe in one place, we will be likely to issue forth again in another. . . . It may seem to be a matter of

*The compiler would like to see this thought worked out with an explanation of the fact that women, far more than men, possess the gifts of insight and intuition.

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wonderment to many that if we have our origin in the eternal world, we appear, nevertheless, to have no distinct or positive memory of that fact. Whether we ever existed among men on earth, we believe rather than know for certainty. This does not prove anything adverse. It has been already remarked that the soul, upon entering the realm of conditioned existence, becomes as though asleep, unconscious of the celestial world, but dreaming, so to speak, of scenes in the material universe. . . . Although the souls which have been prisoned in this world of sense have ceased to know about the higher life, and so are as though dead, yet this exile and death do not constitute a total separation from the heavenly world. They have some recollection of their former state of bliss, and yearn for a higher and nobler form of life. The interior spirit continues to live from above. It is no parentless evolution of physical nature, but a projection or outcome from the eternal region. Corruption is not an heir to incorruption, and that principle of our being which rises in glory, a spiritual essence, was first sown before it could experience any evolution. It was always immortal, without reference to the sensuous nature. The spiritual essence, the inward man that delights in the law of God, is the fountain of our life, and confers upon the corporeal structure all its significance. We are therefore immortal, imperishable and eternal, without becoming so. The supersensuous world is not a future state, in any essential sense of the term, but is now present and about every one of us. Our life in that sphere of being is by no means incompatible with living here on the earth. It is not necessary to lay the body aside in order to become free from the contamination of material existence. The soul may again turn toward its celestial source, contem-

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plate it, and be at one with it, and so become spiritual and divine as partaking of Deity. . . .

The life which we live as inhabitants of the eternal world is in no sense a continuance of the life which we live upon the earth. It is not a form or mode of existence, but a quality of being. It has no part in any action which is inspired by the consideration of a result. It consists solely of the moral essentials, love, virtue and goodness. It knows no going and coming as in a region of space; there are no words for divisible conditions in the language of the gods. We have no occasion to search for any one in the heavenly world. We are in and with those whom we love, and are permeated by them through all our being. We cognize rather than recognize them. There is no space or limit to the human mind, and hence our personality possesses indefinite extension over the world of spirit. The gladness of thought, the communion of love, the beatitude of service, the ecstasy of worship, the contemplation of the divine, make up the life there; as they are felt and known here to be the highest of our employments.

Newark, N. J.

John Ferguson Weir, A. M., Sculptor, Director and Professor of Painting and Design, Yale School of Fine Arts, in "Human Destiny in the Light of Revelation."

"WE SHALL BE LIKE HIM"

I

Apart from the revelation of human destiny in Jesus Christ, man's conception of his ultimate future cannot rise above the earthly experience or its analo-

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gies. The knowledge of that which is "hid with Christ in God" is revealed to the spiritual by the spirit. In the light of Revelation that earthly life of man of which Nature is the mould and Science the interpreter, is discerned to be but a span on an endless path of progress which passes through the heavens and mounts to the unveiled presence of God, where man is affirmed to be void of all imperfection even when judged by a divine standard.

Discerning in Christ the overwhelming greatness of human destiny, St. John exclaims, "Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God." Incapable as the human mind is, in the earthly life, for apprehending the full significance of the revelation, the apostle adds, "It doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is. And every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as he is pure." So great, indeed, is the variance between this present stage of life and that ultimate heavenly state of perfect man as revealed in Jesus, that the mind of this world finds it difficult to reconcile the two as constituting the beginning and the ending of one continuous path of human progress.

II

It may be inferred, in the light of Revelation, that human destiny will find its fulfillment in the form of an infinitely diversified "heavenly host" of perfected human souls, glorified by the indwelling presence of God. For as the forming experience has been in the creation of each separate soul from its initial earthly stage to that perfected heavenly consummation in "the kingdom of the Father"—as re-

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vealed in Christ—so will its individuality be marked in that celestial state as in the earthly life, revealing the inexhaustible fullness of God's love and the infinitude of his creative power. The apostle Paul likens this individuality of perfected human souls to the distinctions in the heavenly bodies, even "as one star differeth from another star in glory;" and Jesus says of the heavenly consummation, "Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father."

III

Not through speculative conjecture was this knowledge of human destiny acquired by man, but by a revelation of the truth in Jesus Christ, who said, "To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world; that I should bear witness unto the truth." And St. John says, "The life was manifested, and we have seen, and bear witness, and declare unto you that eternal life, which was with the Father, and was manifested unto us. That which we have seen and heard declare we unto you, that ye also may have fellowship with us and truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ. And these things we write unto you, that your joy may be full."

IV

The advanced thought of the time is now largely occupied with questions concerning man's origin and destiny, studied almost exclusively in the light of Nature. In marked contrast with the acquisitions of empirical science or of speculative philosophy stands the revelation of human destiny in Jesus Christ.

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He who said, "These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy may be in you, and that your joy may be full," implies therein that he is himself a manifestation of "the way and the truth and the life" in all that concerns human destiny. Can it be doubted then that his "good tidings," in their affirmative form, are a means of implanting in the human heart, through love and gratitude to God, a nobler motive and a stronger impulse for hastening the divine consummation of human destiny than any merely repressive means could effect through moral restraint alone? St. Paul says, "All the promises of God in him are yea"—that is, affirmations of truth—"and in him Amen, unto the glory of God." Christ holds up before the mind and heart of man that which appeals to the nobler part of human nature, that which lifts man above the earth and transfigures the meanest things of the present, when he says, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

New Haven, Conn.

William T. Harris, A. M., Ph.D., LL.D., United States Commissioner of Education, Conductor Journal of Speculative Philosophy.

IMMORTALITY OF THE INDIVIDUAL*

I. Introduction. Our argument for immortality will be based chiefly on psychology. The proofs on which most men rely for their conviction that they

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*Dr. Harris's Pamphlet—reprinted by Appleton & Co., New York, and Trübner & Co., London, in 1885, from the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*—contains the following

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will continue their individual existence after death we therefore pass over. The proofs that we omit from our discussion are:

a. The return to life of those who have died—a resurrection in the body—notably the example which the Christian Church teaches as the basis of its faith and as the symbol of the resurrection of the individual man.

b. The physical manifestation of individuality after death by the exertion of power to control matter, or to materialize in temporary bodies as in cases of reported modern and ancient spiritualism.

c. General belief in the existence of the soul after death, and the probability that such general beliefs of mankind are well founded.

d. General desire of man to live forever, and his horror at annihilation; probability that a desire imparted to his nature has a reality correspondent to it.

e. The infinite perfectibility of the human mind; its full capacity never realized in this life; each new growth in knowledge or insight, or power of will, or in love for the race, being always a means of greater growth in the same and other directions, contrary to the course of nature, or to the divine character to endow a being with capacities never to be developed.

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divisions, only four of which could be used in the limited space of this volume: I. Introduction. II. Immortality of the Species. III. Agnosticism. IV. Conceivability of the Infinite. V. Empirical Proofs of Immortality. VI. Types of Individuality. VII. The Individuality of Plants and Animals. VIII. Human Individuality. IX. Human Individuality Immortal. X. What Faculties Survive Death? XI. Ethical Culture Presupposes Immortality. XII. A Personal God Presupposed by Immortality.

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f. A special phase of proof that belongs to the foregoing is, since Kant and Fichte, the favorite ground for the philosophic doctrine of immortality. The moral proof (or the "proof of the practical reason") asserts that, according to Kant, "a holy will can be realized only in the thinking of an infinite progress, which is possible only under the presupposition of an infinitely continuing existence and personality of the same rational being." . . . .

g. Besides these there is the proof from the standpoint of Evolution. . . .

IX. *Human Individuality Immortal.* Why will one make individual immortality to begin with the perception of universals and of self-identity rather than with individual reaction in the plant, or in that of self-feeling in the animal; or, still more, with that of free self-activity in recollection?

Undoubtedly there is individuality wherever there is reaction, but mere reaction is not sufficient to constitute personal identity. The activity in reaction arises on account of the activity of another being, and hence is not entirely of itself in the case of the plant or the nutritive form of life, or in that of the mere animal or the feeling and locomotive being. Were such individuality to be imperishable it would be unconscious imperishability and devoid of memory that recognizes its own being in the present and in the past. Mere recollection is not the recognition of the being of the self. A self must be universal, and can in no wise be a mere particular thing or act such as can be recollected. The self is the principle of the process of reaction against the environment and of the activity of reproduction and synthesis.

The individual, therefore, is not only a self—a universal—but also an entire sphere of particularity. The self can generate by the reproductive activity all

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that it has seen and heard, all that it has experienced —reproducing it as often as it pleases and entirely free from the presence of the objects perceived, and it can generate from itself the ideas of the general processes in which originated the special facts of sense perception. Hence its particulars are also general. Such a stage we call Memory, in the special and higher sense of the word—not the memory that recollects, but the memory that recalls by the aid of universal ideas. These general ideas are mnemonic aids—pigeon holes, as it were, in the mind—whereby the soul conquers the endless multiplicity of details in the world. It refers each to its species and saves the species under a name—then is able to recall by the name a vast number of special instances.

Language is the sign by which we can recognize the arrival of the soul at this stage of development into complete self-activity. Hence language is the criterion of immortal individuality. In order to use language, it must be able not only to act for itself, but to act wholly upon itself. It must not only perceive things by the senses, but accompany its perceiving by an inner perception of the act of perceiving (and thus be its own environment). This perception of the act and process of perceiving is the recognition of classes, species, and genera—the universal processes underlying the existence of the particular.

Language in this sense involves conventional signs, and is not an immediate expression of feeling like the cries of animals. The immediate expression of feeling (which is only a reaction) does not become language, even when it accompanies recollection or the free reproduction—nor until it accompanies memory or the seeing of the particular in the general. When it can be shown that a species of animals use conventional signs in communication with each other, we

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shall be able to infer their immortality, because we shall have evidence of their freedom from sense-perception and environment sufficient to create for themselves their own occasion for activity. They would then be shown to react not merely against their environment, but against their own action—hence they would involve both action and reaction, self and environment. They would, in that case, have selves, and their selves exist for themselves, and hence they would have self-identity. Take away self-identity, and still there may be persistence of self-activity, but it is only generic—that of the species and not of the individual. The species lives, the individual dies in such cases.

X. *What Faculties Survive Death.* Having found the criterion of immortality, let us look at some of the ideas and capacities which come with its endowment. The ascent above sense-perception and recollection indicates to us the subordinate place of those faculties, and also their moribund character. As Aristotle hinted, in his profound treatise on the Soul, these lower faculties are not immortal in their nature (although they will long outlast this earthly life).

In thinking of such faculties in the lives of great men of science—like Agassiz, Cuvier, Lyell, von Humboldt, Darwin and Goethe—we see what this means. It is the first and crudest stage of mental culture that depends chiefly on sense-perception and recollection. After the general has been discovered, the mind uses it more and more, and the information of the senses becomes a smaller and smaller part of the knowledge. Agassiz in a single scale saw the whole fish—so that the scale was all that was required to suggest the whole. Lyell could see the whole history of its origin in a pebble, Cuvier could

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see the entire animal-skeleton in one of its bones. The Memory , which holds types, processes, and universals, the condensed form of all human experience, the total aggregate of all sense-perception of the universe and all reflection on it—this constitutes the chief faculty of the scientific man, and sense-perception and mere recollection play the most insignificant part.

This points to the complete independence of the soul as a far-off idea. When the soul can think the creative thought, the theoretic vision of the world, then it comes to perfect insight, for it sees the whole in each part, and does not require any longer the mechanical memory, because it has a higher form of intellect that sees immediately in the individual thing its history, just as Lyell or Agassiz saw the history of a pebble or a fish, or Asa Gray sees all botany in a single plant. Mechanical memory is thus taken up into a higher "faculty," and, its function being absorbed, it gradually perishes. But it never perishes until its function is provided for in a more complete manner.

XI. *Ethical Culture Presupposes Immortality.* Man is born an animal, but must become a spiritual being. He is limited to the present moment and to the present place, but he must conquer all places and all times. Man, therefore, has an ideal of culture which it is his destiny or vocation to achieve.

He must lift himself above his mere particular existence toward universal existence. All peoples, no matter how degraded, recognize this duty. The South Sea Islander commences with his infant child and teaches him habits that conform to that phase of civilization—an ethical code fitting him to live in that community—and, above all, the mother-tongue, so that he may receive the results of the perceptions

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and reflections of his fellow-beings and communicate his own to them. The experience of the tribe, a slow accretion through years and ages, shall be preserved and communicated to each new-born child, vicariously saving him from endless labor and suffering. Through culture the individual shall acquire the experience of the species—shall live the life of the race, and be lifted above himself. Such a process as culture thus puts man above the accident of time and place in so far as the tribe or race has accomplished this.

Whatever lifts man above immediate existence, the wants and impulses of the present moment, and gives him self-control, is called ethical. The ethical grounds itself therefore, in man's existence in the species and in the possibility of the realization of the species in the individual. Hence, too, the ethical points toward immortality as its presupposition. Death comes through the inadequacy of the individual organism to adjust itself to the environment; the conditions are too general, and the individual gets lost in the changes that come to it. Were the individual capable of adapting himself to all changes, there could be no death; the individual would be perfectly universal. This process of culture that distinguishes man from all other animals points toward the formation of an immortal individual distinct from the body within which it dwells—an individual who has the capacity to realize within himself the entire species.

Immortality thus complements the ethical idea. In an infinite universe the process of realizing the experience of all beings by each being must itself be of infinite duration. The doctrine of immortality, therefore, places man's life under the form of eternity and ennobles mortal life to its highest potency.

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Since ethics rest on the idea of a social whole as the totality of man, and on the idea of an immortal life as the condition of realizing in each man the life of the whole, it lays great stress on the attitude of renunciation on the part of the individual. The special man must deny himself, sacrifice the present moment in order to attain the higher form of eternity. To act indifferently toward the present moment is to "act disinterestedly," as it is called. It is the preference of reflected good for immediate good—my good reflected from all humanity, my good after their good and through their good, and not my good before their good and instead of their good.

This doctrine of disinterestedness has been perverted into a doctrine of annihilation of all interest by a school of ascetic moralists in our times—the school of the Positivists. According to them, it were a higher form of disinterestedness to forswear all interest, and to waive all return of good upon ourselves from others. In fact, the *ne plus ultra of this* disinterestedness is the renunciation, not only of mortal life, but of immortal life—the renunciation of selfhood itself.

Such supreme renunciation is the irony of renunciation. It would renounce not only the pleasures of the flesh, but the blessedness of virtue and sainthood. It would renounce eternity as well as the present moment. The dialectic of such a position would force it into the next extreme of pure wickedness. For, see, is it not more disinterested to renounce eternal blessedness than the mere pleasure of the present moment? The more renunciation, the more ethical. Hence the denizens of the Inferno—those plunged into all manner of mortal sins—are more virtuous than the saints in paradise. For the sinners—do they not renounce blessedness—the form of eternity

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—the infinite happiness, and in their self-denial take up with mere temporal pleasures that are sure to leave stings of pain? What nobleness to prefer hell with its darkness and fire and ice to paradise with its serenity and light and love! Is it not a step in advance even over such ethical culture as rejects immortality from disinterestedness to plunge into positive pain, and thereby exhibit one's abstract freedom from all lures to happiness?

But such "ethical culture" is not true morality. Disinterestedness is only a relative matter in it—it is incidental, and not the essential element in virtue. It is of no use whatever except to eliminate the immediateness from life. The individual should become the species, and, instead of receiving good directly, should receive it as reflected from his fellowmen. Not to receive it as reflected from his fellowmen would paralyze the circulation which is necessary to the realization of the species, and man's ideal would vanish utterly. The principle of altruism implies receiving as well as giving. No giving can remain where no receiving is. Hence ethics vanish altogether with the paralysis of the return of the good upon the individual from the whole of society. The individual is cut off from the species by absolute renunciation, and cannot ascend into it by submitting mediated good for immediate, as all codes of morals demand. Humanity lapses into bestiality. Civilization is impossible without this ideal of the race as the goal of the individual. It is the object of language, literature, science, religion, and all human institutions.

Thus, too, immortality is presupposed by all the instrumentalities of civilization. The completion of

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spiritual life in the communion of all souls is the final cause or purpose of immortal life.

Washington, D. C.

Paul Carus, Ph.D., Editor of The Open Court and The Monist, in "Whence and Whither."

THE COMMUNISM OF SOUL-LIFE

. . . There is no individual in the absolute sense. We are not separate beings, distinct and original: we are parts of a greater whole, and in this greater whole our destiny, our antecedents as well as our future, is encompassed. Only he to whom by a habit of thought the old view of individuality has been endeared can see harm in the breakdown of the limits that separate us from the life of others. The truth is, that when we learn to recognize our spiritual identity with the soul-life outside the boundary of our individual existence, our soul broadens and we feel a thrill of joy at the apprehension that we are infinitely greater than we thought. He who shrinks in dismay from this broader conception of the soul may be sure that he has not as yet understood the significance of its truth.

The nature of all soul-life, intellectual as well as emotional, is founded upon communism. No growth of ideas for any length of time is possible without communication. It is the exchange of thought and mutual criticism that produces intellectual progress. And it is the warmth of a sympathetic heart which kindles similar feelings in others. With every sentence that you speak to others, a part of your soul is transferred to them. And in their souls your words may fall like seeds. Some may fall by the wayside,

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where the fowls come and devour them up. Others may fall upon a rock where they have not much earth. Some may fall upon thorns which will choke them. Yet some of them will fall upon good ground: and the words will take root and grow and bring forth fruit, some a hundred-fold, some sixty-fold, some thirty-fold.

In delineating the constitution of man's soul,* we have answered the question: Whence do we come? We are the continuation of the soul-life under whose parentage and general care we have taken our start, and represent the sum total of the endeavors of our ancestry since times immemorial, when at the dawn

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*See the book, "Whence and Whither," published by The Open Court Co. Dr. Carus, who is not a believer in personal immortality, says of his conception: "It may not be satisfactory to those who believe they are in need of a soul-entity, who think that if their soul does not consist of a substance they can have no soul at all and their immortality would be a flimsy makeshift: but they cannot say that it is untrue. They cannot deny that our soul is actually formed first by the inheritance of dispositions and then through education under the formative influence of other souls. Nor can it be gainsaid that in our recollections and reminiscences the souls of the dead remain living presences exercising a powerful influence upon our lives. In this sense they become angels, i. e., spiritual guides, whose inspirations have proved to be of the greatest importance. The dead have finished their career: their course is run, and all their troubles are over. Theirs is a condition of Paradisian bliss and peace. Yet their usefulness is not gone: they continue to surround us and to comfort us, and we deem the sentiment, as expressed in many church hymns and poems, full of assurance of an immortality, not only legitimate but even perfectly tenable from our own radical standpoint."

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of creation the first speck of living matter began its venturesome career.

Whither do we fare? Apparently our body is dissolved at death and disintegrated into its elements. Feeling becomes extinct in it, thought discontinues, and all activity ceases. Is not, then, our life spent for nothing? For, if we are gone and nothing is left of our bodily organization what is the use whether we were good or bad, whether we were a genius or a fool, whether our existence was idled away in empty pleasure or filled with great and noble deeds? Is it not quite indifferent whether or not latter generations praise or blame us, whether we become a blessing to posterity or a curse?

But we have learned to distinguish between our material make-up and its form, between body and spirit, between the ego and the soul. The explanation of the nature of our soul and its Whence suggests the answer to the question, Whither? so anxiously asked by millions of quivering lips. The vanity fair of life which contributes so much to produce the ego-illusion becomes most apparent in death, but when the vessel is broken, its contents are not spilled to evaporate into hazy clouds. In order to know what shall become of us, we must ask ourselves, What has become of our ancestors? Their bodies have crumbled into dust and nothing is left of them, except those life-forms which have been transmitted to later generations and have finally built up our own soul. Yet these life-forms are their souls. All that which proved good is treasured up and preserved in the continued life of the race. Their bodies are gone, but their souls remain. . . . Our corporeal individuality is dissolved in death, but not our personality. Our existence after death, far from being a dissolution into the All, consists in this that we

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are gathered to our fathers, and in this state all our personal features are preserved. As sure as the law of cause and effect is true, so sure is the continuance of soul-life even after the death of the individual according to the law of the preservation of form. It is not non-existence but a condition of intense usefulness, a higher kind of life, the grandeur of which suggested to George Eliot this noble prayer:

"O may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence: live
In pulses stirr'd to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues.
"This is life to come,
Which martyr'd men have made more glorious
For us who strive to follow."

This view of immortality is as obvious as it is undeniable even by the bigoted unbeliever and the most rabid sceptic. The sole difficulty which the average man encounters is his lack of appreciation of the importance of form. Forms are not non-entities, not shadows, or phantasms; forms are real. Our personality becomes possible through a continuance of our life-forms; and these life-forms are preserved beyond death. Our immortality, accordingly, is as real as is our identity in the changes of life. The latter is no more nor less absolute than the former, and as the former is generally satisfactory to mankind, why should we find fault with the former? He who comprehends the reality of form will certainly know that it is all we may expect, and we cannot ask for anything better.

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The truth that every personality is distinctly definite in its character and will remain distinctly itself after death, does not imply that it is a separate entity which might have originated or could exist in seclusion. There is no isolation in the domain of spirit, and the life of the soul is rooted in communism.

Every spiritual giving is a gaining; it is a taking possession of other peoples' minds. It is an expansion, a transplantation of our thoughts, a psychic growth beyond the narrow limits of our individual existence into other souls; it is a rebuilding, a construction of our own souls or of parts of our own souls, in other souls. It is a transference of mind. Every conversation is an exchange of souls. Those whose souls are "flat, stale and unprofitable," cannot be expected to overflow with deep thought. But those who are rich in spiritual treasures will not, as misers, keep them for themselves. For out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh, and spiritual treasures are not wasted when imparted; they are not lost, but put out on usury, and will multiply and thus bring great reward, although the reward be not a material profit to ourselves. . . .

The communism of soul-life is not limited to the present generation; it extends to the past as well as to the future. The present generation of humanity is like the present generation of live corals who have grown from, and rest upon, the work of former generations. The ancestors of the corals now on the surface lived in the shallow places of the ocean, where the sun made the waters warm and the surf afforded them sufficient food; and when in the lapse of time through terrestrial changes the bottom on which they had settled, sank slowly deeper and deeper, they built higher and higher, and in this way they managed to keep near the surface. The branches

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in the cold, deep waters are now dead; yet they furnish a solid basis to the coral life above, where the sun shines and the currents of the surf pass to and fro.

If the corals could think and speak, I wonder whether the living generation on the surface would not rail at the corals in the cold deep below! At least the present human generation very often proves ungrateful to its predecessors. Those who feel the necessity of progress, who wish humanity to remain uppermost and to rise higher, are apt to overlook the merits of their ancestors; they observe that the ideas of former generations are antiquated and do no longer fit into the present time. Thus they brand the old views as superstitions and forget that the views of the present generation have developed from the old, and that they stand upon their ancestors' work. It would seem as if the dead corals in the cold, dreary deep must have been always unfit for life; yet there was a time when their coral homes thrilled with life; and so there was a time when the superstitions of to-day were true science and true religion although they are now dreary and cold. Where is the coral life of the past? Has it disappeared? No, it continues, and its continuation is the coral life of to-day. So the humanity of former generations has not gone. The single corals are connected among themselves through the canals in the branches from which they grow. No one of them can prosper without supplying its neighbors with the superabundance of its prosperity. The main difference is that the communism of soul-life is much closer and more intimate than that of the coral plant, and the thinker who freely gives away his spiritual treasures, unlike the giver of material gifts, does not lose; he is rather the gainer for spiritual possessions grow in importance the

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more profusely they are imparted. The commoner they are, the more powerful they become.

The sacrament of the Lord's Supper symbolizes a spiritual fact—the holy communion of mankind. But remember that the eating of the bread and the drinking of the wine are allegorical; the actual communion consists in an exchange of souls which is done through the vehicle of speech, the word, the logos.

Our spiritual life is through others, with others, and in others. The more we are conscious of the communism of soul-life, the more our heart expands beyond the narrow limits of our selfhood, the more conscious shall we become of our immortality. Says Schiller in one of his *Xenions*:

"Art thou afraid, friend, of death and thou longest for life everlasting?
Live as a part of the whole; when thou art gone it remains."

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PART III

POEMS

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Mr. Hezekiah Butterworth, in Zion's Herald.

O SOUL OF MINE

(Revelations 11. 17.)

(The White Stone gave to victors the freedom of the city. It was also the stone of acquittal, and on it was written a new name.)

I

O Soul of mine, I hear a deep Voice speaking,
As cares increasing on thy swift steps press,
What says the Voice?—"The only think worth seeking
Is righteousness.

II

"In righteousness all things may'st thou inherit,
Her past awaits the years eterne to bless,
Life loses all if it gain not the merit
Of righteousness.

III

O Soul of mine, the sun's brief hours are flying,
And dust is all these mortal hands possess;
Where rise the fountains of the life undying?—
In righteousness.

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IV

"Soul, in thyself are hidden compensations
For disappointment, sorrow and distress;
Not wealth, but sacrifice, attains the stations
To righteousness."

V

O Soul of mine, the cross is shining o'er thee,
Its glory lights each step of thy duress,
All thy ideals may change to life before thee
Through righteousness.

VI

O Soul of mine, thou may'st be poor and cotless,
Lone disappointment may thy hopes depress:
The heavens are thine, if thou in Christ be spotless
In righteousness.

VII

Pleasure? We part since thou art lost in winning.
Wealth? Thou dost make the soul's true value less.
Fame? What are thou but night's lone firefly's spinning,
To righteousness?

VIII

"There is a city of the spheres immortal,
That victors over self and sin possess,
And the White Stone that opes its irised portal
Is righteousness."

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IX

O Sacrifice, for thine own work receive me,
With gains of losses let me others bless,
Star of the Cross, I follow and believe thee,
My righteousness.

X

Whither? I know not—into life eternal,
My Guide I know, his feet I after press,
Within the soul are life and light supernal—
In righteousness!

Boston, Mass.

Mr. Henry Abbey, in "Complete Poems," Fourth Enlarged Edition.

FAITH'S VISTA

When from the vaulted wonder of the sky
The curtain of the light is drawn aside,
And I behold the stars in all their wide
Significance and glorious mystery,
Assured that those more distant orbs are suns
Round which innumerable worlds revolve,—
My faith grows strong, my day-born doubts dissolve,
And death, that dread annulment which life shuns,
Or fain would shun, becomes to life the way,
The thoroughfare to greater worlds on high,
The bridge from star to star. Seek how we may,
There is no other road across the sky;
And, looking up, I hear star-voices say:
"You could not reach us if you did not die."

Kingston, N. Y.

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Charles F. Richardson, A. M., Ph.D., Professor of English, Dartmouth College, in "The End of the Beginning."

AFTER DEATH

When I forthfare beyond this narrow earth,
With all its metes and bounds of now and here,
And brooding clouds of ignorance and fear
That overhung me on my day of birth,
Where through the jocund sun's perennial mirth
Has shown more inly bright each coming year,
With some new glory of that outer sphere
Where length and breadth and light are little worth,
Then shall I find that even here below
We guessed the secret of eternity,
And learned in years the yearless mystery;
For in our earliest world we came to know
The master-lesson and the riddle's key:
Unending love unending growth shall be.

Hanover, N. H.

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*Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward, in "Songs of the Silent World."**

AFTERWARD

There *is* no vacant chair. The loving meet—
A group unbroken—smitten, who knows how?
One sitteth silent only, in his usual seat;
We gave him once that freedom. Why not now?

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*For an exhaustive discussion by Mrs. Ward of the principle that man is born to fight for existence, here and in the life eternal, see "A Struggle for Immortality," Houghton, Mifflin and Co., Publishers, 1889.

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Perhaps he is too weary, and needs rest;
He needed it too often, nor could we
Bestow. God gave it, knowing how to do so best.
Which of us would disturb him? Let him be.

There is no vacant chair. If he will take
The mood to listen mutely, be it done.
By his least mood we crossed, for which the heart must ache,
Plead not nor question! Let him have this one.

Death is a mood of life. It is no whim
By which life's Giver mocks a broken heart.
Death is life's reticence. Still audible to Him,
The hushed voice, happy, speaketh on, apart.

There is no vacant chair. To love is still
To have. Nearer to memory than to eye,
And dearer yet to anguish than to comfort, will
We hold him by our love, that cannot die.

For while it doth not, thus he cannot. Try!
Who can put out the motion or the smile?
The old ways of being noble all with him laid by?
Because we love, he is. Then trust awhile.

Newton Centre, Mass.

Miss Grace Denio Litchfield, in "Mimosa Leaves."

TO THE CICADA SEPTEMDECIM

Buried at moment of thy birth
Beneath the earth;
Hid thy life long afar
From glimpse of nearest star;

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Creeping in darkness while rich seasons roll
Year following year, above thy stunted soul;
Knowing but what the dead know in the tomb
Of silence and of gloom.
Dead, thou too, in thy present and thy past,—
What call doth reach thy deafened ear at last?
What instinct bids thee yearn toward the light,—
Thou, who has known but night?
What dream dawns in thee, beautiful and bold,
Of sylvan flight in noons of shimmering gold,
Where trembling trees their fluted leaves unfold?
How should such radiant dream be thine?
Or how canst thou divine
The counting of the years?
For when their meted tale is told,
Lo, summoned straightway from the mould
By will none other hears,—
Lo, born anew,
The dream thou couldst not dream is true!
Thy sluggish spirit wakes, spreads wings away,
And knows the day.

So, when God's time is done, may mystic call
On my dull senses fall.
So may I, groping upward through life's night,
Go forth, new-winged, to an undreamed-of light!
Washington, D. C.

Mr. C. H. Miller, "Joaquin Miller," in "Songs of the Sierras."

EVEN SO

* * * * * * *

God knows that, at the best, life brings
The soul's share so exceeding small

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That many mighty souls grow weak
And weary for some better things,
And hungered even unto death.
Laugh loud, be glad with ready breath,
For after all are joy and grief
Not merely matters of belief?
And what is certain, after all,
But death, delightful, patient death?
O cool and perfect peaceful sleep,
Without one tossing hand, or deep
Sad sigh and catching in of breath!

Be satisfied. The price of breath
Is paid in toil. But knowledge is
Bought only with a weary care,
And wisdom means a world of pain. . .
Well, we have suffered, will again,
And we can work and wait and bear,
Strong in the certainty of bliss.
Death is delightful: after death
Breaks in the dawn of perfect day.
Let question he who will: the may
Throws fragrance far beyond the wall.
I pass no word with such: 'tis fit
To pity such; therefore I say
Be wise and make the best of it;
Content and strong against the fall.

Death is delightful. Death is dawn,
The waking from a weary night
Of fevers unto truth and light.
Fame is not much, love is not much,
Yet what else is there worth the touch
Of lifted hands with dagger drawn?
So surely life is little worth:
Therefore I say, Look up; therefore

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I say, One little star has more
Bright gold than all the earth of earth.
Yet we must labor, plant to reap—
Life knows no folding up of hands—
Must plough the soul, as ploughing lands,
In furrows fashioned strong and deep.
Life has its lesson. Let us learn
The hard long lesson from the birth,
And be content; stand breast to breast,
And bear and battle till the rest. . . .

The Heights, Dimond, Cal.

Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, in "At the Wind's Will."

MY FATHER'S HOUSE

When shall I join the blessed company
Of those this barren world to me denies?
When shall I wake to the new day's surprise,
Beyond the murmur of death's moaning sea,
In that glad home where my best loved ones be;
And know that I have found my Paradise,
Finding again the love that never dies,
The heart's dear welcome, biding there for me?

I wait alone upon life's wind-swept beach—
The waves are high—the sea is wild and wide—
Yet Death, bold pilot, all their wrath shall dare,
And guide me to the shore I fain would reach:
Even now I hear the swift, incoming tide,
Whose slow, eternal ebb my bark shall bear.

Boston, Mass.

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Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller, A. M., in "For the Beloved."

AFTER THE FEAST

The stars shine faintly through the gloom;
The guests are gone—the fires burn low—
I sit within the echoing room
To greet mine own before I go,
Mine own for whom beside the board
To-day no empty chair was set,
For whom the silent pledge was poured
While tears the trembling eyelids wet.

Beloved faces, faintly set
In halos of my tenderest thought—
Sweet eyes whose heavenly radiance yet
With yearning human love is fraught—
Soft lips whose kisses, cool and slow,
Drop like a balm on earthly pain—
Dear hands whose every touch I know,
Yet may not hope to clasp again—

I know not to what wondrous height
In that wide heaven their thought has grown,
Or what new fountains of delight,
Untasted here their lips have known;
But since through changing years I keep
Their precious memory bright and fair,
I cannot deem that love can sleep,
Or cease its tender vigils there.

O unforgetting souls that swell
The bright, exultant hosts above,
Where face to face with Him ye dwell,
Whose endless years are endless love,

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To-night by some celestial air
The cloudy curtain wide is blown,
Guests of my heart, but grown more fair,
I see you, know you, claim my own!
Evanston, Ills.

Richard Watson Gilder, A. M., LL.D., L. H. D., Editor of the Century, in "Five Books of Song."

"CALL ME NOT DEAD"

Call me not dead when I, indeed, have gone
Into the company of the ever-living
High and most glorious poets! Let thanksgiving
Rather be made. Say: "He at last hath won
Rest and release, converse supreme and wise,
Music and song and light of immortal faces;
To-day, perhaps, wandering in starry places,
He hath met Keats, and known him by his eyes.
To-morrow (who can say?) Shakespeare may pass,
And our lost friend just catch one syllable
Of that three-centuried wit that kept so well;
Or Milton: or Dante, looking on the grass
Thinking of Beatrice, and listening still
To chanted hymns that sound from the heavenly hill."
New York City.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich, A. M., L. H. D., in "Later Lyrics."

"I VEX ME NOT WITH BROODING ON THE YEARS"

I vex me not with brooding on the years
That were ere I drew breath; why should I then

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Distrust the darkness that may fall again
When life is done? Perchance in other spheres—
Dead planets—I once tasted mortal tears,
And walked as now among a throng of men,
Pondering things that lay beyond my ken,
Questioning death, and solacing my fears.
Ofttimes indeed strange sense have I of this,
Vague memories that hold me with a spell,
Touches of unseen lips upon my brow,
Breathing some incommunicable bliss!
In years foregone, O Soul, was all not well?
Still lovelier life awaits thee. Fear not thou!

Saranac Lake, N. Y.

Sara J. Lippincott, "Grace Greenwood," in The Independent.

TWO CHRISTMAS TIMES

There is no failure in God's sacred days,
Nor halt nor hurry in their march sublime;
Ours are the purposeless, uncertain ways,
And ours the woful change from time to time.

Once, in the years when earth and life seemed new,
And every season in fresh charms arrayed—
These were the Christmas scenes my fancy drew,
In cheery light and soft poetic shade.

I

Now is the season when the town's dull street
Grows riotous with mirth, and song and light,
And joyous greetings, and child-laughter sweet,
And merry bells, that mock the frosty night.

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Now is the season when, on lonely ways,
The crowded coach toils through the drifting snows;
When, heavenly welcome to the traveler's gaze,
The dear home-firelight through his window glows.

Now is the season when, by sedgy lakes,
The sportsman's shot rings sharpest on the ear;
When stars blink fitful through the falling flakes,
And dim, dumb skies hang over woodlands drear.

Now, all bereft, the trees, whose whispering leaves
So oft to playful dalliance did invite
The wandering winds of balmy summer eves,
Toss their bare arms, and moan through all the night.

The streams whose silver laughter filled the dell,
Whose murmurous ripple ran through woods of June,
Now, frost enthralled, bound 'neath an icy spell,
Glide slow and silent, glittering to the moon.

But patient Earth robbed of the light and glow
Of sun and bloom,—her song all taken wing,—
Close-folded in her shroud-like robe of snow,
Waits for the call and kindling breath of Spring.

So, when chill sorrow blights life's summer bloom,
Brings dreary silence for joy's birdlike strain,
Let us lie still, beneath the storm, the gloom,
And wait till God shall breathe on us again.

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II

Now life and I are growing sad and old;
I watch the night fall of the year, and see
No old-home firelight beating back the cold,
No old-home faces looking out for me.

Now, Christmas chimes seem like to hurried knells,
And mind me of white mounds, in churchyard lone;
And Christmas greetings mind of last farewells,
And hands that nevermore may clasp mine own.

I am not patient of Life's wintertime,
Dream not of flowers hid 'neath its robe of white;
I passionately mourn its golden prime,
The loves and hopes, frost-touched, in Sorrow's night.

I see my path slant downward, toward
A sullen river, icy at the brim,
And know my soul must cross that awful ford
All, all alone, to regions strange and dim!

A voice melts softly through the misty air!
"Fear not!" it says. "Beyond the flood thou'lt see
The old dear home-light in a mansion fair,
Within the 'Father's House'—it shines for thee!

Near the white portals, waiting, even now,
Thine own, thy very own, beloveds stand;
God's light immortal resting on each brow,
But Earth's dear love in welcoming voice and hand."

New Rochelle, N. Y.

Digitized by Google

Mr. Edwin Markham in "The Man With the Hoe and Other Poems," and "Lincoln and Other Poems."

(*"From the Man With the Hoe."*)

ONE LIFE, ONE LAW

What do we know—what need we know
Of the great world to which we go?
We peer into the tomb, and hark:
Its walls are dim, its doors are dark.

Be still, O mourning heart, nor seek
To make the tongueless silence speak;
Be still, be strong, nor wish to find
Their way who leave the world behind—
Voices and forms forever gone
Into the darkness of the dawn.

What is their wisdom, clear and deep?—
That as men sow they surely reap,—
That every thought, that every deed,
Is sown into the soul for seed.
They have no word we do not know,—
Nor yet the cherubim aglow
With God: we know that virtue saves,—
They know no more beyond the graves.

(*From "Lincoln and Other Poems."*)

A BARGAIN

Scoffer, you cry, "Where is your 'other world,'
Your fabled heaven in far eternities?"
Well said, but first, before your lip is curled,
Tell ('tis a little thing) where *this* world is!
West New Brighton, S. I.

Digitized by Google

Mr. Edward Robeson Taylor, Dean Hastings College of Law, in "Into the Light."

INTO THE LIGHT

X

It cannot matter, for we are so small
A part of the immeasurable All.
So does thy demon whisper in thine ear
When pleasures lure thee as when shadows fall.

XI

But know that every eon which has gone
Before thee since life's earliest breath was drawn
Has helped compound thee into what thou art—
A deathless spirit moving on and on.

XII

And that the tiniest creature's slenderest strain
In loneliest wilderness is not in vain,
But makes inseparable part of all
Which fills Divinity's unending reign.

* * * * * * *

XIV

Couldst thou but only feel, without surcease,
Though woes and dangers round thee still increase,
Thyself as part of the eternal scheme,
Thy soul might anchor in the port of Peace—

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XV

The eternal scheme whose order as divine
Thou mayst not question, with its blazing sign
Above and round thee, and its rhythmic note
Forever ringing in that heart of thine.

* * * * * * *

XLV

Things, forces, change and change, but never die;
Infinitude is writ on earth and sky;
And if it be no atom lives in vain,
How can thy spirit ever clod-like lie?
San Francisco, Cal.

Silas Weir Mitchell, M. D., LL.D., in "Collected Poems of S. Weir Mitchell."

OF ONE WHO SEEMED TO HAVE FAILED

Death's but one more to-morrow. Thou art gray
With many a death of many a yesterday.
O yearning heart that lacked the athlete's force
And, stumbling, fell upon the beaten course,
And looked, and saw with ever glazing eyes
Some lower soul that seemed to win the prize!
Lo, Death, the just, who comes to all alike,
Life's sorry scales of right anew shall strike.
Forth, through the night, on unknown shores to win
The peace of God unstirred by sense of sin!
There love without desire shall, like a mist
At evening precious to the drooping flower,
Possess thy soul in ownership, and kissed
By viewless lips, whose touch shall be a dower

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Of genius and of winged serenity,
Thou shalt abide in realms of poesy.
There soul hath touch of soul, and there the great
Cast wide to welcome thee joy's golden gate.
Freeborn to untold thoughts that age on age
Caressed sweet singers in their sacred sleep,
Thy soul shall enter on its heritage
Of God's unuttered wisdom. Thou shalt sweep
With hand assured the ringing lyre of life,
Till the fierce anguish of its bitter strife,
Its pain, death, discord, sorrow, and despair,
Break into rhythmic music. Thou shalt share
The prophet-joy that kept forever glad
God's poet-souls when all a world was sad.
Enter and live! thou hast not lived before;
We were but soul-cast shadows. Ah, no more
The heart shall bear the burdens of the brain;
Now shall the strong heart think, nor think in vain.
In the dear company of peace, and those
Who bore for man life's utmost agony,
Thy soul shall climb to cliffs of still repose,
And see before thee lie Time's mystery,
And that which is God's time, Eternity;
Whence sweeping over thee dim myriad things,
The awful centuries yet to be, in hosts
That stir the vast of heaven with formless wings,
Shall cast for thee their shrouds, and, like to ghosts,
Unriddle all the past, till, awed and still,
Thy soul the secret hath of good and ill.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Digitized by Google

Mr. Louis Alexander Robertson, in "Beyond the Requiems."

* * * * * * *

All our philosophic pedants, all our sons of Science know
Not a whit more than dullard knew a million years ago,

As to where the spirit wanders when the body sinks in death,
For beyond the grave's black portals never man has breathed one breath.

We have probed the past and hunted in its deepest, darkest cells,
But the secret still eludes us, never by one whisper tells

Whence Life drew its first faint tremor, for it was not born of naught;
Never seed spontaneous blossoms till the quickening breath be brought.

As we know not the beginning, so we may not know the end,
But as life from life first started, back through death to life 'twill wend.

Now and then some guide arises who would turn us from our path
With sweet promises that please us, or with threats of future wrath.

We have listened to His lessons, heard the Nazarene's behest,—
"Follow me, my way-worn children; I alone can give ye rest."

San Francisco, Cal.

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Miss Gertrude Bloede, "Stuart Sterne," in The Atlantic Monthly.

SOUL, WHEREFORE FRET THEE?

Soul, wherefore fret thee? Striving still to throw
Some light upon the primal mystery
Through rolling ages pondered ceaselessly,
Whence thou hast come, and whither thou shalt go!
Some deepest, secret voice gives thee to know
How, older than created earth and sea,
Thou hast been ever, shalt forever be,—
Unborn—undying! Thy own life doth show,
Yester, to-day, to-morrow, but a chain
Of dusky pearls, whereof we seek in vain
End or beginning, though perchance the one
We call To-day gleams whitest in the sun.
Ay, Soul, thy very Self is unto thee
Immortal pledge of Immortality!

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Arlo Bates, A. M., Litt. D., Professor of English Literature, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, in "Sonnets in Shadow."

OH, EGOTISM OF AGONY

Oh, egotism of agony! While we
Weep thus sore stricken, filling earth with moan,
The feet of those we love, through ways unknown,
Brought into lands of living light may be.
E'n our tear-blinded eyes can dimly see
What heights are reached by sorrow's paths alone,
Where heavenly joy and radiance shall atone
For gloom and woe that held us utterly;

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And sure our dead, loftier of soul, and now
Free from the weakness human sight will mar,
Must death with power and vision new endow.
If we, blind, groping, feel the truth afar,
They wear its very radiance on their brow.
Death takes a rush-light, but he gives a star!
Boston, Mass.

Miss Edna Dean Proctor, in "Poems."

HEAVEN, O LORD, I CANNOT LOSE

Now Summer finds her perfect prime;
Sweet blows the wind from western calms;
On every bower red roses climb.
The meadows sleep in mingled balms.
Nor stream, nor bank the wayside by,
But lilies float and daisies throng;
Nor space of blue and sunny sky
That is not cleft with soaring song.
O flowery morn, O tuneful eves,
Fly swift! my soul ye cannot fill!
Bring the ripe fruit, the garnered sheaves,
The drifting snows on plain and hill.
Alike, to me, fall frosts and dews;
But Heaven, O Lord, I cannot lose!

Warm hands to-day are clasped in mine;
Fond hearts my mirth or mourning share;
And, over hope's horizon line,
The future dawns, serenely fair.
Yet still, though fervent vow denies,
I know the rapture will not stay;
Some wind of grief or doubt will rise
And turn my rosy sky to gray.

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I shall awake, in rainy morn,
To find my hearth left lone and drear;
Thus half in sadness, half in scorn,
I let my life burn on as clear
Though friends grow cold or fond love woos;
But Heaven, O Lord, I cannot lose.

In golden hours the angel Peace
Comes down and broods me with her wings;
I gain from sorrow sweet release;
I mate me with divinest things;
When shapes of guilt and gloom arise
And far the radiant angel flees,
My song is lost in mournful sighs,
My wine of triumph left but lees;
In vain for me her pinions shine,
And pure, celestial days begin;
Earth's passion-flowers I still must twine,
Nor braid one beauteous lily in.
Ah! is it good or ill I choose?
But Heaven, O Lord, I cannot lose!

So wait I. Every day that dies
With flush and fragrance born of June,
I know shall more resplendent rise
Where summer needs nor sun nor moon.
And every bud, on love's low tree,
Whose mocking crimson flames and falls,
In fullest flower I yet shall see
High-blooming by the jasper walls.
Nay, every sin that dims my days,
And wild regrets that veil the sun,
Shall fade before those dazzling rays,
And my long glory be begun!
Let the years come to bless or bruise:
Thy Heaven, O Lord, I shall not lose.

South Framingham, Mass.

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Mr. Oscar Fay Adams, Author and Lecturer.

DEAR HEART, BELIEVE

Dear heart, believe I think of you
When evening's grey shuts out the blue,
In the slow hours of middle night,
Or when the lances of the light
First pierce the mists of darkness through.

Naught can the days of absence do
If love be strong, and hearts be true,
To blur with change affection's might,
Dear heart, believe !

If sullen death between us drew
The veil that bars from earthly view
The much loved face, the clearer sight
Would still discern, in death's despite,
Beyond the veil can love pursue,
Dear heart, believe !

New York City.

Mrs. Cynthia Westover Alden, President International Sunshine Society.

JUST A DEWDROP

I—who am I ! Just a dewdrop,
Glittering, glistening on the roseleaf;
Yet I help to make Niagara,
Help to make the mightiest torrents.
Just a dewdrop, quickly passing,
Thing of beauty in the sunshine;
Yet through me the desert blossoms,
Giving life where death was present.

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Just a dewdrop, hardly noticed,
Never counted as a world force;
Yet I move the giant engine
Which without me were impotent.
Just a dewdrop, not a diamond,
Doomed to cry and die so shortly;
Yet I help create the ocean,
On which man is but a feather.
Just a dewdrop, gone by noontide,
Perished, vanished like a phantom;
Yet my soul is everlasting,
So I go to weightier duties—
Type of souls to him who ponders
On the models of creation.
Though alone I can do nothing,
Merged with others I'm resistless;
So may you, the human atom,
Learn the logic of existence.

New York City.

Mr. William Ordway Partridge, Author and Sculptor, in "The Song-Life of a Sculptor."

SOWING TO THE SPIRIT

If thou hast struck one blow for liberty,
Be of slave or shackled intellect,
Thou hast not failed. If into some lone life
The light of nobler days has come through thee,
Flooding the shadowed years with sympathy:
Or if some soul of moral vision dim
Has, through thy love, been led to clearer things,—
Thou hast not failed. If thou hast given a meaning
To flowers that yesterday were set aside,
And clothed them with the beauty of thy thought;

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If to hard-handed labor thou hast made
Sweet with enduring rest the twilight hour,
Or shown the beauty of the field and sky
Unto the peasant, or across the wave
Unto some brother thou hast stretched a hand
Amid the oft deceiving tides of life,—
Thou hast not failed. Or if alone thy lot
To find thine own deep faults, and feel the need,
The ever present need of prayer, and faith
In men and things divine, thy life has been
Of more enduring worth than that of kings,
Princes, and prophets of the earth. The world
Alas, is but the world. Hold it at naught,
And do not soil thy sandals with its dust,
Or leave them still without the temple gate!
Undaunted, yet with calm humility;
Thy sympathy still deepening with thy years—
And past the bourn of failure or success—
Enter in peace the kingdoms of thy soul.

New York City.

Charlotte Fiske Bates (Mme. Rogé).

IMMORTAL THROUGH MORTALITY

Count each birthday of the dead!
  Thinkest thou they cannot care?
Ah! believe, when Thither fled,
  Birthdays link the here and There.

When some far-off eve or morn
  Gave that faint breath to the earth,
Immortality was born!
  Slight thou not a day of birth.

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When to God's Diviner Sphere
Some loved soul has entered in!
Were it not for advent here,
Heaven's high advent had not been.

(*From "Risk and Other Poems."*)

IN GOOD TIME

Some of God's truest friends yet dread to die;
Their faith but props the weight of daily need,
And in confusion oft they question why
Beneath the thought of death, it turns a reed.

Beside dear graves God's friends must often weep,
Conning his revelation with a pain:
The promise seems too marvellous to keep,
That dust shall rise and claim its soul again.

The changing chrysalis, the springing seed,
And every miracle that Nature shows
To help weak man hold firmly to his creed,
In some fierce agony for nothing goes.

And though the creed were firm, a pang lies here:
Can what was once so precious to the sight
In any other form be quite so dear?
The human dreads a resurrection-light.

O struggling hearts! in such a mood as this
Not too severely tax your souls with sin:
Doubt not your heirship to eternal bliss,
Because the future throws faint light within.

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God sees that some would never be content
To work their work if faith should trench on sight:
The inner eye, on morning's glory bent,
Would make some souls impatient for the night.

God lets faith lend His glory as we need
To do life's duty—rarely for its ease;
But when the hands have wrought their last good deed,
Faith shines in fulness till the spirit sees.

Waverley, Mass.

Mr. John Vance Cheney, Librarian Newberry Library.

BY AND BY

At last somewhere, some happy day,
The bliss will round us lie;
For all a joyous way
To follow by and by.

'Tis promised by the bird, the brook,
The wide unsyllabled air;
Whither I chance to look
I see it written there.

It flows from every star that wheels,
From every flower that blows,
From all a young heart feels,
From all an old heart knows.

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From "Lyrics."

DEATH

Fearest the shadow? Keep thy trust;
Still the star-worlds roll.
Fearest death? sayest, "Dust to dust?"
No; say, "Soul to soul!"
Chicago, Ills.

Miss Lilian Whiting, in "From Dreamland Sent."

GATES OF EDEN

O Love! in the Heavenly Country.
Immortally young and fair,
With the rose and the gold of the morning
Just touching your lips and your hair,—
Through the rifts of the mists and shadows
I catch a hint of your grace;
And, turning, I feel your presence
Where before was but empty space.

Sometimes, in the star-lit silence,
On an inner sense there falls
Your voice, like remembered music,
And a vanished time recalls.
But the present is richer, my darling,
Though between us now there lies
That wonderful, mystical region,
Beyond which is Paradise.

And thus ever sweet-companioned,
I will go on my way;
Life deepens in beauty and meaning
With every succeeding day.

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While you, in the Heavenly Country,
Immortally young and fair,
Meet the rose and the gold of the morning
Just touching your lips and your hair.
Boston, Mass.

Mr. Bliss Carman, in "The Word at St. Kavin's."

THE SCEPTIC

The Sceptic sees but part
Of Nature's mighty heart,
A wide berth would I give that dangerous shoal,—
Steer for the open sea,
No sight of land, but free,
Trusting my senses, shall I doubt my soul?
New York City.

Anna Katharine Green, B. A., (Mrs. Charles Rohlfs), in "The Defence of the Bride."

ROSA, DYING

Then this is death—
How strange, how strange! Another hour,
Another breath
Of joyous life, of love, and all is o'er,
The scarcely opened blossom perished in its flower!

And I so young!
Ah, when I first awoke to hear
The music rung
From what had once been only held so dear,
Because in outward show it glimmered bright and clear,

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It seemed to me
The longest life was all too fleet
An ecstasy
For one to hear the mighty ages beat
Their hidden meanings out in harmony complete.

And now I die!
And all the hopes which girlhood hath
Go softly by,
Stranding upon the silent shores of Death
Like little boats blown home by twilight's purple breath.

Nay, rather, Heart,
Like little boats which at the dawn
In joy depart,
And on towards the open sea are borne,
Where rounds to perfect noon, a vague imperfect morn.

Buffalo, N. Y.

Mr. Clinton Scollard, in The Independent.

LIFT UP THINE EYES

Comrade, that seek'st the clue
Of whence and whither to,
Rather in trust let be
The shrouded mystery!
Brood not, but toward the skies
Lift up thine eyes!

If the sworn friendship fail,
And fleering foes assail,
If Love, half-deified,
Turn scornfully aside,
If ogre Doubt arise,
Lift up thine eyes!

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Grip faith to thee (not fate!)
In the good ultimate!
With this, from sun to sun
Until thy race be run,
And the last daylight dies,
Lift up thine eyes!

WHAT WAS SHALL BE

How fair the fields aforetime gleamed,
Arrayed with bloom that lured the bee!
And how the wind-wrecked woodland dreamed
Behind its varied tapestry!

Song mounted silvering up the sky,
Rang rapturous through the naves of blue;
Close seemed the silences to lie
To music such as Ariel knew.

What was shall be! O heart of mine,
In earth's renascence—blade and bloom—
May we not rightfully divine
The vernal light—beyond the tomb?
Clinton, N. Y.

Mr. David Banks Sickels, Banker.

REINCARNATION

It cannot be that He who made
This wondrous world for our delight,
Designed that all its charms should fade
And pass forever from our sight;
That all shall wither and decay,
And know on earth no life but this,
With only one finite survey
Of all its beauty and its bliss.

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It cannot be that all the years
Of toil and care and grief we live
Shall find no recompense but tears,
No sweet return that earth can give;
That all that leads us to aspire,
And struggle onward to achieve,
And every unattained desire
Were given only to deceive.

It cannot be that, after all
The mighty conquests of the mind,
Our thoughts shall pass beyond recall
And leave no record here behind;
That all our dreams of love and fame,
And hopes that time has swept away,—
All that enthralled this mortal frame,—
Shall not return some other day.

It cannot be that all the ties
Of kindred souls and loving hearts
Are broken when this body dies,
And the immortal mind departs;
That no serener light shall break
At last upon our mortal eyes,
To guide us as our footsteps make
The pilgrimage to Paradise.

New York City.

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Miss Ina D. Coolbrith, in "Songs from the Golden Gate."

A LAST WORD

(To my Mother.)

Not more removed with the long years' increase,
  Through hours when storms upon thy roof of clay
  Have beat, or when the blossom of the May
Has the fettered winter smiled release,—
Not from my heart one thought of thee could cease,
  O loved and mourned to-day as on that day
  When from my sight thy presence passed away,
Thou spirit of all gentleness and peace!
Nay, in the long, long ways I walk alone
  Still with me! on my brow thy touch is laid
  Softly,—when all too great my burden grown . . .
And I shall go, serenely, unafraid,
  Into the dark—well knowing what dear tone—
  Whose hand to mine—O thou beloved shade!

WHEN THE SPIRIT BREAKS AWAY

When the spirit breaks away
From this brittle house of clay,
Does the will forego its will?
Is the voice's music still?
Do the hands forget their skill?
From that harp great Homer's heart,
Do no mighty numbers come?
Lost divinest Raphael's art,
And the lips of Shakespeare dumb?
All the years of joy and pain
That are lived but lived in vain?
Memory's graven page a blot,

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Unrecorded and forgot?
O, believe, believe it not!
Man is God's incarnate thought;
Life, with all the gifts He gave,
All the wondrous powers He wrought,
Finds not ending at the grave;
Part, himself, of Deity,
Man, the spirit, canot die. . . .

San Francisco, Cal.

Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, Editor of St. Nicholas, in the former Scribner's Magazine, now The Century.*

THE TWO MYSTERIES

["In the middle of the room, near the coffin, sat Walt Whitman, holding a beautiful little girl on his lap. She looked wonderingly at the spectacle of death, and then inquiringly into the face of the aged poet, 'You don't know what it is, do you, my dear?' said he, and added, 'We don't, either.'"]

We know not what it is, dear, this sleep so deep and still;
The folded hands, the awful calm, the cheek so pale and chill;
The lids that will not lift again, though we may call and call;
The strange, white solitude of peace that settles over all.

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*Died Aug. 21, 1905.

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We know not what it means, dear, this desolate heart-pain;
This dread to take our daily way, and walk in it again;
We know not to what other sphere the loved who leave us go,
Nor why we're left to wonder still, nor why we do not know.

But this we know: Our loved and dead, if they should come this day,—
Should come and ask us, "What is life?"—not one of us could say.
Life is a mystery as deep as ever death can be;
Yet oh! how dear it is to us, this life we live and see!

Then might they say,—these vanished ones,—and blessed is the thought,
"So death is sweet to us, beloved! though we may show you naught;
We may not to the quick reveal the mystery of death—
Ye cannot tell us, if ye would, the mystery of breath."

The child who enters life comes not with knowledge or intent,
So those who enter death must go as little children sent.
Nothing is known. But nearing God, what hath the soul to dread?
And as life is to the living, so death is to the dead.
New York City.

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Gen. Horatio C. King, LL.D., Lawyer and Author.

ASPIRATION

When life's last duty is finished,
And the tale is ended and told;
When all that we cherished has vanished,
And in death we lie mute and cold;
We shall rise and in light we shall glory,
In the light of our Saviour divine,
And the face of our infinite Master,
On us forever shall shine.

O Father of tender compassion!
O Saviour of fathomless love!
We turn from the things that are earthly
To the nobler things above.
And we pray for thy strengthening presence,
For the hand that shall lead us on,
Till we reach the heavenly mansions,
And rest in the joys we've won.

OUR HEAVENLY HOME

From over the river they beckon to us,
  Those shadowy forms on the other shore,
Their garments washed white in the blood of the Lamb,
  In angelic chorus they sing evermore,
Oh! radiant their smiles as patient they wait,
  The ceaseless advance of the murmuring tide,
That brings to their arms in loving embrace
  The myriad beloved who in Jesus have died.
We shall go where the virtues that shone upon earth
  Shall shine with a brighter, a holier light,

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Where footsteps of angels fall soft on the ear,
  Like whisp'ring of zephyrs, of winds in the night.
We shall go where the laugh is not broken by sighs,
  Or the tremulous body distorted by pains,
Where the light of our lives is the smile of our God,
  And pleasure celestial eternally reigns.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

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*Charles Carroll Bonney, LL.D., Lawyer and Jurist, Originator and General President of World's Congresses, including Parliament of Religions.**

HENRY CLAY

He is immortal now!
The angel-monarch Death, the mightiest,
That most majestic and benign of all
The spirits strong and beautiful, to whom
The great Creative Father has consign'd
The keeping of our lives and destinies,
Hath come at last to this illustrious
And aged man, in th' harvest of his years,
Of all his ripened honors and great deeds,
And broke the last dear fetter that still kept
His lofty soul within its wondrous home

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*One of the first letters sent out by the compiler was to the organizer of the Parliament of Religions. It brought this reply: "My father passed to the world beyond last August. I can best answer your question by sending his own words, which express the faith of his life." Those words may now be fitly used in reference to their author's distinguished and prophetic life.

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Of living dust; hath robed his glorified
And new-born spirit for a radiant home
Of untold beauty, in the Eden Land,
And, like an elder brother, led him through
The pall-hung portal to the unseen way
Which goeth out from life, and leadeth down
In the vale of shadows, and from out
Its realms of grand, enchanting beauty, up
A pearl-pav'd pathway, into Paradise.

* * * * * *

He needs no marble monument to keep
His fame and give it to posterity,
His deeds are living temples, and in them
He will live on forever!
We say, he's dead—
We mean his mortal body is put off,
We mean the form in which he dwelt on earth
Has been chang'd for one more glorious—
One incorruptible. For truly, he
Still lives, more really than e'er he lived
Before: but he hath left the troubl'd sphere
Of the corporeal life, to fill a more
Exalted station, as a member of
The august senate of the mighty dead.
In the Supreme Lawgiver's grand domain
Hath he departed!
Yet his long career
Of great, immortal deeds, now sanctified
By Death's sublime ordeal, giv'n up
To History, the keeper of the past,
Shall make his name a hallow'd "household word,"
And in the bright'ning glory of those deeds
He lives forever.

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(*From "Golden Lessons."*)
Death is no longer conqueror and king,
The grave no more is darkness and despair.
The Lord of Lords hath rolled away the stone
Of gloom that barred its portal, and let in
The everlasting sunshine of His throne;
And now the eye of Faith may clearly see,
Beyond the tomb, the Holy City's spires;
And, through the open gates, may catch a glimpse
Of well-remembered faces, full of love
And peace and beauty and celestial joy.
And our exultant hearts cry out, Oh! Death,
Where is thy sting? Grave, where thy victory?
Chicago, Ills.

James Whitcomb Riley, A. M., Litt. D., in "Armazindy."

OUT OF THE HITHERWHERE INTO THE YON

Out of the hitherwhere into the YON—
The land that the Lord's love rests upon;
Where one may rely on the friends he meets,
And the smiles that greet him along the streets:
Where the mother that left you years ago
Will lift the hands that were folded so,
And put them about you, with all the love
And tenderness you are dreaming of.

Out of the hitherwhere into the YON—
Where all the friends of your youth have gone,—
Where the old schoolmate that laughed with you,
Will laugh again as he used to do,
Running to meet you, with such a face
As lights like a moon the wondrous place
Where God is living, and glad to live,
Since He is the Master and may forgive.

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Out of the hitherwhere into the YON!—
Stay the hopes we are leaning on—
You, Divine, with Your merciful eyes
Looking down from the far-away skies,—
Smile upon us, and reach and take
Our worn souls Home for the old home's sake.—
And so Amen—for our all seems gone
Out of the hitherwhere into the YON.
Indianapolis, Ind.

Prof. T. Berry Smith, in the Christian Advocate.

NOT DEAD—NOT LOST—NOT FAR

Not dead!
No! no! not dead, just laid away from sight
To slumber undisturbed through one long night
Instead of many brief ones such as fall
In swift recurrence o'er us one and all.
If thou art glad to lay thy weary head
Upon the pillow of thy nightly bed,
And lose thyself in slumber, wherefore weep
When loved ones rest in nature's dreamless sleep?
Since now we wake when night has passed away
In the old likeness of the former day,
May we not hope to see them face to face
Who in the churchyard have their resting place?
Believe the Master; o'er and o'er He said—
"Why weepest thou? Only asleep—
Not dead—not dead!"

Not lost!
No! no! not lost, just parted for a day
While we make journey on the homeward way,
When shades of evening fall and with desire
We seek our own at every friendly fire

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And find them not, then 'neath night's diadem
Turning our faces toward Jerusalem
And thither coming, by and by we'll find
The ones whom yesterday we left behind—
Not on the streets by passing scenes beguiled
Where Mary mourning sought her missing child,
But in the Father's house and His employ
Where Mary found at last her precious boy.
There in the midst of God's sanhedral host
We'll hear; "Why sought ye me? I was
Not lost—not lost!"

Not far!
No! no! not far, just hidden from our eyes
Which wide would open with a glad surprise
Could we but have for one moment the power
Elisha's servant had on Dothan's tower,
To see how near us are the hosts unseen
Guarding our lives, whose bucklers held between
Serve day and night to foil the quivering darts
A wanton world flings at our aching hearts.
Our eyes are holden and we cannot see
How near our loved ones in the shadows be;
Thro' cloudless days and days without a star
Close by our sides like sentinels they stand
Keeping the promise of the last command:
"Lo! I am with you alway"—near—
Not far—not far!

Fayette, Mo.

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"I stand upon the summit of my life;
Behind, the camp, the court, the field, the grove,
The battle and the burden; vast, afar,
Beyond these weary ways, Behold, the Sea!
The sea o'erswept by clouds and wings and wings,
By thoughts and wishes manifold, whose breath
Is freshness, and whose mighty pulse is peace.
Palter no question of the horizon dim,—
Cut loose the bark; such voyage itself is rest.
Majestic motion,, unimpeded scope,
A widening heaven, a current without care,
Eternity! deliverance, promise, course!
Time-tired souls salute thee from the shore."

—Joseph Brownlee Brown.

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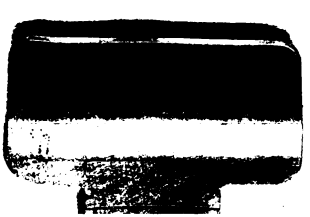

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